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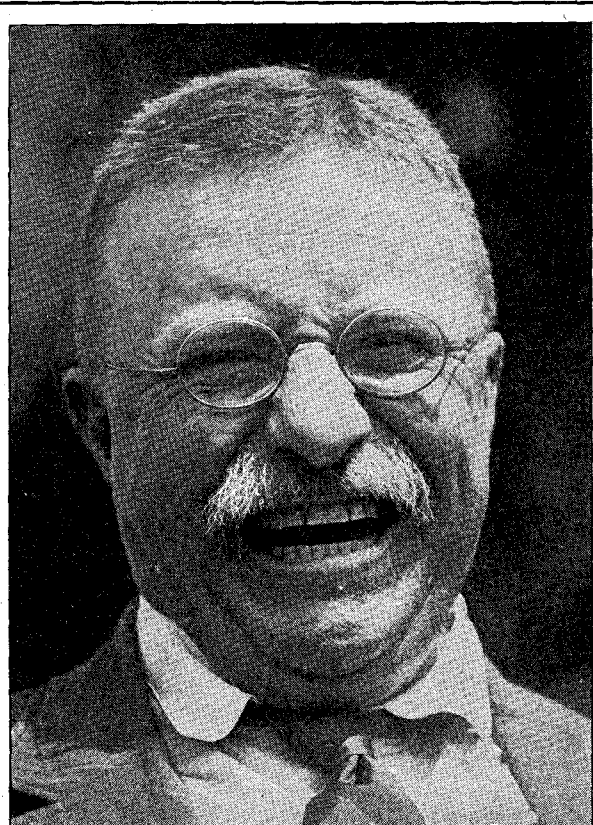
TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

THE MESSAGE FROM MAINE

DIRIGO—"I point the way"—is Maine's State motto, and the entire country just now is looking to see which way it points. Mr. Hughes, for one, is sure the finger is leveled directly at him. "It looks good. I don't see how we can lose now," he exclaimed when he heard that Maine on the 11th elected a Republican Governor by a plurality of 13,800, and, by somewhat smaller margins, solid Republican delegations in both branches of Congress. While Democratic as well as Republican leaders profess to find in the Maine vote assurance of victory in November, they admit that a majority of the Maine Progressives have now followed Theodore Roosevelt in his return to the Republican fold, as he so earnestly urged them to do in his Lewiston speech. To effect this reunion, the correspondents tell us, was the chief purpose of the unprecedentedly vigorous Republican campaign which preceded the election, in which the managers did not scorn to use such old-fashioned expedients as torch-light processions and barbecues to aid the three-days' tour of the State by Mr. Hughes and Colonel Roosevelt's slashing attack on the Wilson Administration. The crucial question of the election, according to observers on the field, was the action of the 18,235 who voted the Progressive ticket two years ago. And some editors see a deliberate bid for Progressive favor in the fact that Carl E. Milliken, the Republican candidate for Governor, and one of the Republican candidates for the Senate, were out-and-out Roosevelt men. But Progressivism in Maine was born of enthusiasm for Colonel Roosevelt rather than of solid Pro-

gressive convictions, explains Secretary of the Navy Daniels, who predicts that "out West in the doubtful States you will find it is a very different thing." However this may be, the result in Maine "rested on the destination of the former Progressive votes," remarks the *Bangor Commercial* (Ind.), and while "some of the leading Progressives declared for the Demo-

cratic nominees," the outcome "shows that the rank and file returned to that party from which they were largely recruited." "If Mr. Hughes receives the Progressive votes that were cast in 1912, as is predicted by the Maine returns, he will receive approximately 302 electoral votes," affirms Charles B. Warren, Republican National Committeeman from Michigan, "and he needs only 266 to win." The uncertain factor in this campaign has been the success or non-success of the Republican-Progressive amalgamation effected last July, notes the *New York Tribune* (Rep.), which reminds us that the Republican and Progressive votes in 1912 totaled 7,611,050, while Mr. Wilson received only 6,292,670. Thus "he still has a balance of 1,318,380 against him, if the Republican-Progressive reunion is complete—conceding that changes in party strength due to deaths and the appearance of new voters equalize each other." And the *New York Evening Post*, an independent paper that has



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HE SPOKE IN MAINE.

apparently not yet made up its mind as to which candidate it will support, remarks: "If the Progressives of 1912 throughout the Union were to act like those of Maine, Wilson would certainly be defeated."

A search of the Maine returns for evidence as to the extent of

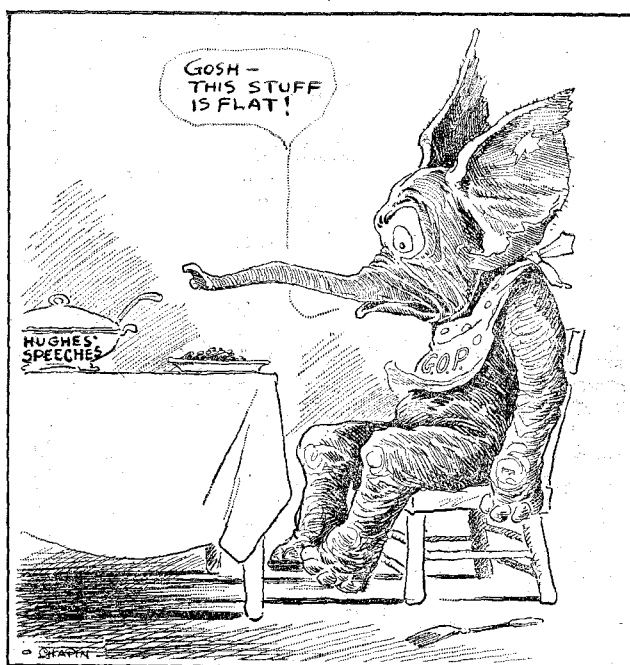
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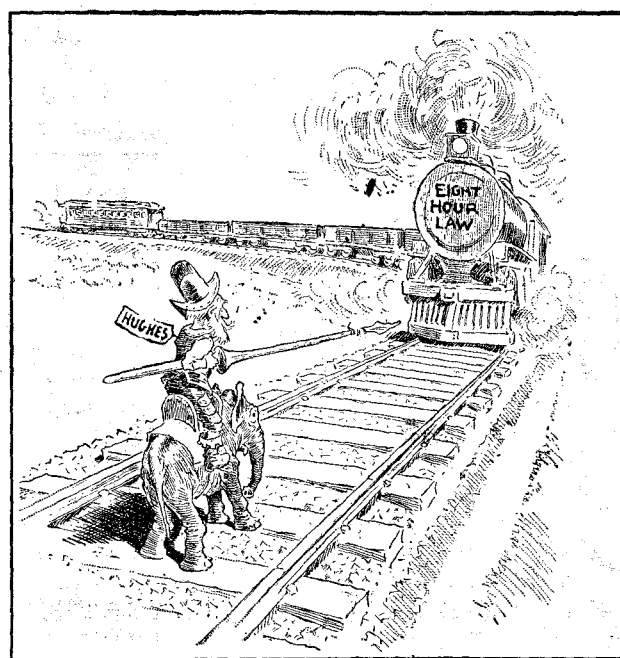
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"FOOD THAT FILLS NOT."

—Chapin in the St. Louis Republic.



DON QUIXOTE.

—De Mar in the Philadelphia Record.

DEMOCRATIC RAPS AT HUGHES, AND—

the Republican-Progressive reunion leads Republican and Democratic experts to very different conclusions. Thus *The Tribune*, estimating that not more than about 10 per cent. of those who voted Progressive in Maine in 1914 voted Democratic this year, concludes that "if Maine's September vote reflects the drift of sentiment elsewhere (and it has nearly always done so with singular accuracy), there is no hope that Mr. Wilson can attract anything like the percentage of Progressive votes which he needs to overcome the great natural odds against him." But turning to the Democratic *New York World*, we find it estimating that approximately 30 per cent. of the Maine Progressives voted the Democratic ticket; and it claims "that this percentage, if the Democrats can hold it in other States, is more than large enough to turn the scale in their favor in the national election." If the Democrats gained even 20 per cent. of the Progressive vote in Maine, notwithstanding the appeals of both Mr. Hughes and Colonel Roosevelt, argues *The World*, "they ought to gain a far larger percentage in the Middle Western States, where the Progressive party was born of principles and not of personal popularity."

Maine's interest as a political barometer is due to the fact that it is the only State to hold its gubernatorial and Congressional elections before the November election. Normally a Republican State, Maine has only gone Democratic in a Presidential election once in the last forty-four years, namely, in 1912, when Colonel Roosevelt split the Republican vote. In eleven State elections held in the last twenty years it has gone Democratic just twice—in 1910 and in 1914. How, then, can it be regarded as a barometer? Answering this question, the *St. Paul Dispatch* (Ind.) explains—

"In past years, when the Republican plurality in Maine in September was less than 15,000, it was regarded as an indication that the party was in danger of defeat. The last Democratic victory before Wilson's, that of Cleveland in 1892, was preceded by the election of a Republican Governor in Maine by a plurality of 15,231 votes.

"The first two defeats of Bryan were foreshadowed by Republican pluralities in Maine of 48,377 and 34,132 respectively. Parker's defeat was preceded by a Republican plurality in Maine of 25,800.

"In 1908, however, the Republican plurality in Maine at the September election dropt to 7,658, yet Bryan's electoral vote was smaller than usual.

"In 1912 the September Republican plurality was only 3,285

and Wilson carried the State in November by 2,620 votes, altho the combined Roosevelt and Taft vote exceeded this by 23,925."

This year the plurality of the Republican candidate for Governor fell below 15,000, a fact which is interpreted by Mr. Vance McCormick, chairman of the National Democratic Committee, to mean that "this is a Democratic year," and "President Wilson will be reelected." Before the returns were all in, Governor Curtis, the Democratic candidate defeated for reelection, declared that if the Republican ticket didn't win by 15,000 President Wilson would be vindicated. Other Democratic observers find comfort in the thought that the total Democratic vote in Maine has increased, that the result was strongly influenced by purely local issues, and that President Wilson as a vote-getter is even stronger than his party. "Maine has its own pet issue, the question whether prohibition shall prohibit, or whether it shall mean an elastic enforcement or virtual license," explains the *Washington Herald* (Ind.), "and this issue has nearly always been paramount in the State elections of the last twenty years." Mr. Milliken, we are told, is "a genuine prohibitionist," while the Democratic party is said to enjoy the support of the liquor interests. Moreover, because of the nature of Maine's industries, the Republican appeal is exceptionally strong in that State, notes the *Louisville Courier-Journal* (Dem.), and Senator Ollie James remarks succinctly that "prohibition and potatoes" militated against Democratic success there. Mr. Samuel Untermeyer, who also took a hand in the Maine Democratic campaign, finds that the protection issue and the Shipping Bill are factors that count against the local popularity of the present Administration. Moreover, explains the *Springfield Republican*, an independent paper that has declared for President Wilson, "the political ruts in Maine are deep, and people travel mostly in the one that has come down to them, with slight regard to current political issues." Concerning President Wilson's strength with the country in general, this paper says:

"Mr. Wilson is to-day a formidable candidate because he is admitted to be stronger than his party; and whenever the Democratic party has a candidate stronger than itself, it is dangerous at the polls. Cleveland was stronger than his party, and was elected. Democrats have frequently been elected as governors in Republican States when their strength was



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HE KEPT US OUT OF WAR!

—Morgan in the Philadelphia Inquirer.



WILSON—“BE PATIENT; YOU’LL GET HERE.”

—Weed in the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

REPUBLICAN RAPS AT WILSON.

not confined to the 'normal' Democratic vote. A Democrat always has an excellent fighting chance when Republicans can be found declaring their preferences for him. It is notably true to-day that Republicans and Progressives can be found sprinkled throughout the East and West who are lining up on the Wilson side. That their accession is offset by Democratic defections is possible, but the evidence that Mr. Wilson is stronger than his party seems so convincing that one may fairly class him with those Democrats who, in the past fifty years, have given to the Republicans their hardest battles."

Nevertheless, "so far as the outcome in Maine is significant in its bearing on the national election, the advantage is with the Republicans," affirms the Progressive *Kansas City Star*, and the Philadelphia *North American*, another leading Progressive organ, declares that "there is no refuting the fact that the Maine election will have a psychological effect in encouraging and stimulating the Hughes supporters all over the country." "It's fine, fine!" Colonel Roosevelt exclaimed when he heard the returns, and in a telegram to Senator Miles Poindexter he hails Hiram Johnson's nomination in California and the result in Maine as "certainly good omens." There is no doubt, says the *New York Sun* (Rep.), that the complete defeat of the Democratic ticket, including the loss of their only Representative and their only Senator, "shattered some of the rainbows" at Democratic headquarters. "The reunion of the Republicans in Maine resulted in a decisive Republican victory, as the reunion of the Republicans in other States will result in a Republican victory in the nation two months hence," declares the *Boston Transcript* (Rep.), which adds: "It is heartening to hear the voice of real Americanism ringing loud and clear upon the crisp autumnal air of the Pine Tree State." Other Republican papers hail the Maine vote as a vindication of Mr. Hughes's leadership. The Democratic claim that local issues were decisive in the Maine result is ridiculed by many commentators. "The campaign was fought out on strictly national lines by both parties, and everybody knows it," says George W. Perkins, and the *New York Herald* (Ind.) quotes Edward C. Stokes, formerly a Republican Governor of New Jersey, as saying:

"The ancient phantom of the tariff, as it was sarcastically designated by the Democrats, has not only been resurrected, but it has smitten the Underwood Bill a mortal blow. The

Maine election was a verdict on national issues. The Democrats sent most of the Cabinet officers and their best campaigners. They made Wilson the chief issue. They staked their fortunes on Wilson's popularity, and lost. . . .

"While the Maine election indicates the advantage is decidedly with Hughes, there is no margin for blundering."

Commenting on the Maine result, the German-American *New-Yorker Herald*, which is supporting Mr. Hughes, remarks:

"If Mr. Wilson had chosen to be truly neutral . . . his case would not be absolutely hopeless even with Maine against him. . . . But with the German-American against the President the pivotal States are now certain to roll up large majorities against him. In short Maine herself is of no importance. The doubtful States will do it, and there the German-Americans will show their hands."

The candidate who is to be elected in November must get 266 of the 531 votes in the Electoral College, and in the *Indianapolis Star* (Prog. Rep.) we find the following analysis of the situation from that angle:

"It will be generally conceded that the Democrats are warranted in expecting to carry Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, Oklahoma, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, and Virginia. Those States have a total of 136 electoral votes. That is 130 short of the number needed to give to President Wilson a second term. The needed 130 must come from States that are counted as doubtful by the dispassionate observers. That would not be so discouraging if the Republicans were on an equal basis.

"The Republicans consider themselves justified, and history bears them out, in believing that the following States will be practically certain to be in their column: California, Colorado, Illinois, Idaho, Iowa, Kansas, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Maine, New Hampshire, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Utah, Vermont, Washington, and Wisconsin. Those States have 240 electoral votes, or only twenty-six less than the number needed to elect.

"The States that are looked upon as debatable are Arizona, Connecticut, Delaware, Indiana, Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri, Montana, New Mexico, Nebraska, Nevada, New Jersey, New York, West Virginia, and Wyoming, with a total of 155 electoral votes. From that list the Democrats must get 130 or the Republicans twenty-six, if the first lists are right. It is much easier to figure where the Republicans are to get their needed twenty-six than how the Democrats can hope to round up 130 electoral votes in doubtful States."

FEMININE POLITICAL STRATEGY

WOMAN'S POLITICAL SAGACITY is recognized by the press of both the great parties in the decision of the National American Woman Suffrage Association at its Atlantic City convention to adopt an attitude of strict neutrality in the campaign. As the reader remembers, there is a woman-suffrage plank in every party platform this year, but Mr. Hughes has gone further than his Democratic opponent and further than his own party's platform in personally advocating a suffrage amendment to the Federal Constitution. "By an overwhelming vote the National Association rejected the policy of the Woman's party in making the suffrage movement a Republican annex," exults the *New York World* (Dem.), and the *Brooklyn Eagle* (Dem.) rejoices that "one of the shrewdest tricks of this Presidential campaign is doomed to failure." Even the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* (Rep.) concedes that the Association "is perhaps wise in adhering officially to a policy of non-partizanship, in view of the sectional influences in its roll of membership." But this official declaration of neutrality, it goes on to say, "does not commit the Association's individual membership to any such course." "Intelligent suffragists," this Republican journal goes on to suggest, "will not be at a loss to discriminate between the outspoken espousal of their cause by Mr. Hughes and the weasel words by which the President, in his Atlantic City address, sought to conceal his real feelings and to evade the issue that was put up to him."

But the correspondents tell us that President Wilson's Atlantic City speech brought the assembled suffragists to their feet, shouting and cheering. After reviewing briefly the forces and influences which have made the suffrage movement "one of the most astonishing tides in modern history," and declaring that he was there to fight on their side for this movement, which "has not only come to stay, but has come with conquering power," the President went on to say:

"I get a little impatient sometimes about the discussion of the channels and methods by which it is to prevail. It is going to prevail, and that is a very superficial and ignorant view of it which attributes it to mere social unrest. It is not merely because the women are discontented, it is because the women have seen visions of duty, and that is something which we not only can not resist, but, if we be true Americans, we do not wish to resist; because America took its origin in visions of the human spirit, in aspirations for the deepest sort of liberty of the mind and of the heart, and as visions of that sort come up to the sight of those who are spiritually-minded in America, America comes more and more into her birthright and into the perfection of her development. So that what we have to realize is that in dealing with forces of this sort we are dealing with the substance of life itself."

"I have come to suggest, among other things, that when the forces of nature are steadily working and the tide is rising to meet the moon, you need not be afraid that it will not come to its flood. We feel the tide; we rejoice in the strength of it, and we shall not quarrel in the long run as to the method of it."

The President "might have promised more," remarked Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, president *emeritus* of the Association, "but we should have known he could not do it." Yet a correspondent of the *New York Tribune* (Rep.) reports that he found more enthusiasm for Hughes than for Wilson at the convention, and Miss Lucy Burns, vice-chairman of the Congressional Union for Woman Suffrage, expressed impatience with the President's "vague and poetic phrases concerning moons and flood-tides," and declared that he "missed a great opportunity" when he failed to advocate the Federal amendment.

Altho the convention voted down with decision a resolution declaring that "the Federal amendment is our immediate and principal aim," it nevertheless, in the first plank of its platform, "calls upon Congress to submit to the States the constitutional amendment providing for nation-wide suffrage for woman." In the last plank, however, it declares that—

"This Association is strictly non-partizan. This conven-

tion is firmly of the opinion that adherence or hostility to any party is to be condemned."

The reason for this non-partizanship was stated by Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, president of the Association, when she reminded the convention that "all Presidential candidates have declared themselves in favor of woman suffrage—President Wilson has said that he would fight with us, Mr. Hughes has announced his support of the Federal amendment, and Mr. Hanly and Mr. Benson have indorsed both methods of work." And in *The Woman's Journal and Suffrage News*, (Boston) we find this statement:

"Women need the support of both candidates and of both their parties to win. A nation-wide suffrage amendment must secure a two-thirds vote in both Houses of Congress and a majority vote in thirty-six State legislatures, and both of these will be hastened if the issue is kept non-partizan."

This journal then proceeds to present impartially the records of "two good suffragists," Mr. Hughes and Mr. Wilson, as these records affect equal franchise. Here is its statement of "the case for Mr. Hughes":

"Charles Evans Hughes is the first Presidential candidate of either of the major political parties to declare for a nation-wide suffrage amendment.

"He has not stated whether, if elected, he would ask Congress to pass the amendment, but he has implied active work by saying that he will do what he can to overcome opposition to suffrage.

"His stand, he makes clear, is a personal one, as distinct from a party one.

"The stand of his party, as expressed in the platform, does not exclude action on a Federal amendment, in the opinion of the author of the plank, Senator Borah. That part of it which 'recognizes the right of each State to settle the question for itself' is, however, recognized as a 'joker' behind which Republican Senators and Congressmen can hide.

"There is every reason to believe that Mr. Hughes would do as much to aid the cause of women, if elected, as Mr. Wilson, and that he would be willing to do more. How much he would attempt to force his party is the question."

And this is how it sums up "the case for Mr. Wilson":

"President Wilson was the first President to cast a vote for woman suffrage.

"He wrote the plank in the Democratic platform recommending the States to give women the vote.

"He has declared that he would endeavor to make the suffrage plank effectual by every influence that he can properly and legitimately exercise.

"Largely as a result of this attitude the Democratic party in South Dakota and West Virginia, the two States where the question comes up this year, has declared unequivocally in favor of equal suffrage. (The Republicans in these States have done likewise.)

"During President Wilson's Administration a vote on the nation-wide suffrage amendment was obtained in the House for the first time, and in the Senate for the first time in twenty-five years. It obtained a majority in the Senate.

"President Wilson says that he hopes to keep an open mind on the question of a Federal amendment, and he has shown in other matters that he is not afraid to change his position."

Explaining why the National Association does not share the belief of some good suffragists that "the quickest way to put the Federal amendment through Congress is to enlist as many as possible of the women voters in the enfranchised States to oppose all the dominant party's candidates for national offices until that party consents to submit the Federal amendment to the States," *The Woman's Journal* says:

"As Mrs. Catt has pointed out, it takes a two-thirds vote of Congress to pass a Federal amendment, and no party for many years has controlled two-thirds of Congress. It will need votes from members of both parties to put it through Congress, and also to secure its ratification by the legislatures of thirty-six States. For a suffrage organization to oppose any party, as a party tends to make members of that party oppose suffrage, not on its merits, but out of resentment."

THE JOHNSON VICTORY

A FACT OF NATIONAL CONSEQUENCE is seen by the press in Governor Hiram W. Johnson's success in winning the regular Republican nomination for United States Senator in the recent California primaries by a majority of some 15,000 votes. Besides the Republican and Progressive editors who naturally hail it with joy as an omen of national victory for a reunited party, and the Democrats who take it as a sure sign that California's electoral vote will be counted for Wilson, there are impartial observers who find the Johnson triumph significant and interesting independently of its bearing on the November election. Several make the point rather crisply put by the Boston *Christian Science Monitor* when it remarks that "the Progressives have absorbed the Republicans in California rather than that the Republicans have absorbed the Progressives." Indeed, it is quite clear to the Boston editor that "the revived Republican party is not to be a standpat but a progressive party, and that quite likely, and at no very distant day, Hiram W. Johnson, of California, may be its leader."

The picturesque features of the California contest have interested onlookers not so prone to prophesy. A New York *Evening Post* writer reminds us that "California partizan politicians have been saying things about each other for years—and without smiling—that would be unforgivable in Billingsgate and are unforgettable in any place." California's political battles, the *El Paso Times* agrees, "are fought with a bitterness possibly unequaled in any other section of the country." This year in particular, explains the Springfield *Republican*, "the new and anomalous conditions suddenly created by Mr. Roosevelt's decision to support Mr. Hughes and by the withdrawal of the national Progressive ticket simply forced upon the Progressives and the Republicans of California a bitter struggle for the mastery, in which both sides have utilized every possible advantage of technical position." Governor Johnson, with the power of the State Administration behind him, was unopposed for the Progressive nomination for United States Senator. Then he declared for Hughes and entered the Republican primaries too, at once beginning a vigorous campaign. One of the two Republican candidates withdrew, and the regular Republican organization, bitterly anti-Johnson, concentrating upon Willis H. Booth, of Los Angeles, hoped to keep the Progressive Governor from becoming the regular Republican Senatorial nominee. He was also vigorously

opposed by the regular Republican press. The *Los Angeles Times* spoke of Mr. Booth's "politico-mongrel opponent." "There was never a ranker political humbug than Hiram Johnson," said the *San Francisco Chronicle*; "hateful in spirit, coarse in his nature, vile in his language, tricky in politics, he has for years devoted himself, through subservient legislatures, to such manipulation of our election laws as might enable him, with the aid of the machine he has created, to perpetuate the fraud which he is now attempting." But "in a campaign of abuse," the *New York World* remarks, Governor Johnson "proved himself the equal of any of his opponents" and superior "as a vote-getter." The Governor has spoken of his decisive victory as a miracle: "With 300,000 voters, a very large percentage of whom were favorable to me, unable to vote because not registered with party affiliation, I feel that to have won under these conditions means that the seemingly impossible has been performed." To the *Los Angeles Express*, which supported him, Governor Johnson telegraphed:

"The result is the vindication of the direct primary and the justification of our optimism in the people. . . ."

"The rank and file of the Republican party, like the rank and file of every party, are free and independent, of high citizenship and patriotic. They have repudiated the State bosses, the county bosses, and the petty politicians, and have demonstrated again that the people can be trusted ever to stand

for the right.

"The big thing in this contest is that the people still rule in California and the old Southern Pacific machine again meets defeat. . . ."

"Thank God for the common people."



HIRAM W. JOHNSON,
California's Progressive Governor and
Colonel Roosevelt's running mate in 1912,
who wins in the primaries the regular Re-
publican nomination to the United States
Senate over an able and popular rival.



BY HOOK OR BY CROOK.

—Bronstrup in the *San Francisco Chronicle*.

Tho the two did not meet while the Republican Presidential candidate was campaigning in California, Mr. Hughes promptly sent the Governor a telegram of congratulation and best wishes, and the "trust that there will be a complete union of forces, insuring a thoroughgoing victory." Mr. Booth, the defeated candidate, also telegraphed his trust that "the cooperation of all Republicans will result in a magnificent victory for the party in this State." Victor L. Keesling, head of the Republican State organization, and other Booth followers announced their support of the candidate chosen in the primaries.

Progressive papers were jubilant. Said the *San Francisco Bulletin*:

"Reaction in California has gone down in the most crushing defeat in its history. Its leaders are now men without a party. Hiram Johnson's victory in the Republican Senatorial contest

means that the Republicanism of California no longer represents the views of Otis, Spreckels, De Young, and their associates. Regular Republicanism in California, from this day forward, is the Republicanism which has come to be associated with the name of Hiram Johnson—the Republicanism of the initiative, referendum, and recall, of equal suffrage, of the Compensation Act, of the effective regulation and just taxation of corporations, of the eight-hour law for women, of clean, efficient, democratic government. The union of the Progressives and Republicans in this State is no milk-and-water surrender of the more liberal party. Johnson did not betray his followers. They go back in triumph, not with trailing flags. . . .

"This election is California's message to the nation. It is California's answer to the assertion that Progressivism is dead. . . . The East may wallow in reaction if it will; California refuses to drink the draft of Circe.

"Last week Hiram Johnson stood head and shoulders above the public men of California. To-day he stands level with the half-dozen great public men of the nation."

The Los Angeles *Express* (Prog.) agrees with the Sacramento *Bee* (Ind.), which says there is "practically no doubt that Hiram W. Johnson will be the next United States Senator from California, succeeding John Downey Works." A Progressive well acquainted with California politics writes to the Springfield *Republican* to predict the election of Johnson, noting that there are in the State "300,000 independent, non-partizan registered voters, and every voter in the State has seen and heard Johnson speak, for he has combed the State six times in six years." This explanation of the Progressive leader's strength is offered:

"He is the greatest campaigner in the country, not excepting Bryan; at least, he is his equal in everything but prestige. Voters of all parties plug for Johnson, for he was the first man to break the strangle-hold of the Southern Pacific Railroad in forty years, and every old Californian knows the strength of the hold, which the Republican machine did their best and worst to assist and maintain."

One of the Governor's most consistent opponents in his own State, the San Francisco *Argonaut*, has a different explanation. Mr. Johnson, it says, "is not intellectually brilliant, morally strong, or socially charming." His power with the public "lies not in fineness of character, of culture, of spirit." According to this critic—

"It lies rather in his courage. Whatever his judgments or his policies may be—however inspired—he is bold in declaring them. He looks the public fairly in the face and speaks his mind or his purpose without fear. Here is the secret of Mr. Johnson's popularity."

But in another editorial *The Argonaut* attributes the Governor's "invincibility" to his mastery of a "personal machine of unequalled precision," and his possession of the powers of the State Government. This representative of the conservative Republican press of the Golden State points out that while the primary vote "gives Mr. Johnson official status as the candidate of the Republican party, it does not make him a Republican."

"He does not even pretend to be a Republican. . . . In brief, Mr. Johnson, while no Republican, but an outspoken enemy of the party and its aims, has 'captured the works.' . . . A Republican is under no obligation, positive or implied, to vote for a Progressive or a Democrat because such a one has contrived through dishonest courses to win an 'official' nomination."

This last sentence is significantly reminiscent of the remark made by the San Francisco *Chronicle* (Rep.) before the primary, that in the event of a Johnson victory "Republicans at the general election will have to determine whether it is most to the interest of the national Republican party to have in the Senate an open and honorable opponent or one who does politics by trick and device."

The suggested possibility of Booth Republicans "knifing" Johnson in November inclines Eastern Democratic papers like the New York *World* and Richmond *Journal* to look for the election of the Democratic Senatorial candidate, George S. Patton.

Turning to the national aspects of California State politics, we find Democratic hopes of carrying the State for Wilson based upon a view of the situation which is thus stated by a California writer quoted in the New York *Evening Post*:

"Charles Evans Hughes has gone through California escorted, introduced, and represented by the very Old Guard reactionaries whom the Progressives under Governor Johnson have been fighting for six years and have enraged by putting them out of power. While he was in the State he did not meet the Governor, whom great numbers of the voters regard as personally responsible for the breaking up of the old Southern Pacific machine; and he did not even take the chance to praise the record of reform legislation which has put California in the forefront of political advance. . . . As a consequence he left the Progressives of the State indignant over the impression that their captains had been rebuffed and their chief quite ignored. If the vote were to be taken to-day, Hughes could not hope to carry the State against Wilson; and a change is unlikely before November."

And the Boston *Post* (Dem.) quotes Francis J. Heney, a California Progressive out for Wilson, as saying:

"California Progressives have been driven to the support of Wilson by thousands, and, unless reactionary newspapers can succeed in beclouding the situation, there is no doubt of Wilson carrying this State."

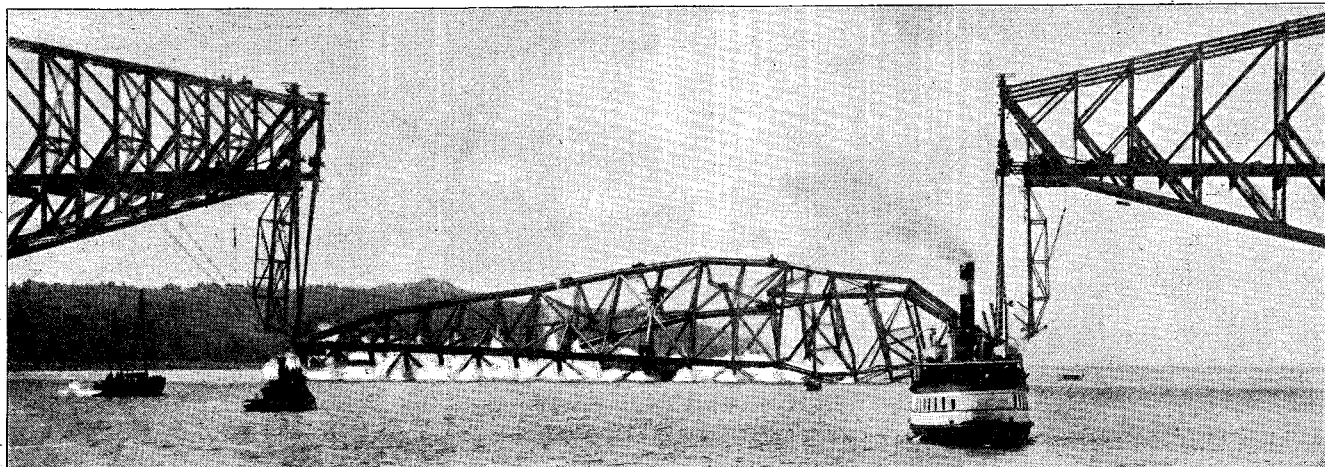
But the Progressive-Republican Chicago *Evening Post* looks upon the result of the California primaries as an aid to the Hughes cause:

"It removes the bitterness that would have remained had Johnson been defeated in the Republican primaries and forced to make his Senatorial campaign as a Progressive. Furthermore, it is notice to the Progressives throughout the country that they can, in fact, 'come back' in the old party. Had a Republican vote rejected the man who next to Roosevelt himself is the hero of the Bull Moose, thousands of them would have felt that reconciliation and reunion were a sham."

MINNESOTA'S STRIKING IRON-MINERS

IN A SEASON of great industrial unrest, a strike affecting thousands of people and characterized by shootings, murders, and wholesale arrests, a bitter contest in which Industrial Workers of the World have been arrayed against the United States Steel Corporation, has been waged since June 3 in the most important iron-mining district of the country without attracting more than passing attention from the daily press, as a writer in *The Outlook* notes. The strike of the iron-miners in the Mesaba Range of northern Minnesota has been described as "one of those spontaneous walkings-out of unorganized men which leave the managers and the community a trifle dazed." The employers, on the other hand, have maintained that the strike was not at all spontaneous, but was stirred up entirely from the outside by agitators of the Industrial Workers of the World. Well-known I. W. W. names have, indeed, been conspicuous in the news from Mesaba, and one of William D. Haywood's calls for relief funds for the strikers opened with this belligerent sentence: "War has been declared against the Steel Trust and the independent mining companies of Minnesota by the Industrial Workers of the World."

To enlighten its readers as to the causes and the incidents of this remarkable conflict, *The Outlook* has presented each side of the case over the signature of a well-informed observer. The largest operator in the Mesaba Range is the Oliver Mining Company, a subsidiary of the "Steel Trust." The strike actually began last June in a small independent mine. It spread over the range, till some 15,000 miners were affected, in great part employed by the Oliver Company. Mary Heaton Vorse, who writes for *The Outlook* as a sympathizer with the miners, points out that they were employed in two ways—the open-pit



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THE SECOND BRIDGE COLLAPSE AT QUEBEC—CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA AS IT FELL.

Nine years ago a span of a great cantilever bridge across the St. Lawrence at Quebec broke during the process of erection and carried eighty-four men into the river. On September 11, the expected placing of the central span of this bridge's successor drew a large crowd of engineers, officials, and spectators. The span, the longest ever built, had been constructed on the river and was being lifted into its place between the two projecting arms, when something gave way. The span-girders buckled and the huge iron structure, 640 feet long, fell to the river, killing thirteen men, and now lies far below the surface. The precise cause of the accident is as yet unknown. The loss in materials is put at \$600,000. The total cost of the bridge was to be \$17,000,000. It was to be the only bridge across the St. Lawrence below Montreal, and would have cut 200 miles from the rail distance between Halifax and the West. The construction of a new span is expected to take two years.

men and the non-mining underground workers by the day, and the underground miners by a piece-work arrangement known as the contract system. Now the Oliver Company's open-pit miners had had their pay increased in February and again in May, bringing it up to \$2.60. The company alleges that the wages of the contract-system miners were raised proportionately, but "apparently the miners remained in ignorance of this raise, or it was in some way rendered inoperative, for they struck." The miners, according to this writer, object to the contract system as practised on the Mesaba Range because it makes wages uncertain and leads to "much petty graft and unjust discrimination on the part of the shift bosses and captains." Hence the workers have made these demands: "\$2.75 a day for open-pit mining; \$3 a day for underground mining, dry work; \$3.50 a day for underground mining, wet work; an eight-hour day; pay twice a month; abolition of the contract system."

"If the strikers were contented a year ago," as Mr. Tyler Dennett found they were, "and have received two wage increases since then, what made any of them willing to strike now?" asks Mr. Dennett in his presentation of the employers' case in *The Outlook*. He submits this answer:

"The company maintains that the strike, in so far as it is affected, is not a spontaneous strike of the employees, but that it has been stirred up entirely from the outside by Industrial Workers of the World agitators. . . . They maintain that the strike has been managed exclusively by the Industrial Workers of the World leaders, with whom the corporation positively refuses to deal."

The company believes the men are well paid, and thinks the contract system necessary because of the varying nature of the work and because of the difficulty in supervising men working underground. The Oliver Mining Company's defense against the charge of improper use of "gunmen" is stated as follows:

"The strikers, led by the Industrial Workers of the World organizers and stirred by incendiary speakers, so it is claimed, immediately began to make threats and to intimidate the men who remained at work. . . . The officials cite numerous instances where the property of the company and the employees were in urgent need of protection. . . ."

"The Oliver Company increased its special police force to four hundred, transferring to it as many of its own employees as could be spared from other duties. A very few additional guards were employed, every one of whom was a resident of the community and well known. These men were deputized by the sheriff of the county and were under his jurisdiction.

"As for the statement that these men acted without regard for the lawful rights of the strikers, only a most careful investigation of each individual charge would reveal the truth."

But Mr. George P. West, of the Federal Industrial Relations Commission, who has been investigating conditions in Minnesota, hardly takes this view of the case. In an article in *The New Republic* he points out that the I. W. W. leaders came to the Mesaba Range because the Western Federation of Miners had no agents in the field and because "in every large group of unorganized foreign-born workers are men who have espoused the doctrines and given their allegiance to the I. W. W." So, "an appeal to William D. Haywood met ready response. Carlo Tresca, Sam Scarlett, Frank Little, and others responded." But, continues Mr. West,

"the strike was not a week old before the permanent force of Oliver private police had been augmented by a swarm of guards, recruited from Duluth, St. Paul, Minneapolis, any place where men could be found willing to go to the range, strap on guns, grasp riot-sticks, pin deputy sheriffs' badges on their shirts, and go forth to attack picket-lines, menace strikers' parades, and browbeat strikers wherever they should be met, singly or alone. . . ."

"The reign of frightfulness inaugurated among the strikers by this army of privately paid thugs is beyond belief by those unaware, through personal experience, of the methods of American industrial absolutism in crushing a revolt. Strikers were beaten up and thrown into jail on trumped-up charges or no charges at all. Women and babies followed them into prison-cells. A striker was shot and killed while on the picket-line at a distance of several blocks from the nearest company property."

Mr. West tells of a mêlée in a striking miner's house in which a deputy sheriff and a bystander were killed and another man injured. In consequence, the striker, his wife, and two boarders were arrested for murder, while six I. W. W. leaders, all miles away from the scene, were arrested on the charge of having induced the killing by their speeches. Then "the coming of outside investigators gave pause to the license of the gunmen," and newly arrived agitators are unmolested. "While the Federal mediators remain, the Steel Corporation apparently will modify its methods." Mr. West concludes that—

"It is too early to judge the effect of the present strike. Certainly the Federal mediators, now completing their investigation, will be able to present to the managers a bill of grievances, a record of specific abuses, that no decent man could ignore. There are sure to be improvements."

GERMAN U-BOATS STILL AT IT

THE SUPPOSED CESSATION of German submarine activity is due to American protest, some editorial observers have been telling us, while others have given the credit to the vigilance of the British fleet. British accounts written by Alfred Noyes and others read as if the German submarines were mostly captured, sunk, or intimidated into impotence. German cable dispatches have even told of the cries and clamors of the von Tirpitzites for the unrestricted use of the U-boats as rising so high that steps had to be taken to silence these advocates of no quarter, and we read in the New York *Tribune* a report from Bern stating that because "disillusionment about submarine warfare is now complete in official circles" such hints have been given to the more truculent editors and orators as must convince them of the futility of their demands. The failure of the submarine policy was ascribed in this report to the "appalling losses suffered by Germany in attacking commerce."

This is interesting as a story, but hardly credible as a fact, remarks *The Tribune*, which admits that silencing efforts may have been directed against a few hotheads who would disregard all neutral protests, yet it avers that considering the activity of the German submarines during August, 1916, it is "extremely unlikely that this method of warfare is to be abandoned." We are told that Lloyd's lists for last month record the loss of "forty large steamers of several nationalities with an aggregate tonnage of over 102,000, besides fifteen more of unrecorded tonnage, not to mention trawlers and various sailing-vessels." In all, more than a hundred ships, of more than 145,000 total tonnage, were destroyed, and *The Tribune* observes:

"Now, for the first three months of submarine activity—beginning, that is to say, with the establishment of the so-called war-zone—the Germans claimed less than 235,000 tons; hence the estimate for last month, instead of showing any falling off, rather indicates increased efficiency. If these figures are correct it is impossible to believe that there is any intention in any

quarter of relaxing the war on commerce, for however heavy the German losses may be, it is clear that the losses of Germany's enemies must be heavier."

This admission of a newspaper frankly pro-Ally is confirmed by the single-minded pro-German *Fatherland* (New York), in which weekly a writer balances accounts between U-boats and the borrowing Allies. Thus about the time the recent British loan of \$250,000,000 was floated, he notes, an Amsterdam dispatch via London recorded the decoration with the order *Pour le Mérite* of the submarine commander, Walter Forstmann. He had sunk one hundred vessels of the Entente Allies, and their tonnage, including war-vessels, aggregated 260,000 tons of the estimated value of \$150,000,000. In other words, the value of the vessels destroyed by a single U-boat "amounted to three-fifths of the huge sum that Morgan and his friends had just advanced to England." Day upon day the submarine "keeps on in its work of destruction," says the writer, who cites a "partial" list of Allied and "so-called" neutral craft, mostly merchantmen, said to have been lost during July and August, 1916, and adds:

"In the list of vessels of the Allies sunk during the last two months, July and August, 128 ships were destroyed. The tonnage is given in only about one-half of the cases, but this tonnage of sixty-six ships that were sunk amounted to 167,217 tons. At the prevailing rate of \$175 per ton, the mere hulls of these vessels would be valued at \$29,262,975.

"However, the loss in tonnage is not the greatest loss. One must reckon on the value of the cargoes, shipments of costly steel shells, powder at the highest price in history, foodstuffs which have soared to tremendous rates in Europe; adding to these items, the high freight-rates, the rates for war-insurance, and the normal rates of accident insurance. It is difficult to base an exact estimate of values on such cargoes. In the instance of Walter Forstmann, however, commander of the German U-boat that sank 260,000 tons of shipping, at an estimated value of \$150,000,000, the value of ship and cargo was estimated at \$577 a ton. At this rate of estimate, sixty-six of the 128 vessels lost by the Allies in July and August amounted in value to the sum of \$96,484,209."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

AMONG other extinct animals is the one that grew the cheaper cuts.—*Chicago Daily News*.

A *de facto* Government, it appears, is one that won't hurt you if you lend it money.—*New York Sun*.

THE full dinner-pail must be emptied before it can be used to bail out the Republican boat.—*Columbia State*.

ARBITRATION is like international law—something that the other fellow ought scrupulously to respect.—*New York World*.

MME. SCHWIMMER says Ford has been badly advised. An honest confession is good for the soul.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

"HUGHES Finds Wilson Wanting." What makes it worse is that Hughes is wanting the same thing.—*The Masses* (New York).

IF these union-labor leaders keep on getting everything they demand their occupations will be gone about New Year's.—*New York Telegraph*.

IN the Republican preserves there is more joy over one Progressive that repenteth than over ninety and nine regulars who never strayed off the ranch.—*Chicago Daily News*.

WELL, if we aren't exactly prepared to resist an armed invasion, we've got a bunch of railroad-workers who ought to be able to bluff the foe out of the country.—*Binghamton Press*.

LATIN politeness is proverbial, but aren't these Mexican commissioners exceeding the limit when they persist in likening Woodrow Wilson to Venustiano Carranza?—*New York Herald*.

THE study of European geography this fall is largely a matter of opinion.—*Kansas City Star*.

How would you like to be a Balkan king who had guessed wrong on the war?—*Kansas City Star*.

THAT eight-hour law is a snowball with all the potentialities of an avalanche.—*Wall Street Journal*.

It looks as tho Greece would join the martial feast just about in time to wash the dishes.—*New York Telegraph*.

THE trouble with the so-called eight-hour law is that there is no eight-hour about it and it may not be a law.—*New York Sun*.

NOW that Congress has learned with surprise that it can act with speed, let us hope that future important legislation will get the benefit of the lesson.—*Chicago Herald*.

OUR volunteer soldiery has given a fine demonstration of the two predominating passions of youth: first, to get away from home, and then to get back.—*New York Telegraph*.

PRESIDENT WILSON lost no time in deciding that an eight-hour day was right and then asked for a commission and six months' investigation to see if he is right.—*St. Paul Dispatch*.

As you may have read with considerable emotion, President Wilson signed the eight-hour law with four pens, which he presented to the four Brotherhood chiefs. A gentleman called us on the telephone to inquire whether the dear peepul will get the blotter.—*Rocky Mountain News*.



IMPRESSIVE, BUT IT'S BEEN DONE SO OFTEN BEFORE.
—Sykes in the *Philadelphia Evening Ledger*.

FOREIGN - COMMENT

IS ALBION PERFIDIOUS?

THE FREQUENT ACCUSATION of treachery leveled against England by the German press since the beginning of the war and now indorsed in an interview by the Kaiser himself is at length getting on the nerves of the English editors. Two prominent London papers have taken up the gauntlet and have challenged the Kaiser to produce his proofs.

It will be recalled that Viscount Haldane had to resign his office of Lord Chancellor of England early in the war, owing to a popular feeling against him due to a casual reference to Germany as his "spiritual home," and both the *London Morning Post* and *The Daily Mail* hint that the ex-Lord Chancellor may have compromised the British Government on one of his visits to Berlin during his tenure of office. This impression gains no little weight from the pointblank refusal of Premier Asquith to make public the papers and reports connected with these visits in spite of Lord Haldane's openly expressed desire for their publication. Under these circumstances there is a certain significance in the challenge that these influential English organs throw down before the Kaiser. The charge of treachery was made by the Kaiser in an interview accorded to "an eminent neutral" in which he protested that he was not responsible for the war and accused England. His final words were:

"I do not envy the man who has the responsibility for this war upon his conscience. I, at least, am not that man. I think history will clear me of that charge, altho I do not suppose that history will hold me faultless. In a sense every civilized man in Europe must have a share in the responsibility for this war, and the higher his position the larger his responsibilities. I admit that, and yet claim that I acted throughout in good faith and strove hard for peace, even tho war was inevitable.

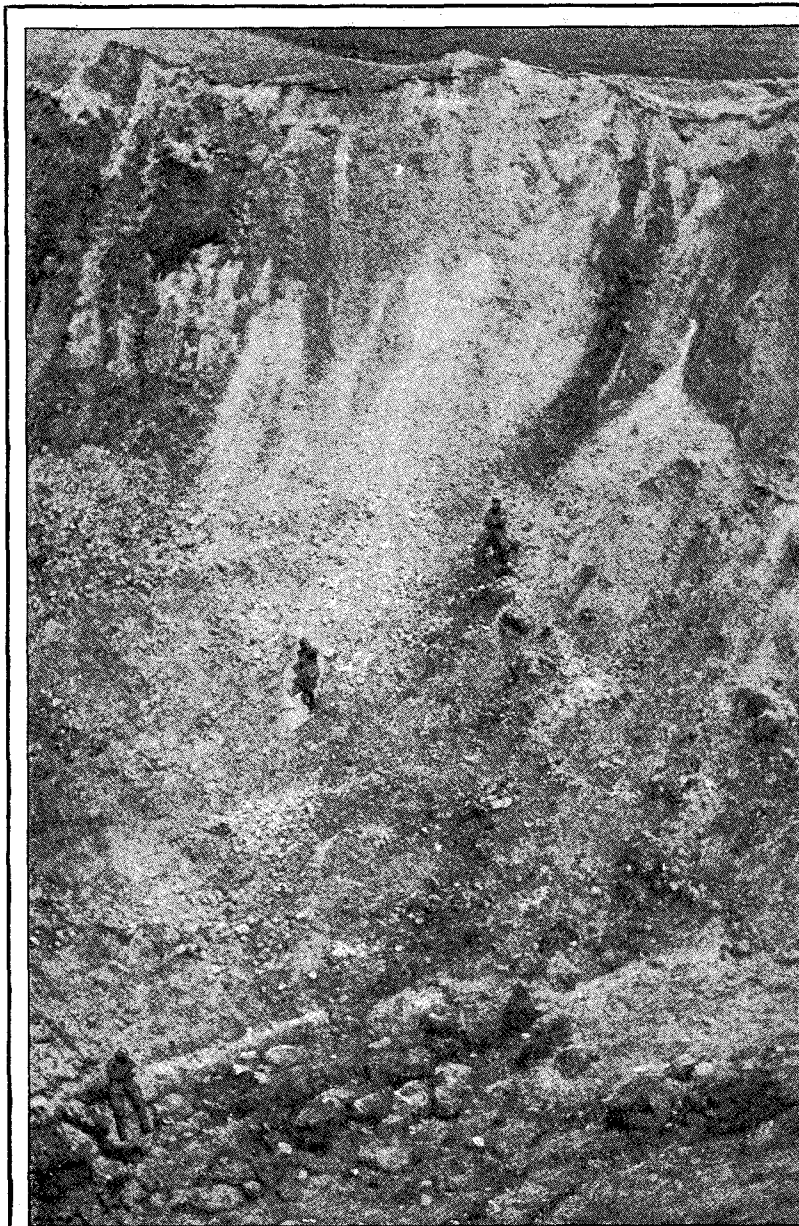
"Why do you neutrals always talk about German militarism and never about Russian despotism, the French craving for

revenge, or English treachery? I think the next generation will strike a more just balance in apportioning the blame."

The Morning Post asks in reply to this charge:

"Why does the German Emperor accuse England of treachery? Is it merely a revival of the old tag of 'perfidious Albion,' or does the Emperor really think himself aggrieved by any act of British policy? It would be interesting to know. For our part we have often puzzled over the German attitude toward British policy. Great Britain as a sovereign Power had surely the same right to go to war in defense of her obligations as any other country. She was bound in honor and interest to France and Russia and by interest and treaty to Belgium. If she had deserted any of these there might indeed be good ground for this accusation of treachery; but why are the Germans so peculiarly annoyed because we actually did in 1914 what we threatened to do a few years before, and what all our obligations and interests compelled us to do?

"It even appears as if the Germans thought they had in some way paid for a neutrality which was not observed, that they had been given fair reason to suppose that we would never go to war. If such a promise were ever made or such an attitude ever indicated to Germany by our Government or any member of our Government, it would be a treachery not so much to Germany as to England—treachery so black that the British people would themselves rise to punish the offenders. For it would indicate an attempt to betray the honor and the interests of England for some private and unspecified consideration."



"WE EXPLODED A MINE."

When a mine is exploded things happen as the picture shows. This was once a German trench on the Somme front. One explosion and all that remains of the trench and its defenders is this enormous hole, sixty yards across and over 100 feet deep.

In flinging down the gage, *The Post* says:

"Let the German Emperor substantiate his charges; let him produce proofs that England has been treacherous or that any English Minister gave him reason to believe, before the war that England would forsake her friends, her obligations, and her interests. It will not be sufficient to produce the utterances of those Radical politicians who were always yearning to betray; they could not commit their country or their Government. No; if there is any foundation for the Emperor's charge against



THE BEARERS OF TIDINGS.

KAISER (soliloquizing)—"I have always said that war is distasteful to me, and now I mean it."

—Punch (London).

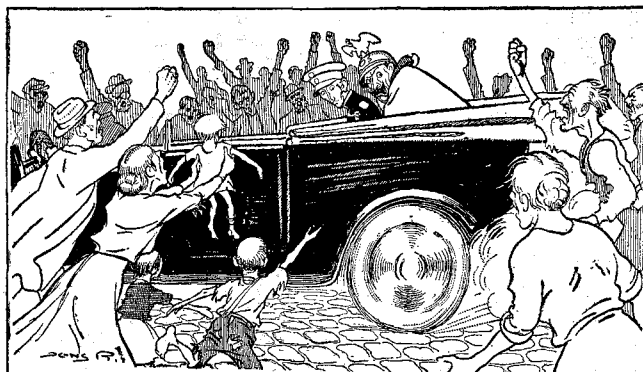


AFTER TWO YEARS OF "CONTINUAL VICTORY."

THE RULERS (August, 1914)—"Bravo! Socialism has received its death-blow!"

THE RULERS (August, 1916)—"See! Militarism has received its death-blow!"

—Høegsen (Christiania).



ENGLAND AND NORWAY TAKE A FLING AT THE KAISER.

the honor of his foe he must be able to show something more substantial."

Considering the possibilities upon which the charge of treachery is based, the great Tory organ begins with the Haldane incident:

"Does he regard, for example, the Haldane visit, or visits, as ground for this accusation? If he does, let him say so, and let him say why he thinks so. Or does he think that because the importer of German manufactures into this country liberally financed the Free-Trade party, that party was therefore bound to Germany not only in questions of trade but in questions of peace and war? Has he a list of German contributions to our party funds up his sleeve, and does he suppose that will help him to establish his case? If he has and does, the conclusion is illegitimate, for the Free Traders were giving Germany good value for the money in respect of trade, and had, therefore, no obligation in any other respect. Still, the list, if it exists, might be produced. It would help us to punish not, indeed, traitors to Germany, but perhaps traitors to British interests. And if the Emperor has any other foundations for this gravest of all possible charges, let him produce them. If he can, we promise him that justice will be done."

The Daily Mail adds its challenge and says:

"If the German Emperor, or any one else in Germany, has any evidence to this effect, why does he not produce it? If it rests on any firm foundation he must have, or rather he must think he has, proofs of some sort to substantiate the charge. If so, what are the proofs? Let the Kaiser, or the German Chancellor, tell the world in plain language the grounds for his belief. *The Morning Post* remarks that it looks as tho they had in 1914 some reason for anticipating that we should not take up arms against them. What reason could they have had? We know that *The Daily News* proposed that Great Britain should stand aside and seize the trade that would be lost to the belligerent nations, but did any responsible Minister ever breathe a promise that could conceivably bear the construction the Germans put upon it?

"On the face of it the idea seems monstrously incredible. Yet clearly the Germans entertain it. They talk of our 'treachery' as tho they had a card up their sleeve. They talk of it

like a gang of blackmailers in possession of some discreditable secret. But it would be very much to the point if they would condescend to particulars, and let us have the relevant names, dates, and facts. Wherein were they deceived, through whom, at what time, and in what way? The Kaiser has never been a bashful or tongue-tied sovereign. Let him speak out plainly, or else put an end to his blackmailing hints and insinuations."

HINDENBURG'S TASK

THE MAN OF IRON is now entrusted with Germany's military destiny, and the Kaiser's appointment of Field-Marshal von Hindenburg as Chief of the Great General Staff is hailed by the entire Fatherland as an omen of speedy victory. It seems that this appointment has long been the secret desire of the German nation, and only their confidence in the Kaiser's judgment has prevented a general expression of the people's will. This confidence the Kaiser has now justified, and we find a chorus of gratitude rising from the entire German press. For example, the Berlin *Lokal Anzeiger* writes:

"The intoxication of joy to-day possesses all German lands, and there will be no German heart that will not beat higher, and this elation is due to only one man—the Kaiser. If in this—perhaps the most momentous decision for the fate of the nation—if he had needed any advice no one at all conversant with the situation would have counseled otherwise than what of his own initiative he did. . . . Now that the Kaiser, Field-Marshal von Hindenburg, and General Ludendorff are working confidently together in the central military leadership for our present and future, we know that the best forces at our disposal are guiding our fate. . . ."

"Both von Hindenburg and Ludendorff have shown that they are our most gifted leaders. And yet, in this hour, we must warn the public against expecting wonders and admonish the people only to expect the possible, which, however, will and must suffice. To these two now has been entrusted the central leadership of all military operations under the Kaiser's direction. They survey the whole situation and will turn into deeds and success the decisions which the Kaiser will make as a result of

their advice. From now on they will work together confidently and intelligently with the political leadership of state, from which we also promise ourselves very considerable gain. Thus, to-day, our hopes are due to the Kaiser and his two first military counselors."

Major Moraht, in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, is equally emphatic. He says:

"An important step forward has been taken which may prove to have incalculably far-reaching consequences for our enemies. We hail our national hero as chief of the whole German Army, and no one in the German Empire or among our allies will fail to hail this decision with joyful confidence. Did the Kaiser recognize the secret wish of the whole nation? We could not utter this call for von Hindenburg into the place of the great von Moltke; our enemies would have misinterpreted such a wish, but it existed none the less. . . . Now von Hindenburg is master in the East and West. In his hands center the strands that connect all the armies. He has become the brain of the whole gigantic machine which is animated by his spirit. This is something that our enemies can never imitate."

The clear-sightedness of the *Tageblatt's* military critic in thinking that Germany's enemies would "misinterpret," the wish of the nation to have von Hindenburg at the helm is abundantly justified. The London papers interpret this appointment as a "despairing reply to Roumania's intervention," and *The Daily Telegraph* opines that it "marks the beginning of the decline and fall of German military power." *The Morning Post* remarks:

"Von Hindenburg, the powerful idol, is chosen as the readiest screen behind which the Hohenzollern dynasty can shelter itself. The most that the German high command now dares hope for is an honorable peace. Von Falkenhayn is driven forth as a scapegoat to carry the guilt of his war-lord."

The Daily Express attempts to depreciate the Field-Marshal's military ability and thinks that—

"The problems with which Field-Marshal von Hindenburg will have to deal will be far beyond his capacity. He is just a big, genial barbarian. He is neither a Napoleon nor a von Moltke, and it is doubtful if a soldier of the greatest genius could now save Germany."

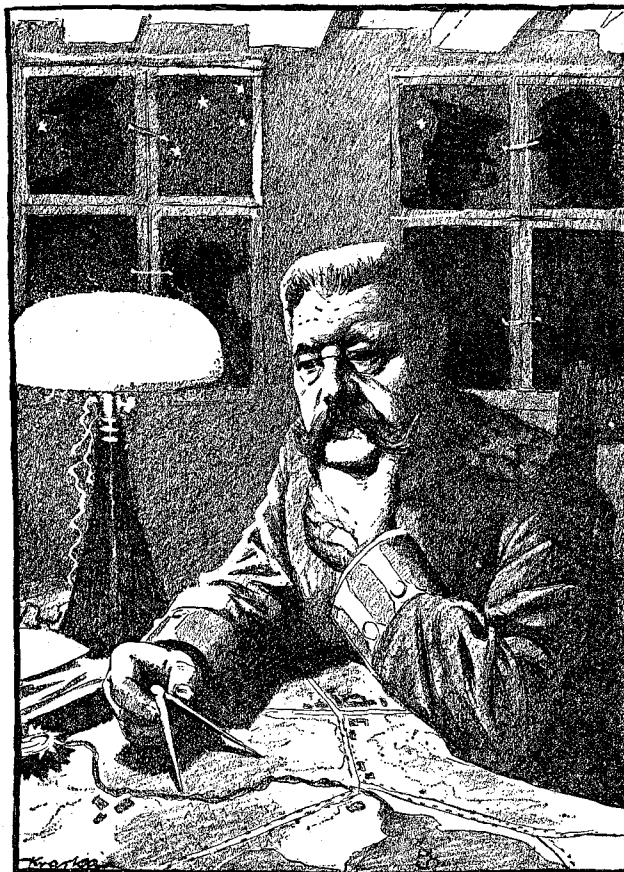
The military critic of *The Times*, however, steadfastly refuses to undervalue the Man of Iron and declares that he must be recognized as a vigorous leader:

"In her deadly peril Germany is unlikely to have chosen the new chief merely to placate public feeling. We shall do well to take von Hindenburg seriously and to recognize that, tho conditions are against him, he is no weakling. The glimpses we have had of him suggest a man with big and simple ideas, which often make for success in war. . . ."

"The position points to the probable shortening of the front in France and Flanders, and he is to-day the only man in Germany who could order the ruthless shortening of the Western front without the collapse of public faith."

CHAOS IN CHINA

CONFUSION WORSE CONFOUNDED seems to reign in what was once the Celestial Empire and the Chinese Government, such as it is, has become the sport of every "general" who can rally to his flag a sufficient number of bandits to be formidable. This we learn from a vivid article in the *Manchester Guardian* from the pen of its Peking correspondent, who describes a number of cases where the Central authority is flouted by its own servants. One example will suffice to show the state of anarchy into which China has fallen. We read:



THE GREAT LEADER.

THE ALLIES—"Oh, if we only had one like him!"

—© *Ulk* (Berlin).

"Natives of countries with a well-ordered system of government, who reside in China, find it difficult to understand how the country holds together. Briefly stated, the position here for the last few weeks has been that the Central Government has only been able to carry on the administration by entreating various provincial authorities to obey instructions. Sometimes these entreaties are listened to, but frequently they are not. Kwangtung supplies a good example of the condition into which a province may get owing to the Central Government being too weak to avoid making humiliating concessions to the provincial military and political chiefs. The monarchical movement was at first espoused, but afterward opposed by Gen. Lung Chikuang, Military Governor of Kwangtung. After Yuan Shi Kai's death and the formation of a new Cabinet composed of men who had not associated themselves with the movement to reestablish the monarchical system of government, General Lung's appointment as Military Governor was confirmed, and the opportunity was taken of praising him for his eminent services to the state.

"The Cantonese Gild in Shanghai at once voiced an angry protest. Declaring that they spoke in the name of the provincials of Kwangtung, they pointed out that General Lung was a nominee of Yuan Shi Kai, and had misruled and ill-treated the people. Altho he had belatedly espoused the Republican cause, it was declared that he only did so in order to retain his post. The Central Government bowed its head before this storm of protest."

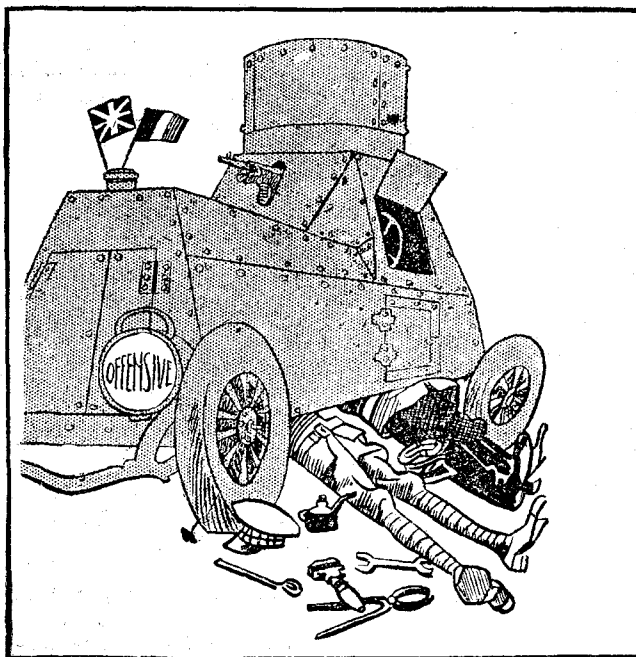
Then the fun began. General Lung was given another appointment, which, he stated, he would be delighted to accept, but before he left Canton it would be necessary for him to finish off a little affair he had on hand with General Li who was in rebellion. Then a former rebel, General Tsen, stepped into the game to enforce General Lung's resignation, while General Chen, a former governor, proceeded to attack all three "in order to reestablish normal conditions." One curious point is that, with the exception of General Li, all these men "profess loyalty to the Peking Government, but refuse to take any notice of their orders." The affairs of this unhappy province were still more tangled by the defection of the one man whose business it was to restore order. To quote:

"A further complication was the presence in Kwangtung of Gen. Chen Chun-min, a former Military Governor, who joined in the attack upon General Lung. Desultory fighting has been going on for weeks, and Gen. Yu Lung-ting, the recently appointed Military Governor, who was on his way to take up his post, gazing into the bear-pit of Kwangtung from the borders of

Kwangsi, promptly telegraphed to Peking emphatically refusing to take up his post."

This sort of thing, *The Guardian* tells us, is happening in almost every province, and foreign residents believe that only the reestablishment of some sort of monarchy will solve the problems which confront China:

"Perhaps it is impossible in the existing condition of things in China to adopt any policy other than that of buying off those who refuse to obey the Central Government, but the practice has its obvious disadvantages. Any Chinese military man who can surround himself with a body of troops, which can easily be transformed into a fair-sized army by recruiting bandits, knows perfectly well that he has only to make himself sufficiently obnoxious to secure a substantial reward for his 'services.' The late President Yuan Shi Kai, who ran counter to accepted Chinese conceptions in many things, tho he sometimes adopted the purchase system to get rid of enemies, preferred to deal with them with the more conclusive weapon of



THAT SOMME DRIVE!

"The offensive that stuck fast."

—© *Lustige Blätter* (Berlin).

military force. The present Government, however, has such a precarious tenure of office that it feels that it must purchase the support of every individual and clique that makes enough noise to induce the belief that he or it is of consequence. The immediate result may be a period of apparent peace and order, but it is inevitable that this weak policy will render more difficult the realization of the ideal of a strong and united China.

"In the meantime the financial position, which began to improve when the death of Yuan Shi Kai opened the door to a reasonable compromise, is again deteriorating. Many foreign residents of China who are democratic by conviction are swinging round to the belief that either a dictatorship or a reestablishment of the monarchical system is necessary if China is to retain her independent status."

Baron Hayashi, the Japanese Minister to Peking, is quoted by the *Tokyo Far East* as warning the Chinese that the Powers will not tolerate disorder much longer and that the task of restoring order in China may fall to the lot of Japan. He said:

"Unless the Chinese people realize the gravity of the disease—its effects in disturbing trade and public security—they will wake up one day to find the administration of their country in other hands. Japan, or any other Power, may well hesitate to apply drastic measures to cure Chinese ills. The great nation can not be so easily disposed of as its Korean neighbor—but neither can irresponsible military irruptions and isolated political outbreaks be tolerated. If these continue, the Powers will simply be forced to act. As far as international treaties give them the power, they are fully equipped to enforce order in China."

THE SOMME DRIVE SLACKENING

NO STRATEGIC OBJECTIVE lies before the Allies on the Somme, the German military critics tell us, and they are a little puzzled at the choice of this particular point for the Franco-British drive. Whatever may have been the original reason, it now possesses, they say, only an academic interest, for the offensive is rapidly failing. This opinion, that the German commanders have brought the Allied advance to a standstill, is found in almost all the German papers, and the following dispatch from the special correspondent of the Berlin *Deutsche Tageszeitung* is typical. He writes:

"In the course of last week the war-correspondents on the Western front were permitted to visit the district of the Somme battle. Before we were distributed among the fighting troops, the Chief of the Staff of one of the armies delivered us a comprehensive lecture upon the course and lessons of the great Anglo-French attempt to break through. The following details from the lecture should be specially interesting for those at home:

"Owing to the extraordinary length of our Western front, from the sea to the Swiss frontier, it is not always possible for us to have our reserves so equally distributed that we can at every place meet a very strong push with the necessary forces. The Allied opponents on the Somme reckoned upon this when they began their offensive with a tenfold superiority. Then we brought up the necessary reserves and artillery, and from that moment the enemy was compelled to halt. The crisis—if there was such a thing momentarily—was now over. In no place could the enemy make a big step forward. His prospects of a break through were shattered. Perhaps days will still come when this or that projecting nose will not hold any longer. One kilometer more or less of enemy soil does not matter, and its possession or non-possession exercises no influence on the total decision of the war. We prefer to manage with our man-power more economically than is possible for the enemy with his attempted attacks. He has sacrificed many thousands, and yet has achieved nothing considerable with his great Somme offensive. We give up nothing voluntarily, as we will not allow our opponents any moral success. But we only make counter-attacks if we desire them and can thereby achieve a tactical improvement, not otherwise."

Tho the French and British armies have been for weeks within sight of Péronne and Bapaume, these cities do not fall, and the English papers find it necessary to explain to their readers that this advance is not intended to be "a knock-out blow to Germany," but is designed only to wear down the Teutonic lines and force a general retirement. The London *Daily News* considers that everything is satisfactory and that the lines are showing "a breaking strain":

"The comparative ease with which the second lines have been forced lends countenance to the belief that they were not as strong as the first lines undoubtedly were. It may be that the worst and heaviest task was achieved with the carrying of the first lines, which the Germans are said to have held to be impregnable.

"The important thing is to retain in true perspective the nature and objects of this Western offensive. It is not intended to be a knock-out blow, and, if the German lines do crumble sensationally, that will be a success not contemplated in the original design. That design is to wear down the enemy, partly by the mere slaughter and capture of his effectives and partly by forcing him to keep his slender reserves continually in motion to meet incessant attacks delivered in widely distant areas. As far as can be judged, this plan of operations is succeeding perfectly."

While most of the London papers comment optimistically on the situation on the Somme, and state emphatically that the advance, tho slow, will result in a general withdrawal of the German line, yet all of them warn their readers not to attach undue importance to local successes. For example *The Daily Express* says:

"It is necessary once more to warn the oversanguine not to underestimate the enemy's capabilities of resistance. The Germans are brave, stubborn, and a highly organized people, bred in traditions of war. Our goal is almost in sight, but the last round of the fight will be the hardest"

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

PURE AND IMPURE MILK

MOST OF US KNOW LITTLE about the milk we buy. We seldom see the man who delivers it, and we never see the middleman from whom he gets it. As for the actual producer—the man out on the farm—he is enveloped in an obscurity from which he never emerges. He may be clean—or very much to the contrary. His stables may be spotless, his cows carefully washed, and his employees beyond cavil. Or he may regard all these precautions as simply a waste of time and money. These considerations are emphasized by Dr. John H. Kellogg in his paper, *Good Health* (Battle Creek, Mich.) in an article entitled: “Who’s Your Milkman?”

Somewhere in the small hours of the morning, says Dr. Kellogg, there is a rattle of wagon-wheels on the hard pavement, a tremendous clattering of heavy feet up the back porch, a rattle of bottles as they are deposited on the floor, and a clattering of steps away again. And that is all most people know about the milk they drink. He goes on—

“We pay dearly for our indifference concerning the source of the milk which we buy. We pay for it in tuberculosis, we pay for it in typhoid fever, in colic, and other diseases which attack our children, especially in the summer. Why, all of these diseases can be wiped out of existence, so far as milk is concerned, the moment people study the milk which is delivered to them with half the care with which men scrutinize the cigars they buy, and women the chocolates they consume.

“Clean milk, obtained from clean cows kept in clean stables, collected in clean receptacles, and distributed in clean vessels, is the choicest of all the infinite products of the laboratory of nature.

“Dirty milk, corrupted with gleanings from sources of pollution, is a veritable poison-cup, and is doubtless responsible for the loss of at least nine-tenths of the three hundred thousand infant-lives that every year are sacrificed to ignorance and neglect.

“For it is a well-known fact that the germs associated with putrefying filth are the most prolific source of the intestinal disorders which annually carry off so many thousands of infants during the summer months.

“These same putrefactive germs are likewise the cause of colon-poisoning. Entering the body through the medium of milk, they take up their abode in the colon, where they grow and multiply to the extent of hundreds of billions daily, producing poisons which, when absorbed into the blood, give rise to an almost infinite number of distressing symptoms, and to serious and even fatal diseases.

“Milk must be free from the germs of disease. In addition to the common germs that give rise to putrefaction, milk may contain germs of various specific diseases, such as tuberculosis, typhoid fever, diphtheria, scarlet fever, sore throat, etc., diseases originally derived from human beings suffering from the above-named disorders and with the germs of which the milk, by direct or indirect contact, becomes contaminated.

“Milk may also communicate to human beings various disorders that originate in cattle, but which may be communicated to human beings by making use of the milk of sick animals, such as foot-and-mouth disease, gastro-enteritis, anthrax, and rabies. Modern research has shown that bovine tuberculosis is communicable to human beings. According to Rosenau, it must be conceded that not less than 5 to 7 per cent. of all cases of human tuberculosis is due to infection from the use of infected milk or the flesh of tuberculous animals.”

A precaution in summer, urged by Dr. Kellogg, is to make sure that milk is uncooked. He is not in favor of what is called pasteurization—that is, heating to a temperature of 158° F.—which he regards as destroying certain valuable properties. The boiling of milk modifies in a harmful way nearly all its ingredients and considerably reduces its nutritive value. Further:

“Man has been defined as a ‘cooking animal,’ and for ages the culinary art has been highly cultivated and made the means, not only of utility, but of harmful luxury.

“Through modern scientific research, we are coming to know that notwithstanding its great service to the human race, the art of cookery has associated with it many perils, one of the greatest of which, tho the most recently recognized, is the destruction of certain vital elements, which so modify the food as greatly to impair its nutrient value.

“Milk, fresh from the bovine font, with its rich store of vitamins and enzymes, with the finest quality of protein for brain- and muscle-building, salts to stiffen the bony frame-work and to brighten the vital fires of the body, is a natural product.

“Not only is it not improved by the art of cookery, but it is actually damaged by it and rendered incapable of supplying in the highest degree those subtle elements which are essential to good nutrition.

“A word should also be said about how to take milk. It should be eaten, not swallowed as a beverage.

“All foods need to be masticated. The calf and the nursing infant chew milk. The movements of the jaws and the sucking movements executed by an infant in nursing induce an abundant flow of saliva, which, mixing with the milk, properly dilutes it, and to a high degree promotes its digestion.

“Milk when swallowed rapidly as a beverage is likely to form in the stomach large and hard curds, which are very slowly digested. Many persons who suffer from taking milk in this way imagine themselves to be unable to take milk, and so abandon its use.

“Milk should be sipped slowly and with a sucking movement of the throat, so as to secure a liberal admixture of saliva. By this means the formation of hard, indigestible curds may be prevented.

“Milk also must be taken in right quantities and in right combinations. It can not be denied that milk digests better when taken by itself or in very simple combinations than when mixed with a large variety of other foodstuffs.

“In some instances a large quantity of milk is more easily digestible than a small quantity. When the stomach produces a large amount of highly acid gastric juice, the curds formed when a small amount of milk is taken will be large and tough, whereas if a larger amount of milk is taken, the curds formed will be smaller and also softer.

“It is, of course, impossible for the stomach to make gastric juice that is at once suited for the digestion of meat and for the digestion of milk.

“When milk is largely used as a nutrient, the rest of the diet should consist chiefly of fruits and vegetables for the reason that milk contains an excess of lime and is deficient in potash and soda, which are necessary for perfect human nutrition. The last-named elements are abundant in fruits and vegetables, and particularly so in the potato.

“A diet consisting exclusively of milk and cereals is less satisfactory. Such a diet often gives rise to scurvy in infants. Cereals are deficient in the alkaline elements that are needed to neutralize acid-products developed in the body.”

GROWING UMBRELLA-HANDLES—The convenient and ornamental knobs and crooks which at once adorn the handles of umbrellas and make them easier to grasp and carry are by no means so entirely accidental as one might think. There is, in fact, a regular business of producing such sticks to order, so that the art of growing canes, umbrella-sticks, and riding-whips constitutes a serious agricultural industry, nearly 500 acres of land, for instance, being devoted to this purpose in that division of France known as Seine-et-Oise. The methods pursued are thus described in *Je Sais Tout* (Paris):

“In a plantation of oak, ash, poplar, or maple, the trees are cut at the ground-level in such fashion as to provoke at the foot of each trunk the sprouting of a number of saplings. The

lower buds of these are nipt off and they are subjected in the spring of the following year to an operation which consists of cutting the bark by pincers and rowels in such a manner as to inscribe varied designs, which remain indelibly engraved on the wood.

"At the end of three years on the average these scions are cut, carefully stript of branches, and dried in the sun. They are then subjected to a bath of very hot steam and denuded of bark."

The sticks are then straightened by being placed in an atmosphere of moist heat and afterward cut into suitable lengths. But often the end of the sapling is curved beforehand, in order to have a handle of any desired shape when it is cut. Or some small branches are allowed to grow and are then so bent and disposed as to form a graft with the principal trunk in the shape of a ring or crutch-handle. The sticks prepared as described are delivered to the manufacturers, who first polish them with pumice-stone, glass-paper, or emery-cloth, then varnish, and supply the proper mountings.

A SCHOOL FOR ARMY MOTOR-DRIVERS

NIGHT-RIDES at high speed without lights over unknown roads are part of the drill of army motor-drivers in France, and while this part of the curriculum may never be adopted in our own automobile-schools, some other features described below may prove useful. The French army drivers are now being instructed in a newly organized automobile school, in a required course that combines theoretical and practical repair-and road-work. The school is described in the pages of *The Automobile* (New York, August 10) by W. F. Bradley, that paper's special representative in France. Mr. Bradley tells us that, as a result of the experience of the military authorities in dealing with thousands of men without previous knowledge of automobiles, an army truck-driver for convoy formations can now be trained in fifteen days. A capable touring-car driver can not be produced in less than six to eight weeks. He goes on to say:

"From their various regimental depots the men are sent in batches to a big automobile-school which did not exist a few months ago. Everything has had to be created since the outbreak of war: officers and instructors, sheds for the men to live in, kitchens to cook their food, shops to repair the trucks, and a uniform program of instruction calculated to produce the best drivers in the shortest possible time.

"The methods adopted for the training of a touring-car driver are entirely different from those applied to the production of a truck-driver. The latter is rarely, if ever, called upon to work entirely unaided. The touring-car driver, on the other hand, must always be independent of outside help, and be sufficiently expert to get his car home no matter what conditions may be met with *en route*. Speed is a difficulty. While any ordinary man, without previous experience of motoring, can be trained to drive a truck, a certain proportion of recruits above thirty years of age are naturally incapable of becoming the drivers of mile-a-minute cars.

"The method adopted at the leading French army touring-car school is a judicious combination of theory and practise. The pupils are divided into classes, of which there are about

a dozen, each one in charge of an instructor. At the entrance to the avenue about thirty men are gathered round a sectioned automobile-chassis. It is a Darracq of simple construction from which the radiator has been removed and the front of the timing-gear housing taken away. A part of the water-jacket and cylinder-walls has been cut out of No. 1 and No. 2 cylinders, to expose the two pistons. A color-scheme has been adopted as an aid to comprehension, . . . making it easy for the novice to trace the connections from one part of the machine to another.

"In the center of the next group is a touring-car with its rear axle jacked up and its front wheels locked. Here the men are learning both to crank the engine and to change gears, the latter operation being one of the most difficult the instructors have to inculcate. The gear-box cover is removed and for the first attempt the pupil is allowed to watch the revolving gears. As soon as he has realized that the object of the change-speed lever is to put into engagement sets of gears of different diameters, it is insisted that he make all changes with his eyes on the road ahead.

"Following the gear-changing classes there are two others dealing with pneumatic tires. It is a fact that a large proportion of the pupils are not aware that a pneumatic tire comprises an outer casing and an inner air-tube. This is explained to them, and also the manner of mounting and demounting tires and inflating them to the correct pressure.

"These three classes . . . are obligatory on all pupils. . . . Other and more advanced classes deal with the theory and construction of carbureters; still another handles the problem of ignition by high-tension magneto, battery ignition evidently

being ignored in this school. In another class gear-box design and gear ratios are dealt with, and still further along the interest is centered around rear axles. . . .

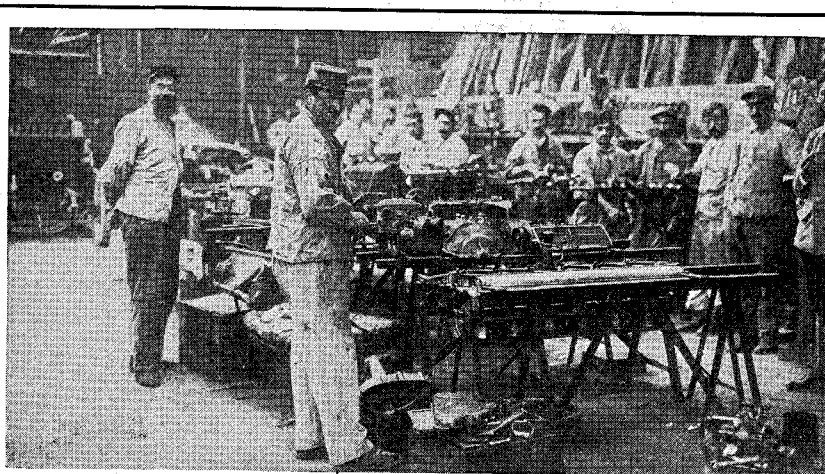
"During the elementary stages of their instruction the cars are confined to a five- or six-mile circuit comprising dead-level highways with plenty of by-lanes. Straight-ahead driving is not encouraged, the man being constantly called upon to turn, reverse, stop, start, and go through the train of gears. Each man takes his turn at the wheel

while the three others listen to the criticisms and advice of the instructor.

"After some skill has been acquired in the handling of the steering-wheel and the levers the men go out in convoys over give-and-take roads, mostly of a hilly nature, the entire convoy being in charge of an officer. As they near the end of their course the men are put on faster cars, and every day each man gets about thirty miles actual driving on a machine capable of sixty miles per hour.

"No driver is considered competent until he has spent two weeks in the repair-shops, forming a team with a couple of skilled mechanics. Night-driving tests have also to be successfully passed, these, of course, being undertaken without any lights on the cars and over unknown and unlit roads."

The army touring-car driver, we are told, must be capable of all kinds of running repairs, and of getting his car going again after a breakdown, in the shortest possible time. As a test, the driver goes on the road with an under officer, and during the trip his car is disabled. On the skill shown in getting his car back to running condition will depend the number of points given him in the examination. Every week men leave the school for a central automobile-depot, from which they are allotted to the armies in the field. For a large proportion there is no novelty in going to the front, for they are old soldiers who have been wounded and rendered incapable of further



Courtesy of "The Automobile," New York.

MAKING FRENCH SOLDIERS EXPERT MOTORISTS.

service with the fighting forces of the country. The writer says, in conclusion:

"There is not much practical patriotism in the donation of old touring-cars to the army for Red-Cross service. On several occasions well-intentioned English people have gathered together all kinds of touring-cars which, after being stripped of their original bodies, have received an ambulance-body and been sent for service with the French troops. Many of these gifts were old chassis, only fit, with considerable coddling, for service at home. Among them were noted chain-driven Napiers, which must have been built not later than 1902. The inevitable result was that such vehicles were wrecks by the time they had completed the journey from the coast to the front, and had to be returned to a repair-depot, where the officers hesitated to waste good labor on them."

TO DETECT LEFT-HANDEDNESS

AN INSTRUMENT to ascertain whether a child should use the right or left hand has been devised by Prof. W. Franklin Jones, head of the Department of Education in the University of South Dakota. The device, a form of "brachimeter" (arm-meter), may be used even with new-born infants. The child should be taught to use the arm having the longer ulna, it seems, and in 98 cases out of 100 the ulna is longer in the right arm. Professor Jones has come to the conclusion that this knowledge is highly important, and should be obtained as early as possible. We read in an account contributed to *The Illustrated World* (Chicago, September):

"The moment we contemplate the effect of transference," says Professor Jones, "that is, teaching a left-handed child to use the right hand—we must first ascertain the effect upon the speech-connection, which is greatly dependent upon the arms. The fact that I have found a larger number of feeble-minded individuals and stutterers than statistics would lead one to expect, among the thousands of children I have examined, causes me to fear any transfer from one arm to the other." Out of 10,000 brachimeter-tests, Professor Jones discovered that 417 children were born left-handed, while 9,853 were born right-handed; 4 per cent. of the race are left-handed, while 96 per cent. are right-handed. Out of 417 born left-handers, four are shifted by accident—1 per cent. of all left-handers are shifted by deliberate interference. One person in twenty-five is using the minor arm. It is easy to return the individual to his birthright so far as the arms are concerned, he declares. A little practise will be amply sufficient to develop skill in the arm which Nature intended to be used, and what Nature intends, in the case of left- or right-handedness, should be followed to the letter. In making his determination, Professor Jones relies to a great extent upon his measurement of the 'ulna plus.' The arm for which this measurement is greatest is the arm which the child should be taught to use. The 'ulna plus' is the length of the ulna, one of the bones in the forearm—plus the length of the hand to the middle of the knuckle. This measure is used because it is more easily determined than the length of the ulna alone."

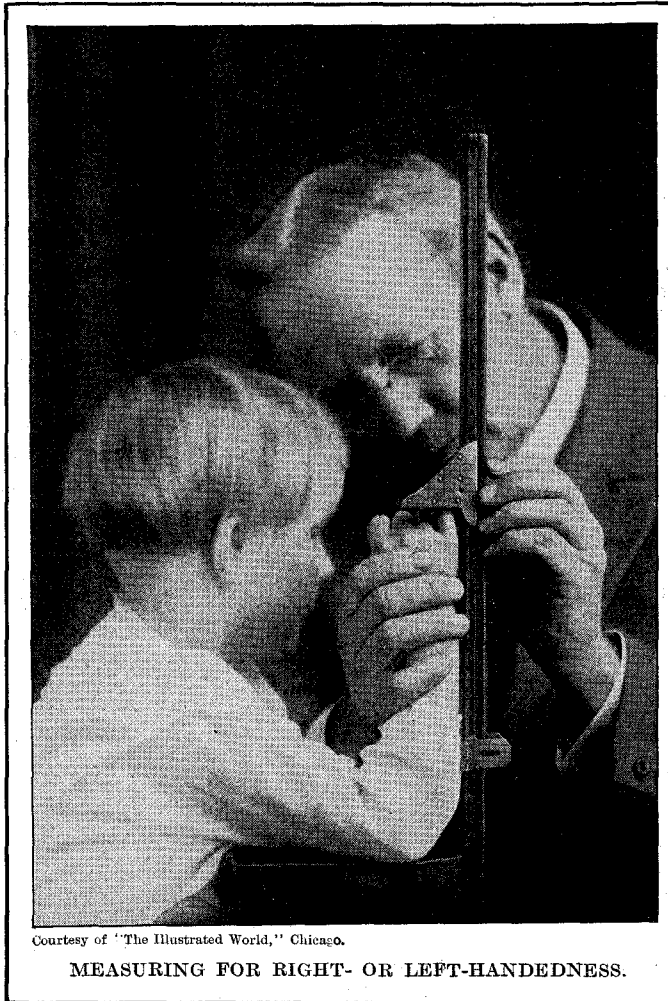
LABOR POWER AND HEADLIGHT POWER

THE RAILWAY BROTHERHOODS had their way, it seems, about another little matter several months ago. In response to a petition from them the Interstate Commerce Commission ordered last June that every locomotive hereafter "shall have a headlight which will enable persons with normal vision in the cab of the locomotive under normal weather conditions to see a dark object the size of a man for a distance of 1,000 feet or more ahead of the locomotive." This order was issued despite the opposition of the management of the railroads, and is practically identical with that recommended by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers in 1915. The railway authorities have regarded this order as evidence that the Commission has been unduly subservient to the labor-unions, and have pointed out the fact that about a year ago a committee of the Railway Master Mechanics' Association reported against the use of high-powered headlights on multiple-track lines handling a dense traffic. We read on the editorial page of *The Railway Age Gazette* (New York, August 4), under the heading, "The Headlight Question":

"A large part of the railways of the United States have shown their belief in high-power headlights by voluntarily buying and using them, but it does not follow because many railways have done this that their use everywhere should be required. The physical and operating conditions on our railways vary enormously. There is no similarity between the conditions on a single-track, light-traffic line in a desert in Nevada or Arizona and those on a four- or a six-track line in New York or Pennsylvania handling a traffic perhaps thirty or forty times as dense. Because of these differences in conditions a requirement for headlights applying uniformly throughout the country is absurd on its face. In the second place, the phraseology of the Commission's order is wholly indefinite. What is 'normal vision'? What are 'normal weather conditions'? What is 'a dark object'? A man in a black suit is obviously 'a dark object the size of a man.' Plainly, also, a man in a white suit is not. But how about a man in a gray suit? Are weather conditions normal both when there is bright moonlight and when there is no

moonlight? When it has been determined, if it ever shall be, what are 'normal vision,' 'normal weather conditions,' and 'a dark object the size of a man,' it will still be a question as to exactly what kind of a headlight will meet the requirement.

"Probably the Interstate Commerce Commission ought to adopt some form of regulation for headlights, but its requirements ought to recognize varying conditions, they ought to be clear and definite, and they ought not to ignore the results of the investigations of the leading railway mechanical experts of the country. The Commission in dealing with questions of safety will always have to rely, to a considerable extent, on the judgment of its subordinate boards, and it is extremely unfortunate that its boards which have to do with such matters have been constituted so largely of men whose point of view is that of the railway labor Brotherhoods. The point of view of the labor Brotherhood is not necessarily either that of the mechanical expert or that of the public."



Courtesy of "The Illustrated World," Chicago.

MEASURING FOR RIGHT- OR LEFT-HANDEDNESS.

"SOFT" AND "HARD" DRINKS

HOW LITTLE ALCOHOL must a beverage contain before it is entitled to be called "non-alcoholic"? This designation is largely a matter of courtesy, for it is difficult to get away from alcohol altogether. Even the sirups used to flavor soda-water contain it in chemically appreciable quantities; and yet no one would deny that drug-store soda is usually a "soft drink." On the other hand, the laws of some prohibition States define as alcoholic beverages all those containing 4 per cent. or more of alcohol, which would place the lighter grades of beer in the "soft" class. In *The American Journal of Pharmacy*, Charles H. La Wall, a Philadelphia chemist, shows that even so staid and sober a drink as home-made root beer may contain a very considerable percentage of alcohol:

"It is a fact well known to chemists and biologists, as well as to many others, who by experience or training have been brought into contact with certain industries or have studied the subject theoretically, that when yeast is added to any sugar-containing material and subjected to favorable conditions of temperature and moisture it immediately begins to grow and develop carbon dioxide and alcohol.

"Even in bread-making, where yeast is used, alcohol is present to an appreciable extent in the earlier stages of manufacture, and from 0.2 to 0.4 per cent. has been detected in a freshly baked loaf of bread, altho the alcohol begins to escape as soon as the loaf is cut, and it is doubtful whether even the most minute traces could be detected in the ordinary bread of commerce.

"The unfermented grape-juice of the market always contains small amounts of alcohol, ranging from 0.05 per cent. up to 0.5 per cent., the higher amount being found in the carelessly prepared article.

"It is very difficult, indeed, to get away from alcohol entirely. A rotting apple or other juicy fruit is likely to contain minute amounts; vinegar sometimes contains several per cent.; preserves or canned fruits which have started to 'work' and have been reesterilized contain it, and there are numerous other products which unavoidably and necessarily contain it.

"In making some home-brewed root beer recently I suspected, from the physiological effect upon a person who drank a glass of it and who is very susceptible to alcohol, that more alcohol was present than is commonly supposed. The conditions under which the beverage is made are very favorable for the development of appreciable amounts of alcohol. Yeast, sugar, water, and a flavoring extract which usually contains some inorganic salts for the stimulation and nutrition of the yeast are combined under conditions favorable to the rapid growth of the yeast, and the mixture is then bottled and the bottles are directed to be tightly closed.

"When the pressure of carbon dioxide evolved by the fermenting mixture reaches a certain point, the fermentation automatically ceases. It may easily be seen that if the mixture is allowed to stand for a short time before bottling, or if the bottles are not entirely filled so that a comparatively large air space remains, fermentation may proceed for some time, and the alcohol content is correspondingly varied or increased.

"I accordingly made some experiments to ascertain just how high the alcohol would go under the most favorable conditions, and also to see what the average alcohol content of a product made strictly according to directions would be. The following results were obtained:

After standing	2 days.....	0.25 per cent. alcohol
"	3 "	0.32 "
"	4 "	0.35 "
"	5 "	0.53 "
"	6 "	0.64 "
"	7 "	0.81 "
"	9 "	1.29 "
"	10 "	1.36 "
"	11 "	1.52 "

"No higher alcohol content was observed in this series even after standing for ten days longer.

"Later some additional experiments were made, allowing the fermenting liquid to stand for three hours before bottling, and also only partially filling the bottles, and while, of course, the alcohol content rose more rapidly in each case, the highest amount noted under the most favorable circumstances was 1.77 per cent."

Mr. La Wall considers it a very delicate question whether a beverage made in this manner could be sold as a non-alcoholic drink, using the expression 'non-alcoholic' in its popular significance as equivalent to non-intoxicating. Under the internal-revenue rulings he finds the following:

"The question whether fermented malt liquor is intoxicating or non-intoxicating is immaterial under the internal-revenue laws, altho it may be a material question under the prohibitory laws of a State or under local ordinances."

He comments, in conclusion:

"No ruling, so far as I can find, has ever been made with reference to root beer, nor can I find any literature on its alcohol content when made as above described. The soda-fountain root beer, of course, is made by diluting a flavored sirup with carbonated water, and therefore contains no more alcohol than the minute amount contributed by the extract used to flavor the sirup, which would not exceed 0.05 per cent., and is not to be confused with the home-brewed or fermented product, which is the subject of this article.

"It is recorded in literature that kumiss, which is made from milk fermented under somewhat similar conditions, sometimes contains over 2 per cent. of alcohol.

"The foregoing facts may come as a surprise to many who have looked upon home-brewed root beer as a strictly temperance drink. With beer averaging 4 per cent. alcohol, the mathematical ratio becomes apparent that three bottles of home-brewed root beer which have been allowed to stand for ten days or over are equivalent to one bottle of ordinary beer."

THE COST OF NIAGARA

THE COST OF PRESERVING the greater part of Niagara as a spectacle, instead of utilizing all its energy for industrial purposes, is estimated by a writer in *Engineering and Contracting* (Chicago) at \$150 per look, for every visitor who sees the falls. This, he thinks, is rather high, even for such a noble spectacle, and he joins the writer lately quoted in these columns in suggesting that the water be "turned on" for tourists for a brief period daily and run through turbines the rest of the time. Says this writer:

"In round numbers, 3,000,000 horse-power of energy flows to waste at Niagara. At least it would be called waste were it not for the fact that about 1,000,000 people view it annually. This great natural moving picture costs society the value of three annual horse-power per 'seat' at the show. If, then, we ascertain the value of a horse-power of water-power we shall know what it costs society to furnish each visitant one good look at Niagara Falls.

"Appraisals of water-power values have ranged from nil to more than \$100 per horse-power. Without going into a careful calculation it may be conservatively estimated that Niagara Falls power is worth to society fully \$50 per horse-power per annum. It follows, then, that each observer is indebted to society for \$150 every time he visits the great falls.

"Might not the million annual visitors to this greatest of cataracts secure their thrills at less than \$150 per look? Could it not be arranged that for, say, one hour each day the entire volume of water be allowed to flow over the great brink, and for the remaining twenty-three hours let it run through shafts and tunnels upon turbines? This would bring the cost of a look at the falls down to about \$7—the price of three theater-tickets instead of the price of six suits of clothes.

"But, some one may urge, Who would come hundreds of miles just for one hour's pleasure? Do this thing that you propose and the audience will stay away. Hardly, for the gorge itself is a royal vision at all times, and then if there be those who insist upon a continuous performance of the falls themselves, why not give it to them in a grand amphitheater where a screen 100 feet long would picture the 'roaring waters' in all save the roar.

"Jesting aside, it is a very high price, a price unnecessarily high, that Canada and America are paying for trips to Niagara Falls. Let us have a little real social engineering brought to bear on this esthetic-economic problem and we shall, without doubt, find a way to utilize nearly all the power now wasted at Niagara, yet not deprive mankind of its heritage of beauty and grandeur."

ELECTRICITY NOT A GERMICIDE

CONSIDERABLE PUBLICITY was given, several years ago, to a method for producing a powerful germicide by passing an electrical current through sea-water, or even through a solution of common salt. The current decomposed the salts with the production of sodium hypochlorite, which did the germ-killing business effectively. The electricity had nothing to do with it, except indirectly. But many of those who read the accounts carelessly jumped to the conclusion that electricity is a germ-killer, and the persistence of this belief is shown by some experiments recently undertaken in the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research, Pittsburg, to prove the contrary. A description of the results, contributed by H. G. Elledge to *The Electrical Review and Western Electrician* (Chicago, August 19), shows clearly that the germicidal effect of the electric current is zero. The immediate stimulus to the experiments seems to have been a claim on the part of certain laundrymen that by the passage of electricity through the water used in washing clothes the cleansing process can be hastened and made more effective. Says Mr. Elledge:

"The claim that a liquid can be sterilized by the passage of an electric current is denied by every authoritative investigator whose work has been reported in the literature. An argument which, at first thought, would appear to refute this statement is the fact that many municipal water-supplies and swimming-pools are purified by electrical means. When this application is examined, however, we find that the bacterial count for the water in question is reduced by passing into it sodium hypochlorite which has been made by the electrolysis of salt solution. It is by the well-known action of sodium hypochlorite that the reduction of bacterial life is effected, and the result is accomplished just as effectively when this germicidal reagent is prepared by another method.

"In order to confirm the evidence in the literature that the electric current is not germicidal, experiments made in the laboratories of the Mellon Institute . . . showed, in no case, any observable bactericidal action. The results of this series of tests are confirmed by the work of R. D. Scott, of the Ohio State Board of Health. Hence it is concluded, in agreement with other investigators, that electric current of ordinary densities (that is, densities below which the resultant heating of the electrolyte would effect pasteurization) has no germicidal action.

"Regarding the claim that the electric current when passed through the water of a washing-machine may be used to advantage in the laundering of soiled clothes, consideration must be given to the fact that any possible advantages must be either in the germicidal action of the current *per se* or in some detergent substance formed by the electrolysis of the salts in the washing-bath. The first possibility is, of course, eliminated by the experiments just described. Since those supporting the second claim mention the use of salt to produce chlorin bleach, the first test was to determine whether sodium hypochlorite would be produced by an arrangement of electrodes in either end of a washing-machine. Aluminum electrodes, or electrodes of aluminum and lead alloys, were mentioned in the claims.

"Experience in electrochemistry indicates that, with electrodes so placed and current densities as suggested, only a negligible amount of hypochlorite or available chlorin would be formed, even if electrodes of platinum, etc., or carbon were used. If other electrodes were used, *a priori* knowledge would indicate that no available chlorin would be formed, because the available oxidizing power would be spent on the anode.

"Accordingly, a wooden tank, 12 by 12 by 54 inches, was made,

the length being such that the distance between the electrodes would be comparable to that in an ordinary power-laundry washing-machine. Aluminum electrodes of a wetted area of 6 by 7 inches each were placed in either end. The tank was half filled with water and one pound of salt was then dissolved therein. Two amperes from a 110-volt direct-current line was passed through. There resulted an acid solution around the anode (hydrogen gas and no available chlorin) and around the cathode an alkalin solution and hydrogen gas. . . . Even if a washing-machine were provided with electrodes of carbon or platinum, there would result only a small amount of available chlorin in the region of the anode and none in the region of the cathode.

"It may be concluded that there is no advantage to be obtained by passing a current through the wash-water of a clothes-washing machine."



DR. W. J. ROBINSON.

"I do not believe I will ever be a success as a popular magazine writer. For popular magazine writing is essentially dishonest."

WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS

THERE is at least one man who, believing that the public does not want to hear the truth and being unwilling to set down aught but the truth, persistently declines to write for the public. This man is Dr. William J. Robinson, editor of *The Medical Critic and Guide*, a magazine issued in New York City, notable chiefly for the trenchant manner in which Dr. Robinson champions whatever he believes to be the truth, whether the majority of other people believe it to be such or not. The skill with which Dr. Robinson wields his pen, having attracted the attention of certain magazine editors, they invited him to take advantage of their pages in order to present his views to a wider audience. Whereupon the Doctor thus responds through the pages of his own paper:

"I do not believe I will ever be a success as a popular magazine writer. For popular magazine writing is essentially dishonest writing. This statement may shock you, but on analysis you will perceive the truth of it. To be a success as a popular magazine writer, you must first of all sprinkle your articles with a liberal dose of striking epigrams. And what is an epigram but a cleverly told lie? You must exaggerate, you must paint in lurid colors, you must disregard or minimize facts which are contrary to your thesis, and you must speak with the aplomb and finality of judgment which admit of no discussion, as if your statements were accepted universally by the scientists of the whole world. Such articles appeal to the public, and are therefore sought by the editors.

"But write a moderate article, without epigrams and exaggerations, honestly presenting the present status of the subject, explaining that certain points are still *sub judice*, that authorities of equal competence entertain opposite views about it, and the chances are ten to one that your article will be rejected. For your article would appear pale, modest, retiring, and uncertain. But it would be the Truth. And Truth is pale, modest, retiring, and uncertain. It is Falsehood that is red-rouged, impudent, loud, and brazen. And that's what the people want, and that's what the editors (sunk so low that they believe, or make believe they believe, that the people should get what they want) will give them.

"Not until I may write with the same honesty and freedom and lack of exaggeration that characterize my writings in *The Critic and Guide* will I become a popular magazine writer.

"Should any one doubt my statements about the requisites of popular magazine writing, let him prepare an honest, strictly scientific (the language may be popular), non-sensational article about, say, the effects of alcohol, tobacco, fresh air, exercise, the social evil, the prevalence of venereal disease, the effects of abstinence, and let him submit it to any of our popular magazines. Let him do so, and—let him not forget to enclose return-postage."

LETTERS - AND - ART

LINCOLN, ROOSEVELT, AND WILSON

SEVEN YEARS AGO, when President Roosevelt spoke at the laying of the corner-stone of the Lincoln Memorial, at Hodgenville, Ky., it was said that his eloquence excelled all his other efforts. The *New York Evening Post* remarked that it was made to appear that Lincoln "not only had style himself, but is sometimes able to provoke it in others." The remark is virtually repeated over the speech of President Wilson at the same place in accepting for the War Department the deed of gift by the Lincoln Farm Association of the Lincoln Birthplace Farm. "His address was a masterly piece of literature," declares the *Brooklyn Times*, at the same time confessing that the perusal of it leaves "a feeling of deep regret that the author did not make progress in the direction of writing history rather than in participating in those activities which furnish the material for the historian."

In its issue of February 20, 1909, THE LITERARY DIGEST gave the following extract from President Roosevelt's address:

"This rail-splitter, this boy who passed his ungainly youth in the dire poverty of the poorest of the frontier folk, whose rise was by weary and painful labor, lived to lead his people through the burning flames of a struggle from which the nation emerged, purified as by fire, born anew to a loftier life. After long years of iron effort, and of failure that came more often than victory he at last rose to the leadership of the Republic, at the moment when that leadership had become the stupendous world-task of the time. He grew to know greatness, but never ease. Success came to him, but never happiness, save that which springs from doing well a painful and vital task. Power was his, but not pleasure. The furrows deepened on his brow, but his eyes were undimmed by either hate or fear. His gaunt shoulders were bowed, but his steel thews never faltered as he bore for a burden the destinies of his people. His great and tender heart shrank from giving pain; and the task allotted to him was to pour out like water the life-blood of the young men, and to feel in his every fiber the sorrow of the women. Disaster saddened but never dismayed him. As the red years of war went by they found him ever doing his duty in the present, ever facing the future with fearless front, high of heart and dauntless of soul. Unbroken by hatred, unshaken by scorn, he

worked and suffered for the people. Triumph was his at the last; and barely had he tasted it before murder found him, and the kindly, patient, fearless eyes were closed forever."

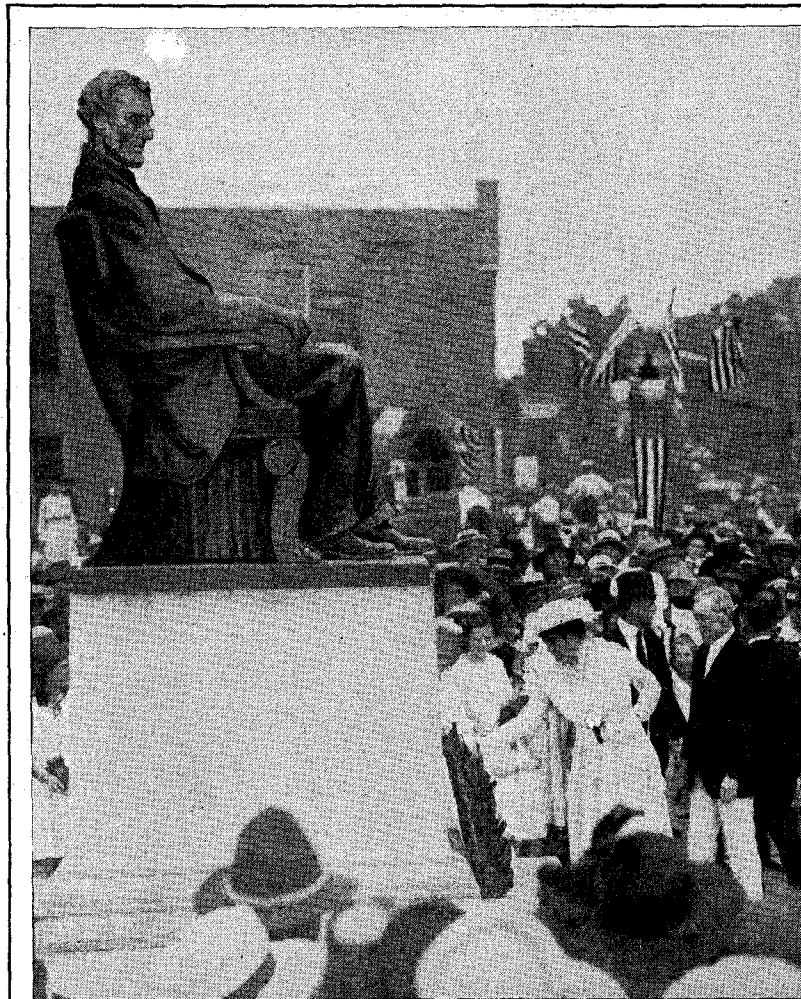
The image of Lincoln evoked by the two speakers has points in common, tho the phrases vary. Mr. Wilson's address points to the log cabin, now preserved as a permanent memorial, as symbolizing the vigor of democracy:

"There is nowhere in the land any home so remote, so humble, that it may not contain the power of mind and heart and conscience to which nations yield and history submits its processes. Nature pays no tribute to aristocracy, subscribes to no creed of caste, renders fealty to no monarch or master of any name or kind. Genius is no snob. It does not run after titles or seek by preference the high circles of society. It affects humble company as well as great. It pays no special tribute to universities or learned societies or conventional standards of greatness, but serenely chooses its own comrades, its own haunts, its own cradle even, and its own life of adventure and of training. Here is proof of it. This little hut was the cradle of one of the great sons of men, a man of singular, delightful, vital genius who presently emerged upon the great stage of the nation's history, gaunt, shy, ungainly, but dominant and majestic, a natural ruler of men, himself inevitably the central figure of the

great plot. No man can explain this, but every man can see how it demonstrates the vigor of democracy, where every door is open, in every hamlet and countryside, in city and wilderness alike, for the ruler to emerge when he will and claim his leadership in the free life. Such are the authentic proofs of the validity and vitality of democracy."

Much attention is given by commentators, sympathetic and otherwise, to the section in which President Wilson speaks of the isolation of men in high places. He says:

"I have read many biographies of Lincoln; I have sought out with the greatest interest the many intimate stories that are told of him, the narratives of near-by friends, the sketches at close quarters, in which those who had the privilege of being associated with him have tried to depict for us the very man himself 'in his habit as he lived'; but I have nowhere found a real intimate of Lincoln's. I nowhere get the impression in any narrative or reminiscence that the writer had in fact penetrated



Courtesy of the New York "Times."

THE LINCOLN STATUE AT HODGENVILLE.

Mrs. Wilson, with the President, placing a memorial wreath.

to the heart of his mystery, or that any man could penetrate to the heart of it. That brooding spirit had no real familiars. I get the impression that it never spoke out in complete self-revelation, and that it could not reveal itself completely to any one. It was a very lonely spirit that looked out from underneath those shaggy brows and comprehended men without fully communicating with them, as if, in spite of all its genial efforts at comradeship, it dwelt apart, saw its visions of duty where no man looked on. There is a very holy and very terrible isolation for the conscience of every man who seeks to read the destiny in affairs for others as well as for himself, for a nation as well as for individuals. That privacy no man can intrude upon. That lonely search of the spirit for the right perhaps no man can assist. This strange child of the cabin kept company with invisible things, was born into no intimacy but that of its own silently assembling and deploying thoughts."

The paragraph is capable of impressing different political consciousnesses differently, as will be seen by comments of the *Springfield Union* and the *Newark News*. *The Union* sees—

"A characteristic flavor of Wilsonian vanity in this conception of the Presidential office; something that reminds one strongly of the speeches of the Kaiser and suggests the divine right of kings. Men have come to be distrustful of rulers who exhibit a too ready tendency to read and order the destiny not only of their own peoples but of other nations. The average American will prefer a government 'of the people, by the people, and for the people,' which Lincoln commended, to a personally ordered dispensation which extends into neighboring republics."

But the *Newark paper* views it from another angle:

"Mr. Wilson, as every eloquent phrase of his Lincoln address plainly tells, has felt the loneliness in which the 'invisible things' are the only company of the spirit. In some measure every statesman knows it, but the circumstances of the Presidency are such that the President, in this sense, can have no intimates. On all sides surrounded by advisers, counselors, well-wishers, enemies, even traitors, the Chief Executive must, after all, tread his difficult path, as regards all great issues, all momentous decisions, alone.

"Particularly is this true when the President's ideals are high, his purposes deeply grounded, his vision far-ranging. Few are capable in such cases of responding to the motives upon which the leader relies, few credit the sincerity of the convictions that guide and inspire him. Explanation of his words, his deeds, his aims is perpetually sought among the narrower considerations to which his inmost self is stranger."

The *New York World* believes that Mr. Wilson has accomplished the difficult task of saying "something new and striking" about Abraham Lincoln after half a century of oratory and eulogy had well-nigh exhausted the theme. It is the work "not of Wilson the college professor or Wilson the historian, but of Wilson the President" who has been tested by responsibilities "only less onerous than those which tried Lincoln." We understand Mr. Wilson's view of his subject when he says:

"I have come here to-day, not to utter a eulogy on Lincoln: he stands in need of none, but to endeavor to interpret the meaning of this gift to the nation of the place of his birth and origin. Is not this an altar upon which we may forever keep alive the vestal fire of democracy as upon a shrine at which some of the deepest and most sacred hopes of mankind may from age to age be rekindled? For these hopes must constantly be rekindled, and only those who live can rekindle them. The only stuff that can retain the life-giving heat is the stuff of living hearts. And the hopes of mankind can not be kept alive by words merely, by constitutions and doctrines of right and codes of liberty. The object of democracy is to transmute these into the life and action of society, the self-denial and self-sacrifice of heroic men and women willing to make their lives an embodiment of right and service and enlightened purpose. The commands of democracy are as imperative as its privileges and opportunities are wide and generous. Its compulsion is upon us. It will be great and lift a great light for the guidance of the nations only if we are great and carry that light high for the guidance of our own feet. We are not worthy to stand here unless we ourselves be in deed and in truth real democrats and servants of mankind, ready to give our very lives for the freedom and justice and spiritual exaltation of the great nation which shelters and nurtures us."

WAR'S EFFECT ON VOCABULARIES

THE WORD *OBUS* (a shell), now of wide-spread European application, had a humble origin in Bohemia; but it won its place as a part of the linguistic residuum of the Thirty Years' War. It is only an example, so the late Rémy de Gourmont recently pointed out in *La Revue* (Paris), of the inevitable effect of wars on the language of peoples thus brought together. The Hundred Years' War between France and England left traces apparent to-day in the idiom of the Department of La Guyenné, so long occupied by English troops. Mr. de Gourmont shows that the French language has displayed a decided inhospitality to German words. About five hundred, he says, entered the French vocabulary from the dissolution of the Roman Empire to the sixteenth century and hardly fifty newcomers have since that time found a welcome in the French dictionaries. This element, moreover, he does not expect to be largely increased by the German invasion of nearly one-tenth of the French Republic. On the other hand, he hopes that the linguistic influence of this war on Belgium will be a lasting and beneficent one. As a patriotic Frenchman, of course, this is what he means:

"It would be only logical that the sudden invasion of the country by the Germans, the sufferings and privations undergone by the whole nation, should unite it and secure to the French language its predominance, even in the Fleming sections where it is at present almost unknown. These cousins of the Dutch, who up to this war had believed France to be the enemy of their liberties and of their traditions, know now the true situation. They will no more, we hope at least, crack jokes at the expense of the *Fransquillons*. How quickly have all these nationalistic quarrels and linguistic quibbles been silenced by the German 42 centimeters and 75 millimeters. There will be only one Belgium after this war, and French will be her recognized national language."

Mr. de Gourmont's optimism leads him to see Germany, the invader, share the fate of Rome after her conquest of Greece; when the superior culture of the Hellenes took hold of the militaristic Romans, the Prussians of that time. But—

"It is probable that this war will not decrease the enormous French quota in the linguistic assets of Germany. During nearly two centuries our influence over the German language, German literature, and German art was predominant. Frederick II. rarely spoke German and could not spell it. He refused to acquire for his library the *Nibelungenlied*, the greatest epic of the German Middle Ages! The reports of the Berlin Academy of Sciences, at that time, and long after, were published in French.

"I do not know how to explain it, but it is a fact that while up to the seventeenth century Germany furnished the military terms for the French dictionary, after that epoch Germany borrowed its war-lexicography from France.

"It is further certainly strange that Spanish, and even Italian, in spite of the numerous wars between these nations, in spite of their common linguistic origin, left small traces in the French vocabulary; to the Spain of the sixteenth century we owe a solid stock of about one hundred words, to Italy we are indebted for four times as many."

The greatest linguistic interchange probably directly caused by the war, he thinks, will take place between England and France. At the time of Voltaire not a score of even educated Frenchmen knew English. The terms of sport excepted, French kept quite clear of the English penetration, altho quite recently even the French syntax has been invaded by Albion.

"And this is, from a linguistic standpoint, of far greater importance than the invasion of the vocabulary. We have only to study the advertisements in our newspapers and look at the signs of our hotels and stores, 'Splendid Hotel,' 'Modern Collection,' 'Select Bibliothèque,' i.e., the English fashion of placing the adjective before the substantive. Let us hope that this exchange of words and phrases and grammatical formation will be followed by an exchange of ideas. French writers, business men, and artists feel to-day already that the vast English field opens itself before them. There are not two countries

whose different qualities supplement one the other so advantageously as England and France, and our present war-alliance sealed by our blood will, no doubt, be a strong factor in the future development of a permanent relationship between the two nations."

THE RETURN OF THE "PRODIGAL"

THE RECENT PRODUCTION of "Sumurun" gave our modern theater-public a taste of the wordless play that may make it take another of that ilk in larger mouthfuls. Mr. Winthrop Ames, who sponsored the first, now brings from oblivion the old pantomime, "L'Enfant Prodigue,"



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"L'ENFANT PRODIGUE" OF 1891.

Players in the famous English production of 1891: Jane May as *Pierrot*, Mademoiselle Schmidt as the *Mother*, and M. Courtes as *Father Pierrot*.

with the title somewhat modified into "Pierrot the Prodigal." "Sumurun" left us the auditorium "runway," and has borne itself through a long season of vaudeville. "Pierrot the Prodigal" starts a career at the Booth Theater with an *éclat* that makes it the outstanding feature so far of the theatrical season. There is in it no "lust and blood," such as characterized "Sumurun"; but "Pierrot the Prodigal" is the simple tale of the prodigal son translated into a French setting with the French psychology that belongs to this fantastic figure of the French stage. *Pierrot*, with his white face, flowing sleeves, and wide trousers, is familiar to every costume-party. To the French child, says a writer in *The Morning Telegraph* (New York), he is "a living fact, as real as *Puss in Boots* or *Cinderella* to American or English children, and far more real than any fiction-hero can be to adults." We read further:

"We Americans can not understand the French *Pierrot* quite as the French do. Our vision is too clear and too material.

Even Americans who have spent half their lives in Paris can not thoroughly account for his vagaries.

"*Pierrot* . . . is a strange, exotic type. His father was the Italian *Pulcinella*. His mother may have been a fairy-spirit or a moonbeam. From the ancient Romans perhaps, and before them, from the misty North—that North which is so full of mists and mysteries, which give us the gnomes and elves, the *Pucks*, the *Ariels*, and the *Titanias* of Shakespeare.

"*Pierrot* at his earthiest (and how earthy he can be!) is but half human. He has been woven out of matter and moonbeams. His soul (if he possesses any soul) is an enigma. His senses are distinctly, emphatically carnal; his brain a curious mingling of the shrewd and simple. He does not sin, nor love, nor hate quite humanly. Consequently he should not be appraised by human standards. The poets and the painters who know him better than other mortals have idealized him. They have immortalized his freaks, his quirks, and his capers. Theodore de Banville has framed him in his glittering rhythms. Théophile Gautier has carved his likeness in his poems."

He has often appeared on the stage, but his incarnation in the present place, set to music by André Wormser, dates from about 1890, when "L'Enfant Prodigue" was produced in Paris, enjoyed both there and in London a long success, but suffered a pitiful fate in New York at the hands of the late Augustin Daly. The play on the other side became a classic and found itself still one when it was revived in London last spring. At that time the *London Times's* critic dwelt on its claim to classic distinction:

"If the secret of every classic is that it lives long by getting 'hatched again and hatched different' for each successive generation, some of them may be said, paradoxically, to have their very origin in a rebirth. That is the case with 'L'Enfant Prodigue.' It adapts an old convention to new uses, pours fresh metal into an antique mold. *Pierrot* comes (by a Gallic road) from the Neopolitan *Pulcinella*, and *Pulcinella* from Roman ancestors on the other side of time. But the new *Pierrot* is only the old in name and costume. He wears the same white blouse with the big buttons and black skull-cap as his forerunner; but he is something much wider and deeper now than the old vulgar zany. He has become a 'child of nature,' or, rather, human nature itself—our natural appetites, passions, and weaknesses, unreflecting and undisguised.

"You see him in two generations, not the less typically human each for being typically French. *Pierrot* senior is the comfortable *bourgeois*, who likes his glass of red wine, his old pipe, and his old wife, yawns over the political leader in his paper, but enjoys the rather naughty joke, is frugal withal and methodical. See with what care he corks the bottle and puts the table back in its place. He stands for the great *bourgeois* virtues of moderation, quiet, and order. *Pierrot* junior is just the youngster sowing his wild oats, but with a certain morbid grace and a sentimentality which we English think (or, at any rate, were apt before the war to think) characteristically Gallic. Conspicuously—and magnificently—French is the mother. The good housewife, the pious Christian, at once the slave and idol of her scapegrace son. Peculiarly French, too, we should have said little more than a year ago, is the final idea of salvation by enlistment. But we have all had to revise our notions about that. Whether you take it, however, as a broadly human story or dwell on its Gallic variations, 'L'Enfant Prodigue' must still strike you as what it was—a little masterpiece.

"It is of course its music that gives it the last touch of the exquisite. Mr. Wormser's score not merely illustrates the action, but explains it—explains it, you feel, better than words, colors it, gives it mood and atmosphere. It has a dainty elegance, too, a fastidious avoidance of heavy emphasis, and here and there a touch of playful irony, as tho laughing at the players, at the audience, at life itself."

When *Pierrot* came before us the other night, Heywood Broun, of the New York *Tribune*, found him so little of a scapegrace that he shone "like a good deed in a naughty world of crook plays." He declares the production "as fine an artistic achievement as New York has seen in ages and ages." He has a wonderful time not only with the play, but with himself, for he cries out:

"Indeed, one is almost tempted to brave the danger of crying 'Perfection' and throwing the pocketbook of handy adjectives into the sea.

"Unfortunately, the piece is performed with such rare skill that there is not much which can be said about it. 'Pierrot the Prodigal' needs no interpretation, and to attempt any description of its elusive charms is to have them slip through the keys of the typewriter. It is like the magic cloth of Hans Christian Andersen's fairy-story. Whoever can not observe its loveliness is an unworthy person.

"The music of André Wormser was charmingly played last night under the direction of Elliot Schenck. In this little story of the prodigal, during which not even the fatted calf bleats, music is necessary. But it is music continually illumined and vivified with action. A dumb and earless wight, we did not mind the luscious strains of the orchestra a mite.

"The story, if you have never seen 'L'Enfant Prodigue,' concerns the fortunes of *Pierrot*, who runs away with the lovely laundress *Phrynette*, loses his prize to the wicked *Monsieur le Baron*, and, returning home penitent, wins the forgiveness of *Father and Mother Pierrot* by marching away to war and martial music.

"In a splendid company, the pantomime of Paul Clerget as *Father Pierrot* stood out by the breadth of a finger-nail. His pantomime is not the dogged, literal stuff of which movie stars are made, but gesture which flirts with grotesquery. And this art, not aping life, gains it. One may smile and weep as the facile mouth of *Father Pierrot* turns up or down.

"In watching 'Pierrot the Prodigal' one is struck anew with the thought that the spoken word is merely an accessory of drama and not its heart. The pantomime proves that the important thing is that which is done, and not that which is said."

BRANDES AS PROPHET OF THE WAR

MANY HAVE WONDERED just where Dr. George Brandes, the Danish philosopher and critic, stands in the war. He at last furnishes ample grounds for a decision by publishing in a volume called "The World War" not only the various articles he has written since August, 1914, but also two that he wrote in 1881 and 1888, in which he stands revealed as a singularly clear-seeing prophet. So far as establishing his position on either side of the great struggle Mr. William Archer declares in the London *Daily News* that he is "an Anti-Everybody, but especially an Anti-Russian." He is persuaded that Russian victory would mean reaction. Mr. Archer sees "a rare intellectual honesty" in his republication of the articles of 1881 and 1888, tho they make him wonder at Dr. Brandes's present attitude of mind. In 1881 he wrote "A Foreboding of the World-War," and this, in Mr. Archer's view, entitles him to a place among the major prophets. Dr. Brandes "points out that at that date, ten years after the Franco-German War, the love of liberty is dead in Germany, save, perhaps, among men of fifty and upward." The following Mr. Archer regards as the most remarkable of all the forecasts of the war. Brandes wrote in 1881:

"In regard to politics, the young are old and only the old are young. Love of freedom, in the English acceptance of the word, is confined in present-day Germany to the generation which in ten years will have died out.

"And when that has happened, Germany will stand solitary, cut off, hated by her neighbors, like a fortress of Conservatism in the middle of Europe. Round about it, in Italy, in France, in Russia, in Scandinavia, there will be a generation which has ideals of world-citizenship before its eyes, and will be busied in realizing them; but Germany will lie there, old and unblossoming, armed to the teeth, ironclad, equipped with all the weapons of defense and of murder that science can furnish forth. And then will come great wars and struggles. If Germany conquers, then Europe, in comparison with America, will be what Asia now is in comparison with Europe. If Germany is beaten, then.

"But it does not become me to play the prophet."

Even more "outspoken" are found the words of the 1888 article, in which Dr. Brandes lamented the death of the Emperor Frederick. Mr. Archer gives these extracts:

"There is not the least doubt as to the direction in which he would have guided the state had strength gone hand in hand with will. The world has marveled at the spectacle of a dying man making head against Germany's *major domus*—an Emperor manifesting his horror of bureaucratic despotism and his unaffected love of political freedom. The fall of Puttkammer was an execution in effigy of the dominant reaction's shameful hatred of freedom.

"Only in effigy, alas! The wooden doll lies broken on the scaffold, and the living hatred of freedom, triumphing and spurring, will now at its leisure form a ring around the throne. . . .



THE PRODIGAL PIERROT OF TO-DAY.

Marjorie Patterson, the American girl who attempts to revive the almost lost art of pantomime.

"Even when he [the Emperor Frederick] was in full cuirass, one could see in his aspect and bearing that he had one characteristic unshared by either his father or his son—namely, that the military corset had not squeezed his inward organs out of their natural position. He had not only a heart, like his father, but his heart was in the right place.

"In this end, of the nineteenth century there was no room on the throne of a great Power for a character like this. The great European reaction, that monstrous hell-hound, has swallowed his reign at a single gulp, and will now, after this short pause, begin to bay again with its three heads: chauvinism, sanctimoniousness, and war-frenzy.

"A hostile relation to its great southern neighbor is for Denmark a political impossibility. But this need not prevent us from recognizing that there are at this moment much more impetus and freedom of spirit in the Russian intelligence than in the German. Those whom our Pan-Germanists call 'our Germanic brothers' are our brothers in little else than philistinism, pedantry, and servility. Not freedom, but order and power, are the watchwords of the new Germany. What Europe has now to look forward to is that which the old song in 'Vaulundur's Saga' calls: Bad-time, sword-time, death-time."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

A WESTERN BLIGHT ON EASTERN RELIGION

CAN RELIGION EMIGRATE with its possessor? The answer of a Wyoming pastor, Rev. John Ralph Voris, is that while it may, it often doesn't. Mr. Voris left New York City to take up work in one of the largest churches in Wyoming, and finds himself chiefly impressed with "the fragility of religious conviction and custom." He declares to those who "sentimentalize over the men and women in pioneer regions," and who say, "They are hungry for the Gospel; give them only a chance to hear it and they will respond," that all this is "very fine, except it is not so." The Gospel, on the contrary, so he asserts, "has to be literally driven into the pioneer community mind." The unreceptive ones are, moreover, not the "wicked folk," but the "good people"—the best in the community. A pioneer elder is quoted as saying of "the university city of a great State": "The people here are fairly moral, but they are godless." The older missionaries are said to be as baffled as the newcomers over the condition. In *The Continent* (Chicago) Mr. Voris writes:

"In almost every Western community, however small, there are men and women who have been leaders 'back home.' There they taught in the Sunday-school; kept the Sabbath religiously; had home devotions; officered the Church. Here they calmly throw off their garment of personal responsibility, look complacently upon a situation which includes no Sunday-school, no gathering for prayer or worship, and no sentiment for their old religious convictions as to Sabbath-breaking and immorality. These men and women may respond when the appeal comes from the aggressive missionary, but ordinarily they do not take the initiative in establishing religious worship. Their former religious work does not seem to guarantee their leadership in pioneer communities where their energy for Christ is most needed. Theoretically people do not need to have a minister to lead them in worship, or a church-building to remind them of the Sabbath. The pastor and the church should be the outgrowth of their religious feeling. But we commonly find neither unless a missionary has appeared.

"Include now with these little ranch or mining-centers the larger towns and the cities, and what is the spiritual condition in general? We find a lack of reverence for the Church; the Sabbath broken by hunting, fishing, moving pictures, parties, or ranch work; inadequate support of the church by rich or poor; almost no Bible-study either in church or in the home; home devotions almost unknown, and even grace at the table in Christian homes conspicuous by its absence; churches cold and inhospitable; a general hostility to mission work in both self-supporting and mission churches; a lack of moral earnestness in overcoming community evil, from the ragtime dances in the ranch school-houses to the places of social evil winked at in the cities; a lack of that fellow-feeling and homogeneous spirit which in most communities results from Christian fellowship and affection.

"If these conditions resulted from the domination of the traditional 'bad man' of the West, there would be no surprise. But these bad men exist only in the movies or in imagination. If they came from those who had never heard the Gospel, they would be deplorable, but would only furnish a great missionary opportunity.

"With few striking exceptions, however, the 'best' people, the leaders of church work 'back East,' are almost as guilty as the others. When they are in the West they do as the West does.

"The immediateness of their dereliction is astonishing. Men and women will teach a Sunday-school class to the time of coming West, and out here, where the service is most needed, they will too often refuse, being tired of it, and desirous of a vacation, or timid about undertaking something the community seems to care nothing for."

The writer confesses himself mainly concerned with the philosophical question whether the condition thus described

"constitutes the breakdown of our faith." The query, he reminds us, concerns the East as much as the West, for the West is made up of Eastern people:

"Here they are the same likable, human men and women, kind in sickness, hospitable to those they know and like, sacrificial in their service to their families, courageous in recognized duty, home-loving, success-aspiring. But organized into communities out here, they have lost their religion. They do not devote themselves to public duty. They hoard their wealth. They spend their spare time in seeking pleasure. Their consciousness of sin seems to be entirely gone.

"Does it constitute a breakdown of religion? Out here men will say that it does.

"It causes us to be very sober at first, this pointed query in the light of such facts, if they be true. After all, is there as much in our profession as we have perhaps thought when people forget so easily? Is religion a cloak which is thrown aside the first good chance they have without undergoing criticism?

"People should realize that it is only by the grace of God that they have been placed in a community where the religious sentiment is strong and where they find it comparatively easy to do right, and hard to do wrong; where they are held by a strong church feeling to Bible-study, prayer, and consecrated endeavor. It is their providential fortune for which they should be grateful.

"The conclusion of the question is this: That religion is far more of a matter of social psychology than is ordinarily realized. It is to a high degree a social phenomenon. It is not merely a relation between our God and ourselves, through our own moral earnestness, but it is something given to us through many sources. It is largely a result of spiritual environment, the power of the church and of a public sentiment, that compels respect for God's law. We are innately bad in spite of our good inclinations, and we get away from the finer spiritual ideals almost as soon as we cut our moorings from an environment in which they are cultivated. In the light of this we should not pride ourselves on our own righteousness; rather let us thank God that we have lived in communities where righteousness is held to be right.

"But, on the other hand, this fact, if the writer has interpreted the situation correctly, should cause Christians to ask themselves anew: 'Is my religion the kind that would stand the test of pioneer conditions? Would I continue my home devotions on an isolated ranch; would I keep the Sabbath when every one else about me was at work or seeking pleasure? Would I study the Bible if my neighbors laughed at me, or would I keep my prayer life active in a community where none seemed to care for prayer?'"

STUDENT BAN ON DANCING—Dancing has been prohibited at church functions by the heads of the Catholic Church. The example of this Church has been followed by the Student Y. M. C. A. Conference meeting at Lake Geneva. In this case, however, the body, consisting of 903 students from 125 colleges of the Middle West, legislates for itself. The Conference, so we learn from *The Northwestern Christian Advocate* (Chicago), unanimously passed these resolutions:

"WHEREAS, Gambling, profanity, dishonesty, immodest dancing, and other social excesses, the use of tobacco and liquor have become a menace to the student life of our universities and colleges, and are undermining character and destroying the capacity for Christian leadership;

"Resolved, That we, the delegates to this Conference, place ourselves on record as being unqualifiedly opposed to these destructive practices, and do hereby pledge ourselves, with the help of God, to the eradication of these evils from the student life of the college and universities of the Middle West.

"Resolved, That this Conference appoint, through its chairman, a committee of fifteen, composed as follows: Nine students, two faculty members, two university pastors, and two Association

secretaries, to prepare a statement in which the evils of student life shall be enumerated and examples of successful remedial measures be pointed out.

"Resolved, That a copy of this statement be sent to every college president, college dean, Young Men's Christian Association president, Young Men's Christian Association secretary, university pastor, and to every other influential person interested in improving the character and efficiency of college men, and that this statement be used as a means of initiating a general movement against all pernicious and undermining practises of college men."

BELGIUM'S FIGHTING CARDINAL

CARDINAL MERCIER, the Malines ecclesiastic, seems to be the only successful political recalcitrant in Belgium. He has set at naught the orders of von Bissing, and

preaches in open cathedral the virtues of non-surrender to the invader. "The drama of Canossa and Canterbury is being played again in the twentieth century, and the priest is still the victor." He is preternaturally tall, says Edward Eyre Hunt, in *The Outlook*—six feet five. "His face, thin, scholarly, ascetic, with sparse, grayish-white hair above it, is bloodless, and his forehead so white that one feels one looks on the naked bone." His expression in conversation, continues this writer, shows "a man who knows what he thinks, measures what he says, and feels in advance the exact effect of every remark that he makes and of every look that he casts upon one." From the exterior aspect we turn to the inner man:

"He is strongly prejudiced in favor of Belgium, and any one or anything which helps Belgium. He is a steadfast upholder of the work of Herbert C. Hoover and the Commission for Relief in Belgium. He speaks in exalted terms of America and Americans. He is not afraid to be pro-Ally, and his written and spoken words have been a keen embarrassment to the occupying Government. In him conquered Belgium has found a voice."

The Cardinal wished to go to Brussels in May, 1915, to celebrate a high mass. At that time Malines was isolated by order of von Bissing in an effort to force the railway repair-shop workmen to work for the Germans. Soldiers surrounded the city to prevent people going in and out. The Cardinal sent word of his desire to go to Brussels—

"But the commandant courteously replied that, on order of the Governor-General, the Pass Bureau was closed, and that for the present no pass could be issued to his Eminence. The Cardinal at once sent word to the commandant that he would be obliged to walk to Brussels, and two hours afterward he left his palace on foot, accompanied by two or three priests, and began the long march south.

"Men, women, and children thronged about him, priests came from all over the city, and before the Cardinal was fairly started on his way his walk had taken on the character of a dangerous popular demonstration.

"At the first sentries he was stopt and his personal *Ausweis*—a card of identification which all Belgians must carry—was demanded. After a brief argument, he and two of his priests were permitted to proceed. The crowd, however, was balked. An excited argument began, and one of the soldiers arrested a priest. I am told that the priest retaliated by beating the sentry with an umbrella and disarming him; the second sentry called for help, and in a moment more the warlike priest was under arrest and soldiers were charging into the crowd.

"Then an extraordinary thing occurred. The Cardinal had continued on his way, but the disturbance behind caused him to stop. He saw the danger to the priest, retraced his steps, and followed the soldiers having the priest in charge into a little guard-house. Civilians and soldiers alike made way for the prince of the Church. The Cardinal strode in, looking neither to the right nor to the left, his extraordinary height lifting him head and shoulders over the crowds about him. Then he caught sight of the priest. Onlookers say he merely looked at him stedfastly, raised his right hand, and beckoned; and, without a word having been spoken on either side, the priest followed the Cardinal out of the door and down the road, and they continued on their way to Brussels.

"The Cardinal was then sixty-four years old; yet he walked from Malines to Vilvorde, a distance of seven miles, and there took the electric tram.

"They are so stupid, these Germans! Sometimes I feel that they are like silly, cruel children, and that I should do something to help them."

"The Cardinal is quoted as having used these words, and they are a fair statement of his political attitude. Even in his disobedience to the powers that be he is always priest as well as prince. This gives him an uncanny power over his people, and

over the invaders as well. It is impossible to dissociate the paternal from the political reason for his acts, and so the Governor-General, who is a bold, downright, hard-handed military administrator in Belgium, finds all mouths closed but one, all arms paralyzed but one, all heads outwardly humbled but one—and that one the Cardinal's. Yet he can do nothing to



SYMBOLIC PORTRAIT OF CARDINAL MERCIER.

Painted in Rome by Besnard, Director of the French Academy. It portrays, according to *The Outlook*, the appeal of the aged Cardinal to the Christian sentiment of the world against "the brutality of German militarism."

change matters. . . . The Cardinal is like a Degas painting, if Degas had pictured cardinals instead of chorus-girls and ballet-dancers. . . . His black habit with the cardinal-red braid, the heavy gold chain about his neck and the heavy gold cross at his breast, the wide cardinal sash, and the black-skirted cassock—all serve to emphasize the old-ivory whiteness and tooled artistry of the fine face above them. There is something feminine in the Cardinal's face—a feminine deference and sympathy and comprehension perhaps—but the effect which he makes on a caller is the same that he makes on the world at large, that of a finely poised, keenly intelligent, yet very gentle Prince of the Church and shepherd of a nation."

THOR'S PLACE IN THE WAR

THE HEARTS of millions of Germans were lifted up to "the God of the Christians" at the opening of the third year of war with a profound feeling of gratitude for "the immeasurably great things we have achieved during the two years of bitter struggle this defensive war forced on us." Thus writes Dr. Reinke, a famous biologist and a member of the upper house of the Prussian Diet, in *Der Tag*, of Berlin, we are informed by a Bern correspondent of the *London Morning Post*, who says that the prominent article which opens with these words is entitled, "Thor's Hammer." The significance of the title becomes apparent with the information that service to the God of the Christians does not prevent the Germans from calling to mind the mythical Scandinavian deity of war, thunder, agriculture, and the magic hammer with which he slew giants. Dr. Reinke recalls to his compatriots that the German armies are well inside the enemy countries and expresses the conviction that they never can be forced out, and, in drawing his theological parallel, is quoted as saying:

"The God of the Christians is the God of love, of faithfulness, of justice, and of mercy; we are to serve him in spirit and in truth. His service does not, however, preclude us Germans turning also to the gods of our Teutonic forefathers, who, in their myths, divided among several ideal figures what Oriental Christian teaching embodies as a whole in the image of God. The gods of the ancient Teutons were, moreover, symbolic embodiments of all purely human virtue and the energy of strong will and vigorous action as well as the most gentle impulses of the heart and of conscience."

When Thor is angry, Dr. Reinke adds, he swings the mighty hammer with which he shatters rocks, trees, and the skulls of giants, the latter being the enemies he annihilates. Thor and his hammer symbolize the heroes of Germany down to the present, and it is the blows of his might that are wielded by the German soldiers on all fronts of the great conflict. One great blow of the hammer is still needed in the West, Dr. Reinke is quoted as saying further, before the peace that Germany wants reveals its face. This great final blow is not spoken of in Germany, tho everybody has it constantly in mind, and he adds that it will consist of operating simultaneously and ruthlessly "with all the forces and all the instruments of war at our disposal." The only question is when this heaviest and decisive blow, "in anticipation of which the Britannic giant lives in a state of constant fear and anxiety," is to be struck. Dr. Reinke is also credited with the statement that the German people rejoice over the fact that Thor's hammer, in the form of *Zeppelins*, is striking preparatory blows on London, which "are the only right and proper answer to all the English insolence"; and he continues: "We need not concern ourselves about the fate of that city, from which have proceeded the havoc and devastation that have spread through Europe the past two years. We have thrown overboard not only sentimentality, but also all silly susceptibility. A feeling of satisfaction is not sufficient, however, and Thor's hammer must be swung with such strength and vigor that the blow, when it falls, will make the rock of Great Britain waver. England will never be willing to discuss peace until she feels the effect of such a blow."

PRAYER IN WAR-TIME

CROWDS FLOCKED TO CHURCH in the early days of the war, says a writer in the *London Times*; "but it was observed in some places that the tide of prayer, which was advancing during the retreat from Mons, was arrested like the German Army at the Marne." The recovery of prayer, if it is to be recovered, will come not "with observation," he continues, and he finds it a hopeful sign that so many scholars and leaders in the spiritual life of the nation are gravely exploring the range and mystery of prayer. The logic of experience, it is further observed, has driven to prayer large numbers of men and women, who have sought thereby alleviation of the pressure of their own anxieties, but this very circumstance leads to the reflection of the contradictory nature of these petitions viewed from any angle that commands the larger vision of the kingdom of the spirit. Speaking of those who pray, he says:

"They have begun to pray through their concern not for the world, or the nation, or the Church, but for the life which is bone of their bone; they are like the Roman centurion in the Gospel, who was distressed for his servant, or the Syro-Phœnician woman, whose great faith was kindled by her daughter's peril. They kneel to-day with their boys in their hearts; they can neither think nor act without them; there can be no personality without communion, and no soul prays as a solitary unit. A life precious beyond words has been cast suddenly upon the verge of time and the last frontiers of earth. Prayer for all who love in such a case will be meaningless if it is not intercession for that other part of life—the threatened part—the suffering part. Prayer begins in the experience of many hard-pressed souls as prayer for the boy.

"But he is one of millions; other boys are to their fathers and mothers all that he is to me; and my boy is to them one of a vast and vaguely discerned host. The boys are partners in a community; what is mercy to me may be bitter pain to them; the bullet may miss mine and hit his. And both are knit together in the memories and trials and hopes of an ancient race. 'The nation,' as Burke said, 'is indeed a partnership, but a partnership not only between those who are living, but between those who are living, those who are dead, and those who are yet to be born.' Prayer for the boy leads inevitably to prayer for the others, and for the nation. In the progress of Israel the nation came first, and only after its life was understood and revered came the discovery of the individual. It is otherwise with us, steeped in our Western individualism. We move from the individual through the family to the corporate life of the nation; and that way prayer is moving.

"The nation has become a living personality for the first time to many of us since the war began.

What wonder if a poet now and then
Among the many movements of his mind
Felt for thee as a lover or a child!

"But the horizon of the nation yields to a wider horizon. The same poet who felt for England as a lover thrilled in all his being to the struggle of the small European nations for their liberty. No one can pray for his nation to-day without a prayer for other nations; and for what in their life but vindication of justice and liberty and faith? Already there looms before those who pray the all-embracing kingdom of God upon earth, which, tho the names men have given to it are many, bears forever the same outlines and has the same foundations.

"And there is yet another horizon, without which prayer would soon be paralyzed. There is the eternal kingdom beyond the range of earth. The praying soul is led to the city of God, of whose citizenship it is free; citizens of no mean city here, they who pray have their names written on the rolls of the unseen world, into which are gathering all who offered their lives in loyalty to truth and justice and freedom. 'Holy is the true light and passing wonderful, lending radiance to them that endured in the heat of the conflict; from Christ they inherit a home of unfading splendor, wherein they rejoice with gladness evermore.'

"From the prayer for the one life to the vision of the everlasting kingdom there lies an ordered progress, and a sudden glory lights the place, when the soul comes back to see the boy, now fighting in the mire and blood, within the splendid context of the city of God."

REVIEWS - OF - NEW - BOOKS

TEN OF THE LATEST WAR-BOOKS

MRS. WARD AT THE FRONT

Ward, Mrs. Humphry. *England's Effort.* Letters to an American Friend. With a Preface by Joseph H. Choate. Pp. xxix-176. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1 net.

Present events at the Western front have given intenser interest than ever to Mrs. Humphry Ward's latest book, "*England's Effort*," a description in the form of letters and in the novelist's best vein of England's supreme travail in her mightiest crisis. Joseph H. Choate has contributed to the volume a preface, twenty-nine pages long, in which he pays a deserved tribute to the distinguished novelist, and records in sincere words his own sympathy for the cause of the Allies. He declares his profound appreciation of what Mrs. Ward, through her writings, has done to vindicate the position of England in the war.

The distinguished English novelist, who is so well known in this country, wrote her book, as she explains in a foreword, as "the outcome of an urgent call from America sent by various friends whose whole sympathy is with the Allies." She received from the English Government *carte blanche* to go where she liked and see for herself what England is doing in the war. Accompanied by her daughter, she was permitted to go where few Englishmen and no other women were allowed to penetrate—into the very heart of English preparedness. Mrs. Ward's thorough familiarity with social conditions in England and her known sympathy with the democratic spirit "in shining armor" at the present moment in her country give peculiar interest and zest to her descriptions. These are concerned largely with the share in the war taken by the workingmen of Great Britain, and more especially by the women. Besides the hundreds of thousands of fighting men who went to the front in France and elsewhere, a million and a half remained at work in the shops. Mrs. Ward put on khaki and saw the fighting at the front.

MR. SIMONDS'S VISIT TO VERDUN

Simonds, Frank H. "*They Shall Not Pass.*" Pp. viii-142. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1 net.

The distinguished New York editor who is the author of this little classic on the war makes use of some remarkable words—words, moreover, which at the present time are freighted with extraordinary meaning. "The will to defend Verdun," he writes, "came from the French people; it imposed itself upon the Army and it resulted in a moral victory, the consequences of which can not be exaggerated, and have given new heart and confidence to a people whose courage and determination must make an enduring impression on any one who sees France in the present terrible but glorious time." At the beginning of the war Mr. Simonds, as editor of *The Evening Sun*, and more recently for the New York *Tribune*, wrote descriptive editorials on the conflict which attracted wide notice, and some of which he embodied in book form under the title "*The Great War*." The literary charm that was one of the traits of that volume

reappears in the author's little epic of Verdun, but naturally a more personal and poignant note characterizes the new volume. This time the picture drawn by the artist is from life. On his way to the Verdun front the author says he had reason to recall Kipling's words uttered to him in London: "Somewhere over there the thing will suddenly grip your throat and your heart; it will take hold of you as nothing in your life has ever done or ever will." He felt the truth of the words, he says, as he watched the lines of quiet, patient, middle-aged men marching to the sound of guns, leaving at their backs the countless graves that hold the youth of France, "the men who had known the Marne, the Yser, Champagne, who had known death for nearly two years, night and day, almost constantly." What struck the American editor most forcibly, more even than did the indomitable spirit of the French, was the unusual hatred of war, as war, which had been engendered by the cataclysm. No pen or voice, he cries, can express the horror that those men, that all Frenchmen, have of this war, of all war. They hate it; you can not mistake this, he says; but "France marches to the frontier in the spirit of men that manned the walls against barbarians; there is no other way; it must be."

"A UNIQUE PRODUCT OF THE WAR"

Beau, Captain C. E. W. (Editor.) *The Anzac Book.* Pp. xvi-170. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. \$1.75 net; postage 16 cents.

Of all books inspired by the European War, this large quarto-page volume promises to rank as the most dramatic, the most individual. It was written, drawn, painted, and photographed by the "men of Anzac," that is, by officers and soldiers of the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps of the British forces on the peninsula of Gallipoli, during those awful days while they were struggling so hopelessly against nature and the Turks. Lieutenant-General Sir W. R. Birdwood writes the introduction, and the official war-correspondent to the Australian commonwealth is the editor. It was prepared in trenches when men were under fire. Its editorial office was a dugout. It is constantly redolent "of the front." It was to be a holiday's greeting to the home ones of that army corps; but it has become a souvenir of a deplorable and tragic situation for all the world.

First among American reviewers to recognize the exceptional character of the book was a writer in *The Outlook*, who devoted to it a special article. Readers in America who have been deeply anxious for the success of the Allies, he says, should not fail to read it. It is a book to make them "proud of the spirit of their race," contains "no gloom over defeat, no despair over failure," but rather contains "cheerfulness under appalling difficulties, a determination to win the end despite all odds." The word "Anzac" was coined at Gallipoli. It was formed from the capital letters in the words Australian and New Zealand Army Corps. The beach where the first precarious foothold on Gallipoli was secured by the British was named Anzac Cove. There the book was written and illustrated, "on ground

hallowed by the blood of brave men of many races," the greatest number of the contributors being private readers. *The Outlook* writer gave to his article the title "A Unique Product of the War."

ON THE EASTERN FRONT

Reed, John, and Boardman Robinson. *The War in Eastern Europe.* Illustrated. Pp. xv-335. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2 net.

It may be justly said of this volume that no more admirable presentation in word and picture of one of the most terrible phases of the war has yet been attempted. It is history of grandiose and unprecedented character, actually caught upon the wing, often at great risk to author and artist. The authors set out from Saloniki when it looked as if the Allies had secured a firm hold upon that port. They traveled through Servia, then in the grip of typhus, and proceeded onward to the Danube; thence their journey lay through Bukovina and Poland. The great Russian retreat was then at its height, and the pair of daring Americans found themselves launched into the heart of Russia. Thence they forced their way back through Roumania to Constantinople, and from there they traversed Bulgaria and Servia at the time of the beginning of the Bulgar-German drive. What the correspondent and artist saw in their unparalleled experience is presented in a series of word- and pen-pictures of striking type. Robinson is one of the few cartoonists of the day whose work may be compared to that of the great caricaturists of the past. There is in his work something of the *diablerie* of genius that recalls Daumier, and even Doré, in certain aspects. As for Mr. Reed's descriptions, they match well with the artist's pictures. Scenes of grandiose, sickening horror are characteristics of the book:

"We walked on the dead, so thick were they—sometimes our feet sank through into pits of rotting flesh, crunching bones. Most of the bodies were covered only with a film of earth, partly washed away by the rain—many were not buried at all. Piles of Austrians lay as they had fallen—in desperate charge, heaped along the ground in attitudes of terrible action. Servians were among them. In one place the half-eaten skeletons of an Austrian and a Servian were entangled, their arms and legs wrapt about each other in a death-grip that could not even now be loosened. They were mostly Servians from the Austrian Slav provinces, driven at the point of a revolver to fight their brothers. For six miles along the top of Goutchevo the dead were heaped like that—ten thousand of them, said the captain."

IN THE TRENCHES

Platoon Commander. *With My Regiment.* Pp. vii-231. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$1 net.

This volume, descriptive of the feelings, experiences, and also the psychology of the man in the trenches, is composed of letters which originally appeared in *The English Review*, *The Evening Standard*, and *The Westminster Gazette*. The author tells in plain, homely fashion the story of the opening days of the war and of the revolution in the every-day life of England the sudden summons caused. A Kiplingesque abandon stamps the narrative. The story will

interest those with a taste for the realism of camp-life in a great campaign. This "platoon-commander" saw the fighting on the Aisne and his story contains many rude, vivid pictures of a battle that is already regarded as one of the greatest in the history of war. There is an incident in the narrative that reminds the reader of Charles Francis Adams's experience at the Battle of Gettysburg:

"We passed the morning (of the battle) sitting in the dugout, reading a few old papers and smoking and talking. By eleven the sun was high enough to peep in over the top of the parapet and warm us, and it all seemed a very pleasant, lazy sort of existence. There was no firing except the occasional 'ping' from a sniper. Goyle kept posted at the corner of the trench, and an answering shot or two from the German side. Rifle-fire seemed a matter of tacit arrangement. At midday Goyle suggested we should lunch, and Evans pulled the wooden box toward him. He gave us each two large square army-biscuits and opened a small tin of bully-beef, which he turned out on a piece of paper and cut into three portions. Goyle produced from his haversack a tin cup, and from the box a wine-bottle about a third full. He then mixed a tot of rum. How delicious that rum was! I rolled myself a cigaret, lay back in the straw, and basked contentedly. I felt comfortable and warm and drowsy. And in the distance one could hear the booming of big guns, which went on all day, but this was the only thing to remind one that one was in the middle of the battle of the Aisne."

AT DIXMUDE IN 1914

Le Goffic, Charles. Dixmude: The Epic of the French Marines (October 17-November 10, 1914). Translated by Florence Simmonds. With Maps and Illustrations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$1 net.

The exploits of the marine fusileers of France, hitherto submerged in a flood of heroic episodes, are here set forth in vivid narrative. "Praise," says the author-soldier, "is stricken dumb by the greatest names, and also, we may add, by the greatest deeds. It is only by the bare simplicity of faithful narrative that we can hope not to belittle these." He strikes here the key-note of his own and of many war-books that come to us from France. The marine fusileers were Breton sailors who were mustered into the land-service when the supreme effort became necessary. They are, so this account suggests, the lineal descendants of those formidable Bretons who held the triumphant Republican armies at bay and afterward flouted Napoleon. They won the memorable compliment from Joffre: "You are my best infantrymen." Their historian speaks of Dixmude, the principal scene of these sailor-soldiers' exploits, as "our Thermopylae in the north, as the *grande couronne*, near Nancy, was our Thermopylae in the east." The fusileers, he asserts, were the "first and most solid element of the long, triumphant offensive which will one day be known as the victory of the Yser—a victory less decisive and perhaps less brilliant than that of the Marne, but not less momentous in its consequences."

LAST OF MR. DAVIS'S WAR BOOKS

Davis, Richard Harding. With the French in France and Salonica. With Illustrations. Pp. xvii-275. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1 net.

Admirers of the late Richard Harding Davis will find intense and melancholy

interest in this volume, which is composed of some of the last of his remarkable descriptions of war scenes. The book was written during the last three months of 1915 and the first month of this year. Mr. Davis visited ten of the twelve sections of the French front, "seeing most of them from the first trench," as he says. He was also on the French front in the Balkans. Besides Paris, the French cities visited by him were Verdun, Amiens, Saint-Dié, Arras, Châlons, Nancy, and Reims. In this his second trip to the front this excellent war-correspondent had better opportunities for seeing and recording great events than in his first. His book, "With the Allies," had made a favorable impression. He had in fact received every needed opportunity from authorities to describe France in arms. He gives us vivid pictures of the mud trenches of Artois, the zigzag front of Champagne, the French-British front in Serbia, the war in the Vosges, Verdun, and Saint-Mihiel, and the Saloniki expedition.

Graphic and interesting as are the dead correspondent's descriptions of the terrible sides of the conflict seen at such close range by him, his observations on certain of the moral phases of the war will live still longer perhaps in the memory of the reader. Among the violent changes brought about by the world-convulsion and noted by this acute and honest observer is "the difference in the sentiment of the French people toward Americans." The most regrettable change was brought about by President Wilson's letter calling upon Americans to be neutral. The French could not understand it, he says. From their point of view it was an unnecessary affront "as unexpected, as unwarranted, as gratuitous as a slap in the face."

GREAT BRITAIN'S NATIVE TROOPS FROM INDIA

Singh, St. Nihal. The King's Indian Allies: The Rajas and Their India. Numerous Illustrations. Octavo, pp. xii-308. London: Sampson, Low, Marston & Co. 7s. 6d. net.

Since the outbreak of the present war, the most terrible test to which England's prestige has been put since the wars of Napoleon—the relation which India bears to the rest of the empire—has been placed in a vivid light before the world. India even yet excites the envy of nations. To transfer it to Russia's diadem has been the pet ambition of several successive czars. "India is the one thing that England will fight for," had been the serious taunt of European chancelleries since the days of the Crimea (for the Boer War hardly counts in Britain's great game), and England had to wait for 1914 and Sir Edward Grey before it could disprove the validity of the taunt. By a startling paradox it was India which was to fight for England; and the spectacle of Britain's barbaric allies, in their oriental panoply, leagued with their masters and helping the French to blast the Germans out of France is not one of the least amazing features of this unexampled war. In "The King's Indian Allies," we have from an authoritative writer and from fresh sources the story of the rajahs and their India.

Mr. St. Nihal Singh, the author, is a Westernized Indian, who is regarded in Europe as one of the ablest writers upon India. W. T. Stead once characterized him as the greatest journalist of his day. He has written about his country for most of the noted magazines of England and the



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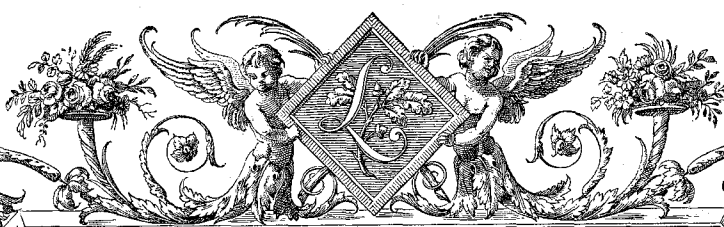
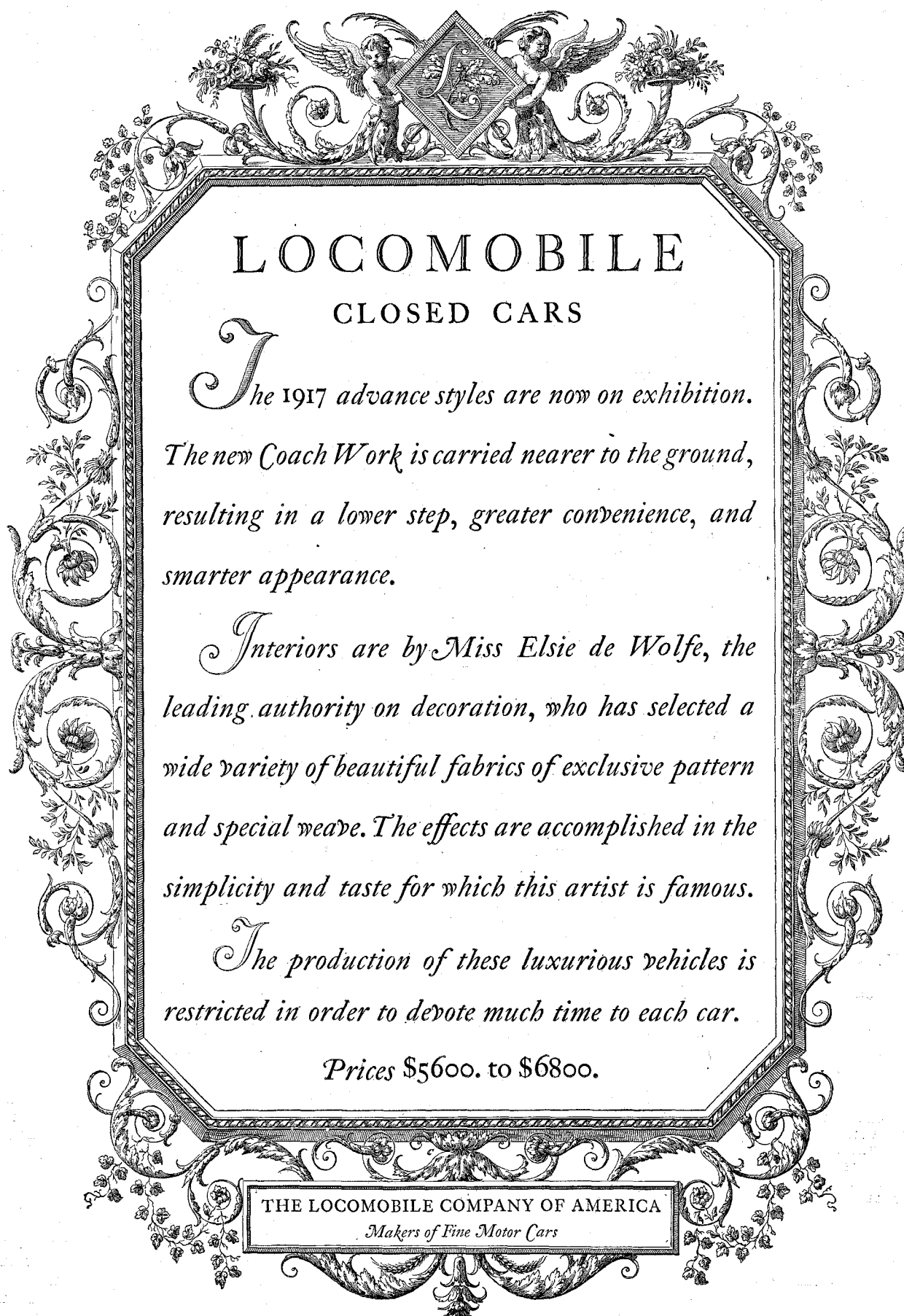
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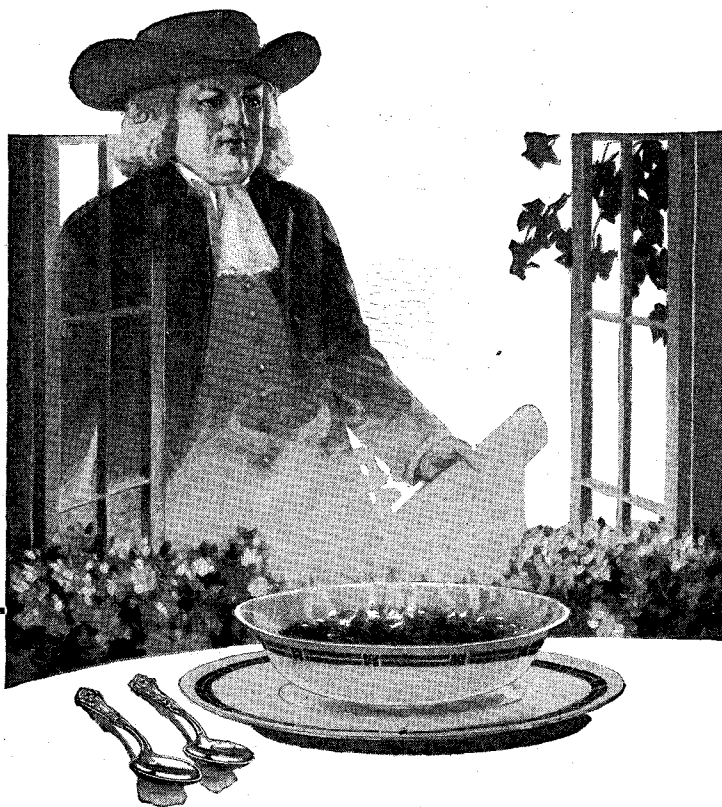
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BY A LIEUTENANT OF CHASSEURS

Dupont, Marcel. *In the Field (1914-1915)*. Pp. 301. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$1.

This is not a discussion of war-problems, nor a description of any special battle or war-movement, but the daily record of a "modest Lieutenant of Chasseurs" giving his impressions of the events of 1914-1915, in which he was an active and ardent participant. At the first call to arms, this cavalry lieutenant started for the front with his man and three horses in a horse-box car. We follow him in his search for his regiment, and then through thrilling events of victory and retreat, daily experiences of war, carnage, zealous enthusiasm, and deepest discouragement. The only appreciable result of such a chronicle is the conviction that, in spite of hellish war-conditions, life goes on with its habitual routine as far as possible. The reader gets an insight into the trivial events which sometimes change great tactical movements. The description of trench-life is tragic, but some of the episodes described are amusing.

MONS AND THE FIRST BATTLE OF YPRES

Coleman, Frederic. *From Mons to Ypres with General French*. A Personal Narrative. With fifty illustrations. Pp. 381. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.50 net.

To look at the smiling, good-humored face of Frederic Coleman, which forms the frontispiece of this volume, one would never dream of the lurid experiences which he recounts as possible in his life. He is an American, who attached himself to Sir John French's headquarters during the retreat from Mons, and to the British Second Cavalry Brigade Headquarters during the advance across the Marne to the Aisne. Later he became attached to other divisions of the British forces in France, and altogether he spent ten months amid scenes of fiercest fighting, acting chiefly as a messenger, running an automobile. His uniform, he tells us, "was of a nondescript sort, not calculated to insure" his "being treated as a member in good standing of the British Army"; and many times he narrowly escaped capture. It may be doubted if any other one man, whatever his nationality, has seen a wider variety of war, and missed death more times by a narrower margin, than this American who believed so firmly in the cause of the Allies and accepted such dangerous service in the spirit of adventure.

A BOOK FOR HAY-FEVER SUFFERERS

Hollopeter, Wm. C. Hay-Fever: Its Prevention and Cure. Pp. 347. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. \$1.25 net; postage, 12 cents.

Perhaps no other single disease which human flesh is heir to has caused more suffering in proportion to its *per capita* distribution, or has been more diversely explained by physicians, than hay-fever. Since it may begin as early as May 1, and its visitations may continue until cold weather, the term of it and its possible tortures make its careful study worth while. Such study is greatly assisted by this book. Dr. Hollopeter is a Philadelphia practitioner of high standing, who writes here as a specialist only because he has had, as he says in his preface, "remarkable and uniform success with a simple treatment of hay-fever for the last twenty years." He is familiar with the bibliography of his subject; his list complete fills over forty pages of the book. He quotes freely from men who have written authoritatively on hay fever. He considers all the forms of treatment which have been tried with promise of results. He concedes that "preventive treatment must take in family history and family tendency, in an endeavor to correct local as well as constitutional faults." His book is intended for laymen as well as for physicians, and every victim of hay-fever may read it with whatever satisfaction is possible until he is relieved of the scourge.

Dr. Hollopeter's volume was issued during the first week of August, and thus hit upon the psychological moment for making its appearance. August and September are the chief hay-fever months. As an interested reviewer in the New York *Evening Post* remarked, the causes of this disease are at best obscure. Pollen-laden breezes are usually given the blame, but other reasons have been assigned for it. Odors of the peach, violet, and chocolate drop have been accused. "Looking at a beautiful picture of a hay-field," said one patient resident in a hospital, "was enough to throw me into paroxysms of sneezing." Another sufferer, passionately devoted to consumption of watermelons, was forced to relinquish his cherished hobby during the catarrhal season.

OUR GRAMMAR MADE EASY

James C. Fernald (L.H.D.) English Grammar Simplified: Its Study Made Easy. 12mo. Pp. 214. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. 75c. net. Postage, 8 cents.

This handy and compact little grammar for the man in a hurry by the scholarly author of "A Working Grammar of the English Language," "Synonyms, Antonyms, and Prepositions," etc., should meet an existing need. It supplies exactly what the average busy man or woman needs in the way of simple and understandable explanations of difficult points. He is indeed a benefactor of the race who makes easier and more accurate the common forms of conversation, by tongue or pen. The old rules which governed the use of words are all too cumbersome in these high-pressure days, and there was a crying need for the how and why of the correct employment of language, couched in the simplest possible form. This little book reveals the benefactor because it meets this demand. Its author deserves and should receive the grateful thanks of every young clerk, stenographer, preacher, and teacher.



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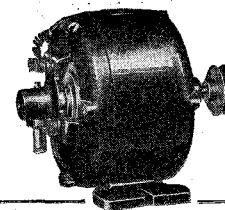
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The aim of the work, as indicated in the preface, is "to include everything in correct English usage that is a legitimate subject of rational inquiry for practical purposes." It is less a book of rules than of facts, the array of which is comprehensive and satisfying. It teaches the English language, as Dr. Fernald says, "distinctly and definitely as English, with no attempt to make it resemble Latin, Greek, French, German, etc." As a handy reference-book in the home, office, or school, its clearness, simplicity, and plain common sense will command respect. Its index indicates the astonishing fulness of its contents and renders it the friend of every seeker after accuracy in speech or writing. "Practical English grammar," says the author "is nothing but the correct use of English words in English sentences." This book undertakes to give just that and nothing but that.

OTHER BOOKS WORTH WHILE

Seton, Ernest Thompson. Wild Animal Ways. With 200 Drawings by the Author. Pp. xi-243. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50 net.

Readers who do not exclude the inferior creation from the sphere of interest will find peculiar enjoyment in Ernest Thompson Seton's latest book. "Wild Animal Ways" fully sustains the reputation gained from "Wild Animals I Have Known" and "The Biography of a Grizzly." The new stories deal with "a host of new four-footed friends" and have these titles: "Coaly Bay, the Outlaw Horse"; "Foam, or the Life and Adventures of a Razor-Backed Hog"; "Way-Atcha, the Coon-Raccoon of Kilder Creek"; "Billy, the Dog that Made Good"; "Atalapha, a Winged Brownie"; "The Wild Geese of Wyndygoul"; "Jenny: the Taming of a Bad Monkey." "When I look at the names of these animals," says the author-artist in his preface, "I feel much as an artist might in looking at sundry portraits of his friends and ideals painted by himself." Some of them, he says, he personally knew; while others are composites, merely "natural history in story form." "Foam," the history of the highly interesting razor-backed hog, is "an effort to show how the wild things instinctively treat themselves in sickness." They have their herbs, their purges, their sudorifics, their hot, cold, and mud-baths, their water-slucings, their fasts, their massage, their rest-cure, and their sun-treatment. The stories are illustrated by Mr. Seton's line- and wash-drawings. The sketches are inserted mostly in the page-margins, and they are remarkable for their genuine "impressionism."

Levy, M. Mac. Tobacco Habit Easily Conquered. How to Do It Agreeably and Without Drugs. Pp. 157. New York: Albro Society, Inc. \$1.25 net.

There are twenty dicta in this little book, each dictum a chapter. According to the plan of it, a tobacco-user reads them all, except the fifteenth, and then proceeds to put them into practise. After two weeks he substitutes the fifteenth for the second, and "keeps on until all desire for tobacco has left him." It sounds easy, to be sure. The harder the tobacco-user finds it, the more, probably, he needs this Mae Levy system. Perhaps, if he doubts, he should first read the appendix, on "Tobacco the Destroyer." That and the two chapters preceding would give real value to the book, even if the twenty dicta were worthless.

Jackson, Thomas Wright (M.D.). Plague. Its Cause and the Manner of its Extension, Its Menace, Its Control and Suppression, Its Diagnosis and Treatment. 8vo, pp. 192. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Health under certain circumstances is not a private affair. Under given conditions one's neighbors are within their rights when they investigate one's physical state and the way in which one lives. On this account the city, State, and Federal Governments assume and exercise inquisitorial functions and prescribe measures for the individual in order that he may not become, or may cease to be, a menace to the community. In civilized communities the majority, if not all, of the people appreciate the value to the individual and the social whole of the exercise of these functions. They also stand ready to aid so far as they have knowledge and ability. They are consequently eager to learn how to aid, to supplement, even to anticipate, governmental operations for the suppression and prevention of disease. This is especially true when terrible menaces like the bubonic plague are in question. Dr. Wright's volume is educational, and is, besides, interesting. It discusses the history of the plague, its cause (of bacillic origin), the means of its extension with the natural corollary—the means of control and suppression, and the diagnosis and treatment indicated. As with most medical works, the basis is that of observation, in this case in different fields—the Philippines, China, New Orleans. The discussion is for the most part popular, though never unscientific. The type is large and well leaded, making easy reading. It is consequently one of the few works of its class which are fitted for the family library. Since rats are now well known to be the principal plague-carriers, and inasmuch as they cause large economic damage as well, while as yet they do not appear to serve any good end, the advice of this volume to do all possible to exterminate them as vermin should accomplish good. The methods of doing this are shown in detail. Dr. Jackson's eminence as a plague expert requires no encomium, and his volume has value wherever possibility exists of danger from "the black death."

Austin, O. P. Economics of World-Trade. Pp. 141. New York: Business Training Corporation.

This first unit in a course in foreign commerce opens with an extended introduction by Dr. Edward Ewing Pratt, the economics which follow elucidate a claim that "the advent of peace will bring with it consequences as grave as did the outbreak of war." Dr. Pratt says: "This much we can accept as true, that the longer the war lasts, the deeper will be its impression upon our economic life and the more enduring its effects." The figures and facts that are cited by Mr. Austin challenge careful study, and will interest all who have any part in the commerce of the world.

Beyond Belief.—The late Bishop Hare once told about a Philadelphia business man of skeptical tendencies who said to him: "My dear Mr. Hare, I do not refuse to believe in the story of the ark. I can accept the ark's enormous size, its odd shape, and the vast number of animals it contained, but, when I am asked, my dear Doctor, to believe that the children of Israel carried this unwieldy thing for forty years in the wilderness—well, there I'm bound to say, my faith breaks down." —*Christian Register.*

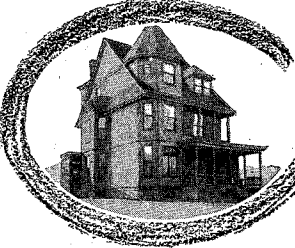
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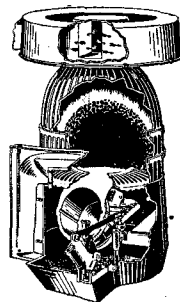
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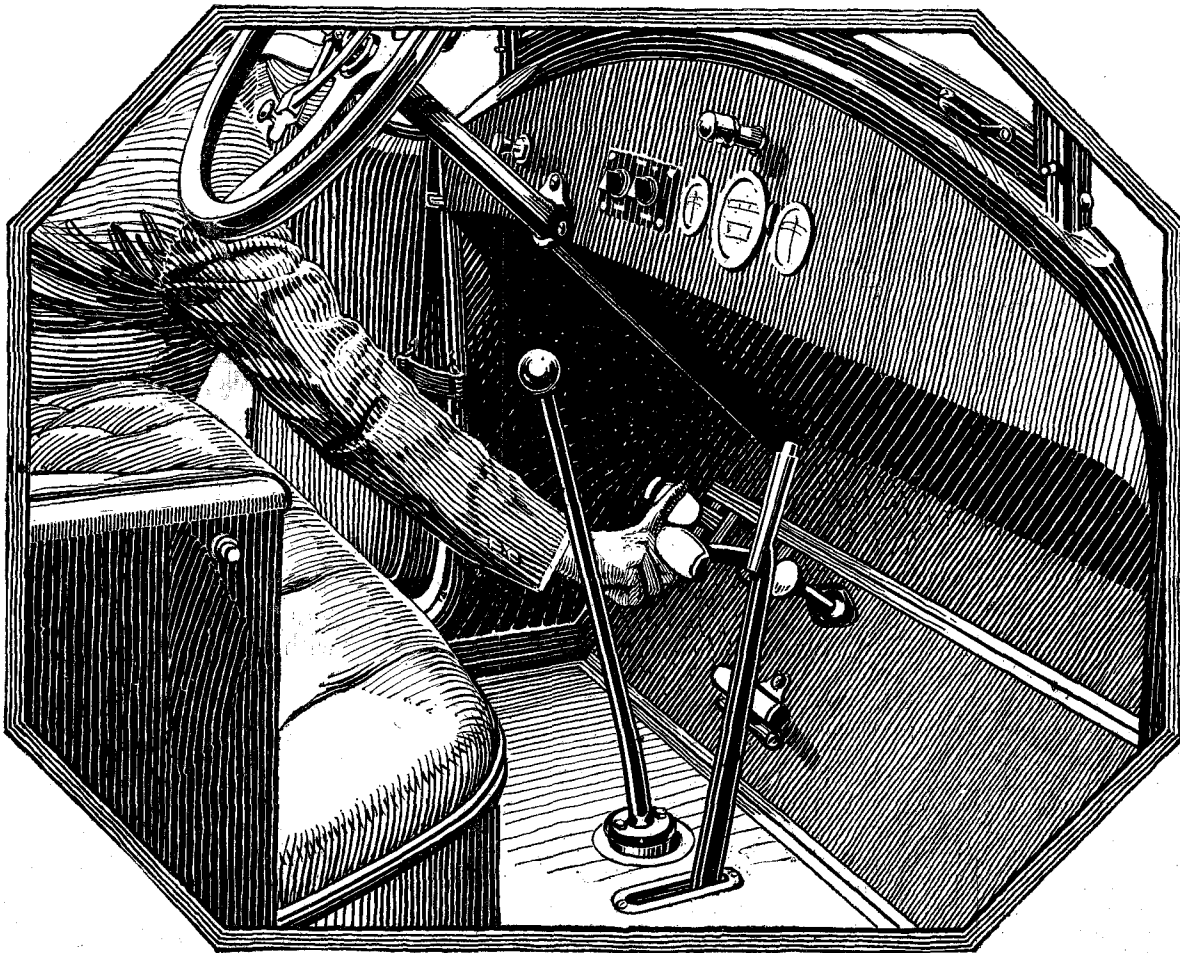
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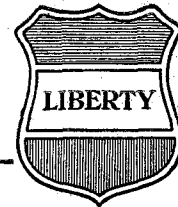
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CURRENT POETRY

MR. DENIS A. MCCARTHY has been called "the most musical of American poets." There is much lovely music in his "Heart Songs and Home Songs" (Little, Brown & Co.), and there is something more important—a rich and passionate humanity. Mr. McCarthy is not concerned with the artificialities of rhetoric; he frankly appeals to the heart of his readers, and since he is a true artist he does this without falling into the pitfall of sentimentality. Some of the poems in the volume now under consideration have already been quoted in these columns; his "St. Brigid" will be especially remembered by all who read it. "The River and the Song" is simple in theme and in expression, but its simplicity is the simplicity of true poetry. This poem is easy to read and hard to forget.

THE RIVER AND THE SONG

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY

Long, long ago when I was young,
'Twas many a song my mother sung,
'Tis many a strain comes back to me
First heard and loved beside her knee.
And one old song of all the rest,
That stirred or soothed my infant breast,
Was sung to such a plaintive air
It set me weeping unaware.
Yet, though the tear-drops fell,
I would not go to rest without
The song in which she sang about
"The River Suir
That runs so pure
To Carrick from Clonmel."

Perhaps the song to me was dear
Because I somehow seemed to hear
Through all its chords and all its tones
The river singing o'er the stones,
The river singing as it flowed
By field and wood and winding road;
And, oh, that song was always sad,
However warm the world and glad.
And yet I loved it well,
And ever begged to hear the strain
That ended with the old refrain:
"The River Suir
That runs so pure
To Carrick from Clonmel."

The town from which the river came
To me was more than just a name;
My fervent fancy made it grand
As any town in fairy-land.
And in my heart I yearned to trace
The stream to that enchanted place,
For there, methought, I'd surely spy
The towers that kept the heavens on high,
And wonders hard to tell.
And there I'd see the river's birth,
Its waters welling from the earth—
The River Suir
That ran so pure
From Carrick to Clonmel.

And oft, in fancy drifting down,
I came again to my own town;
I passed beneath its ancient bridge,
I pierced the distant mountain ridge;
A leaf upon the current strong,
I floated many a mile along.
Until by Waterford I passed,
And reached the shining seas at last.
That round old Ireland swelled,
'Twas thus I used to dream what time
My mother sang that haunting rime
About "the Suir
That runs so pure
To Carrick from Clonmel."

The world is wide, the years are long;
I've heard since then full many a song,
And seen with somewhat wearied eyes
Full many a river fall and rise,
And many a grief my heart has felt,
At many a new-made grave I've knelt,

And dreams of promise once I knew
Have proved unstable and untrue.
And still, whate'er befell,
The song that charmed my childish ear
I've always heard and held it dear—
"The River Suir
That runs so pure
From Carrick to Clonmel."

In these days when domesticity is more than ever before the target for the sneers of our country's cheap and sensational writers, it is good to find a real poet celebrating the beauty and the sanctity of home-life.

LOVE BESIDE THE FIRE

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY

The pride of autumn fades away on wooded vale and hill,
The days are growing grayer and the nights are growing chill,
Then, hey for home, and happy eves, and joys that never tire!
We'll face the worst that winter brings, with love beside the fire!

O, sweet as youth the springtime was, and fair were summer's bowers,
And gaily flowed the pageantry of autumn's golden hours!
With sadness from the hills we saw their sunlit days retire,
But winter brings us back again to love beside the fire!

So bolt the door against the blast, and start the cheerful blaze,
And let us sit, sweetheart of mine, and talk of olden days,
Of days when first you woke in me the dream of young desire,
When yet I hardly dared to hope for love beside the fire!

To the London *Times* Mr. Laurence Binyon, whose poetry always is both spontaneous and polished, contributes this unusual war-poem. Through his powerful lines ghostly drums thunder and ghostly cannon roar.

MEN OF VERDUN

BY LAURENCE BINYON

There are five men in the moonlight
That by their shadows stand:
Three hobble humped on crutches,
And two lack each a hand.

Frogs somewhere near the roadside
Chorus a chant absorbed;
But a hush breathes out of the dream-light
That far in heaven is orb'd.

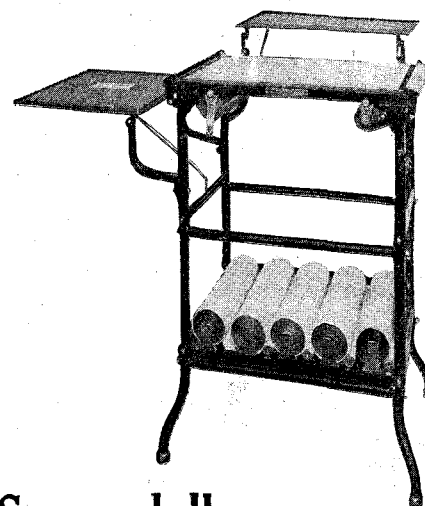
It is gentle as sleep falling
And wide as thought can span,
The ancient peace and wonder
That brims the heart of man.

Beyond the hills it shines now
On no peace but the dead,
On reek of trenches thunder-shocked,
Tense fury of wills in wrestle locked,
A chaos crumbled red!

The five men in the moonlight
Chat, joke, or gaze apart.
They talk of days and comrades.
But each one hides his heart.

They wear clean cap and tunic,
As when they went to war;
A gleam comes where the medal's pinned:
But they will fight no more.

The shadows, maimed and antic,
Gesture and shape distort,
Like mockery of a demon dumb
Out of the hell-din whence they come
That dogs them for his sport.



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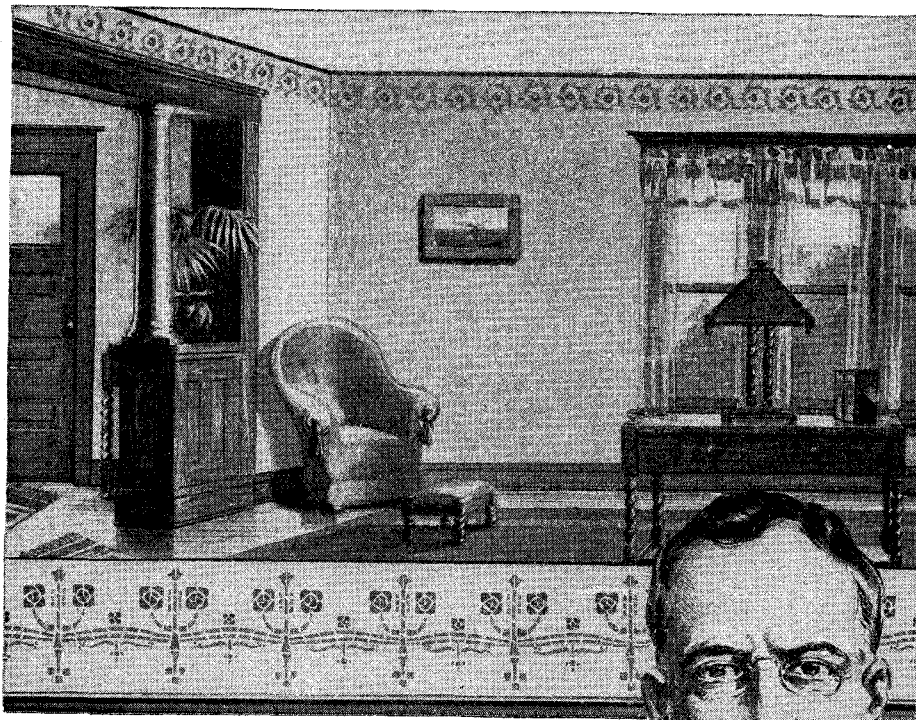
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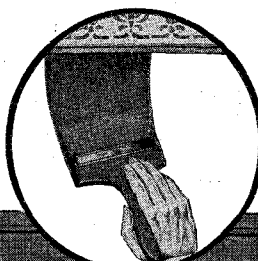
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But as if dead men were risen
And stood before me there
With a terrible fame about them blown
In beams of spectral air,

I see them, men transfigured
As in a dream, dilate
Fabulous with the Titan-throb
Of battling Europe's fate;

For History's hushed before them,
And legend flames afresh,
Verdun, the name of thunder,
Is written on their flesh.

This quaint little epigram we quote from Henry D. Tierney's "Poems" (Neale Publishing Company). The lines are deftly turned.

LIFE

BY HENRY D. TIERNEY

To what, O Love, can I compare
This passing life of ours?
'Tis like a boat, full seeming fair,
Which floats a few short hours:

At daybreak soft it glides away,
Seduced by gallant wind,
To disappear at close of day—
And leave no trace behind.

From recent issues of the London *Saturday Review* we take two sincere and finely wrought war-poems. The first is an elegy, but an elegy full of pride and triumph. The second is a stirring tribute, especially august in the second stanza.

INVINCIBLE

(By a messmate, in memory of Admiral Hood and his gallant officers and men, who lost their lives in H.M.S. *Invincible* at the Battle of Jutland, May 31, 1916.)

By H. H. G. B.

Yours is an everlasting name,
Your monument the sea
Shall sing your never-dying fame
Till nations cease to be.

'Twas yours to travel by the way
Our glorious Nelson went:
Brave hearts, immortal company,
You dwell in sweet content.

The patriot prophet never trod
The shadowy vale of dread;
And thus, triumphant, home to God
Fire-charioted you fled.

Death's doors, oft gloomier than night,
Shone splendid as the day,
When, mid the thunder of the fight
Your spirits passed away.

Too soon, alas, your golden sun
In crimson glory set;
But not till England's day is done
Shall Englishmen forget.

Comrades, dear comrades, by your blood
Her ancient frontier sea
Rolls in a deeper, mightier flood
Against the enemy.

FRANCE

BY SIEGFRIED SASSOON

She triumphs; in the vivid green
Where sun and quivering foliage meet;
And in each soldier's heart serene:
When death stood near them they have seen
The radiant forests where her feet
Move on a breeze of silver sheen.

And they are fortunate, who fight
For gleaming landscapes swept and shafted
And crowned by cloud-pavilions white;
Hearing such harmonies as might
Only from heaven be downward wafted—
Voices of victory and delight.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

ITALY'S "THEATER OF WAR"

THE old term "theater of war" seems to fit the Italian section of it better than any other. Every soldier feels his part in the drama, every spectator refuses to miss a single act. Instead of fleeing for their lives, like the streams of refugees elsewhere, the Italian women watch the fighting on the mountains or in the sky just as if they were at a play. And, in fact, along the Isonzo and in the Trentino quarter the fighting is of such a nature that it is not very dangerous to those who watch it from a distance. A war-correspondent writes to the *New York World* from the field headquarters of the Italian Army, in part:

Follow the dusty road that leads across the old Austrian frontier, now Italian territory. Three Austrian aeroplanes are throwing bombs upon what was an Austrian city twelve months ago. The Italian anti-aircraft gun hits one, which makes off toward its own lines; the others mount out of sight. A crash, as of many thunder-claps, rends the morning air. Some people take shelter under friendly doorways, others, from their windows across the street, discuss the whereabouts of the fallen bomb.

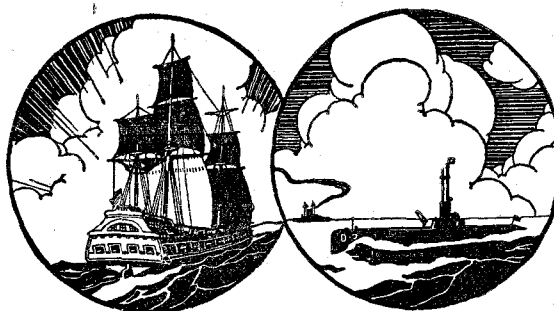
A *carabiniere* in Napoleonic hat and gray-green uniform vainly urges three women at the base of a fourteenth-century fountain to go home. They laugh at him and continue to wash their husbands' shirts. The Italian guns again open fire on the aeroplanes, the women leave their work to watch the fight, the *carabiniere* shrugs his shoulders and walks away, the aeroplanes make off, and all that remains of the "incident" are a few frightened crows and a crowd of idlers trying to stare up at the blazing Italian sky. These raids occur every clear day.

We leave the town where some houses have been ruined by the bombs and others are propt up with beams, and after a long drive on level roads ascend a hill. Two captive balloons are suspended in the air; they are watching the Austrian lines near Göriz. The Italian trenches and barbed-wire entanglements form a clear, dark line on the mountainside to the east. Far away, a glitter of sun-swept water shows the Isonzo River in one or two spots, as it winds its way toward the Adriatic.

As we near the top of the hill, which forms an observatory, you can see that the observation-balloons are connected with it by telephone-wires. You leave the car and climb to the summit by a narrow path flanked with trees which conceal a network of telephones running for miles along the Italian lines. But you are upon the soldiers with their inevitable sand-bags and barbed wire before you know it.

I don't know how the hardened veteran looks at these things, but to the uninitiated the outstanding feature of a modern fighting-line is its lack of color. The picturesque days of a fifteen-mile front, of dashing cavalry charges, of infantry's serried ranks, whose bayonets and pennons glistened in the sun, are as extinct as the three musketeers with their curling locks and lace ruffles. Aeroplanes and the "305" guns have killed them.

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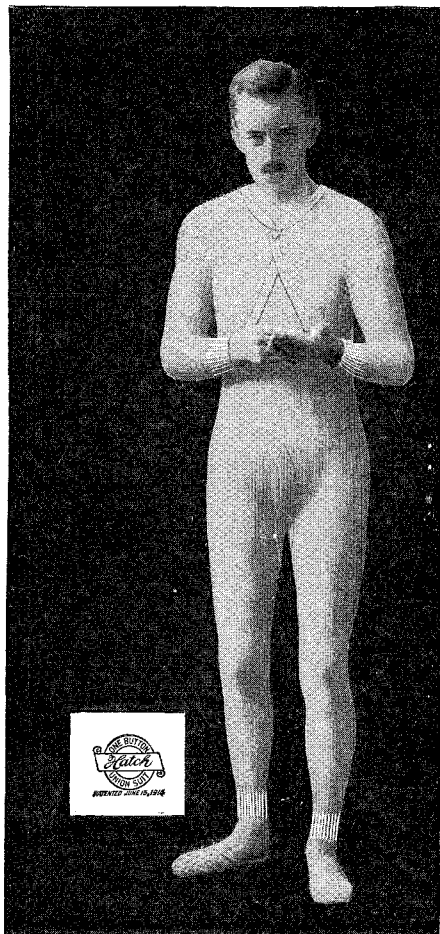
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Nowadays the men are hidden in trenches as thoroughly a part of snow-clad glacier, gray rock, or verdant valley as ingenuity and choice of uniform can make them; the heavy guns are cunningly concealed behind green saplings, gray sand-bags, or white coverings. Barbed-wire entanglements lurk amid vines and growing corn. You have to search hard for a mountain battery because it is hidden from the enemy's hundred eyes, which watch from dawn till dusk.

The morning is comparatively quiet. But there is an underground observatory as well tunneled from the entrails of the hill, its entrance and loopholes concealed by grass and shrub. This serves for "busy" times. It consists of tunnels terminating in four directions by loopholes, lined with cement and iron in such a way that it has withstood the heavy bombardment of a year.

Its armor is under the turf and shrub; it bends, but breaks not. From its loopholes you see a splendid war-panorama—the Carso front and lower Isonzo River, with the positions of Sei Busi, St. Michele, and Göriz, where Italy has poured out some of her best blood. St. Michele is a mountain with four summits: the Italians have three of them.

The sight from this loophole is an odd mingling of life and desolation. . . . Near by sings a lark; the grass below is yellow with buttercups, the air sweet with honeysuckle. A little farther off a puff of white smoke, which creeps along the mountain-side, marks the fall of an Austrian shell; a few seconds later you hear a roar as it spreads death and pain in its path. On the road to Doberdo, scene of very stiff fighting, another ball of smoke, followed by another roar, but the lark still sings and the life of the observatory goes on. . . . The shells burst faster and faster, dotting hill and plain with destruction.

It seems that everything runs by schedule in this war, and even the big guns have a time-table. As we read on:

"It's nearly eleven," remarks a soldier. "They always get busy just now. In an hour they'll stop for dinner and we won't hear much more of them till four o'clock. But the night's the time. They're at it all the while from ten o'clock till daybreak."

He laughs as he speaks; the Italian soldier meets the monotony of war, as well as its pain, with perfect good humor. To hear him discussing what the captain said when he was leading them to a perilous attack, and the little jokes his comrades put in as the story goes on, you would think they were talking of another man's heroism, another man's danger; and, as you listen to the tale, it is borne upon you how simply these heroes think and act. And if, after hearing how valiantly Gino or Beppino fought and climbed and struggled and suffered to win a bit of land for his country, you express admiration, you always hear the same response—"I only did my duty."

The entry to this underground observatory, scarce bigger than a monk's cell, has a table, a few chairs, and a green-shaded kerosene-lamp—all of the simplest kind.

On the low walls are two inscriptions facing each other. "Be ye makers of the Word, commands our God, the only living Word, divine and human."

Gabriele d'Annunzio found the text in

Aquileia Cathedral, when the Italians took that city. He wrote the lines on the other wall: "In order that the Word be made good, every man must exert himself to the utmost; every shot must hit its mark; every citizen must be a fighter, every fighter a hero."

In this spirit, in the humblest soldier's good humor, in his determination to hit straight, to be a hero as well as a fighter, lies the "color" of the Italian front. You find it everywhere and nowhere so ardent and so brave as in those whom war hits hardest; in the blind, in the mutilated, the disfigured, and the maimed it glows like a brightly shining lamp of patriotism and sacrifice, and whereas war has many horrible aspects, many terrors, and much ugliness, it has a deep beauty besides, not in acts of courage and in glorious deeds alone, but in monotony and dull pain, in hourly drudgeries and perpetual weariness cheerfully borne.

To reach the mountain battery at X—, you follow a mountain-road. So many are its turnings as it winds up the mountain that a system of signals, worked by sentries on the rocks above, tells the perpetual stream of chauffeurs, muleteers, ambulances, and soldiers if bridges over gullies or dangerous turns overhanging the precipice are open. The white signal means an open road, the black a closed one; at night they are illuminated, discreetly, on account of the enemy.

Here, as everywhere else along the Italian front, traffic is busiest after dark; trains of mules carrying ammunition, wood for recovery huts, sappers' tools, miles of barbed wire, convoys on foot and in camions, sick and hale, wounded and whole, pass incessantly throughout the night. The heavy guns on both sides are at work, the explosion of their charges echoing through the hills again and again like a continual thunderstorm.

As dawn approaches, the Austrian aeroplanes hover over rock and valley, dropping bombs where they can, and life on the road dies down, troops seek rest and shelter in barracks concealed amid rock and pine-trees, the camions have reached their destination, mules are unloaded, the guns' thunderous voices are heard but rarely; weary gunners sleep, the wounded lie in wayside huts, awaiting another night, to be taken down to the nearest hospital; for nothing draws Austrian fire like a litter or an ambulance; the dead, too, must wait their burial for the same reason; but among the rocks and snow you can see crosses that mark the last resting-place of many a soldier.

The first battery you come to is a 305. It stands off the road, up on the rocks, protected by walls of sand-bags and concealed by pines torn from the mountain-side. It carries to an Austrian position twenty miles away. This will give you an idea of its force. The gun loaded, the men retire behind the sand-bag wall to fire it, as they would be thrown to the ground by the "kick" if they stopt near. A tunnel has been bored near by, and when the Austrians bombard this position the men take shelter in it; the gun can be fired from here by pressing a button; but, no matter how heavily they are bombarded, a certain number of men must stop above to load the gun. The charges are kept in a well-concealed, well-covered gallery, but, woe betide the day when a bomb of an aeroplane or a shell from the Austrian position many miles away drops on them!



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Sir Harry Lathrop said, "Every Gentleman should Shave Himself"



SIR Harry Lathrop, one of the hunting squires of colonial Virginia, was proud of his breeding. He was given to impressing upon his sons and grandsons the requisites of a gentleman—and he always concluded with: "A gentleman never polishes his own shoes and always does his own shaving."

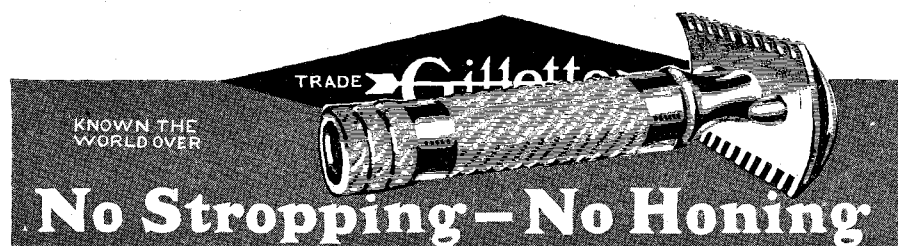
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Within a dozen yards of the 305 the gunners have planted a garden, which they tend with loving care in spare moments. The soil here is not kind to roses or carnations—the Italians' favorite flowers; even the laurels which they have brought up from the valley at immense trouble have failed to remain green, and the captain points them out with sorrow not altogether bereft of hope; but green peas, lettuce, and broad beans are coming up apace. And a young sunburnt gunner explains that he and his pals carted up the soil from a fertile spot a couple of miles down the valley, taking advantage of a "quiet" day.

CARDINAL MERCIER'S DEFIANCE

ONE Belgian, at least, is in a position to defy the German invaders with impunity, and he seems to be using the opportunity to the full. To Cardinal Mercier the war is not a thing which crushes and subdues. On July 21, the eighty-fifth anniversary of Belgium's declaration of independence, he asked his people, assembled in the cathedral at Brussels, "Have you not felt for the last two years that the war, the ardent, sustained expectation under which you live, purifies you, frees you from that which is lower, makes you enter into yourself, and raises you toward that which is better in you?" His words, proclaiming the future redemption of Belgium, we are told, were uttered in an open assembly with General von Bissing, the German Governor-General of Belgium, near by, in his office, and German officers in the audience taking down the words as they were spoken. There may be effeminate temperaments, he declared, "for whom the war is only an explosion of mines, the bursting of shells, slaughtering of men, shedding of blood, heaping up of dead bodies"; there may be "near-sighted politicians who see no other result of a battle but the interest of a day, the taking or retaking of a territory, or of a province." The Cardinal, however, sees in the war "much of austere beauty," because it is "the disinterested outburst of an entire people who give, or who are willing to give, that which they hold most dear—their life—for the defense or the reclaiming of something which can not be weighed nor figured, which can not be taken: Right, honor, peace, liberty!"

The words of the Cardinal were also taken down by one of his own friends and the manuscript was recently brought to this country. The New York Times prints the address from which we reproduce extracts. The speaker began:

We are assembled here to-day to celebrate the eighty-sixth anniversary of our national independence.

In fifteen years from now, on this same day, our cathedrals restored and our churches rebuilt will be wide open, the crowd will pour in; our King Albert, erect on his throne, will bow, but with a free gesture, before the majesty of the

King of Kings, his forehead indomitable; the Queen and the young Princes will surround them; we will hear the glad chimes of our bells, and throughout the entire country, under the arches of our temples, the Belgians, hand in hand, will renew their vows to their God, to their sovereigns, to their liberties, while the bishops and the priests, the interpreters of the soul of the nation, will intone with one common outburst of joyous gratitude a triumphant *Te Deum*.

To-day the hymn of joy dies on our lips. The Jewish people, captive in Babylon, seated, in tears, on the banks of the Euphrates, looked on the river flowing by. Their silent harps hung on the willows overhanging the banks. Who would have had the courage to sing the canticle of Jehovah on a foreign soil?

"Paternal land of Jerusalem," says the Psalmist, "if I should ever forget you may my right hand wither away and my tongue cleave to my mouth if I cease thinking of you, if you are no longer the foremost of my joys!" The Psalmist finishes with imprecatory words. We are forbidden to reproduce them; we are no longer of the Old Testament, which tolerated the law of retaliation: "An eye for an eye, tooth for a tooth." Our lips, purified by the fire of Christian charity, do not utter words of hate. To hate is to wish evil unto others and to delight in it. No matter how great our sorrows may be, we do not hate those who inflict them upon us. With us national harmony is allied to universal fraternity, but above the sentiment of universal fraternity we place the respect for absolute right, without which there is no commerce possible, either between individuals or between nations. And this is why, with St. Thomas Aquinas, the foremost authority on Christian theology, we proclaim that public reprobation is a virtue.

Ah! if we could clasp in our arms our heroes who, over there, are fighting for us, or await trembling in the trenches their turn to go to the front; if we could listen to the beating of their hearts, would they not answer: "I am doing my duty; I am sacrificing myself to Justice?"

And you, wives and mothers, tell us in your turn the beauty of these tragic years. Wives, whose every thought, sorrowful but resigned, toward the absent one, marrying to him your aspirations, your long expectation, your prayer. Mothers, the divided existence of whom consumes itself in the anguish of each moment, you have given your husbands and your sons, and you will not take them back. Every instant we stand breathless in admiration before you.

The head of one of our noblest families writes me: "Our son, of the Seventh Infantry, has fallen; my wife and I are heartbroken; however, if it were necessary, we would give him again."

A vicar of the capital has just been condemned to twelve years and hard labor. They allow me to go to his cell, to embrace him; and to bless him. "I," he said, "have three brothers at the front; I believe I am here principally for having helped the younger—he is only seventeen years of age—to rejoin his older brothers; one of my sisters is in a neighboring cell. But I thank God for it. My mother is not alone; she sent us word to this effect; she does not weep."

Do our mothers not make us think of the mother of the Maccabees?



"I can't pay that bill to-day."

"The last cent of my bank balance has just been wiped out by a **RAISED CHECK.**"

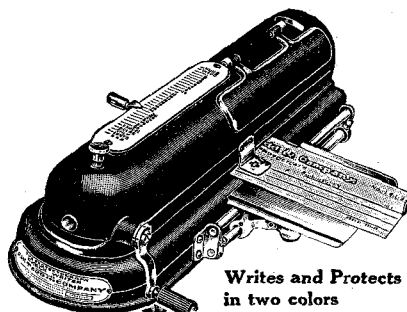
He had promised to pay if the creditor wouldn't sue—had managed to scrape the money together, and put it in the bank; and now this check-raising has put him in a most embarrassing position.

How about the protection of *your* checks? Those checks for small amounts you drew this morning. What do you know of the honesty of every man into whose hands they may go?

Safety lies in writing and protecting every check with the

Protectograph Check Writer

•X• FIFTEEN DOLLARS TWENTY SEVEN CENTS



Used by banks, Government offices—business men everywhere who believe in the "ounce of prevention."

Protectograph Check Writer writes in two colors and embodies the original principle of genuine check protection—viz: shredding each character into the fibre of the paper and forcing indelible ink through and through the shreds. (Todd Patents)

PROTOD Chemical Fibre Checks (Registered)

Safeguarded and Registered like U. S. Bank Notes. Furnished to Protectograph and Peerless users only. Write for samples and prices.

There's a mighty interesting little book about check swindles written by a celebrated detective, which we will send free to anyone who encloses the coupon attached, together with his business letterhead. With the book we will also send samples of the work of the Protectograph Check Writer.

TODD
PROTECTOGRAPH CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

Mail the Coupon with Your Letterhead

TODD PROTECTOGRAPH CO.

(Established 1895)

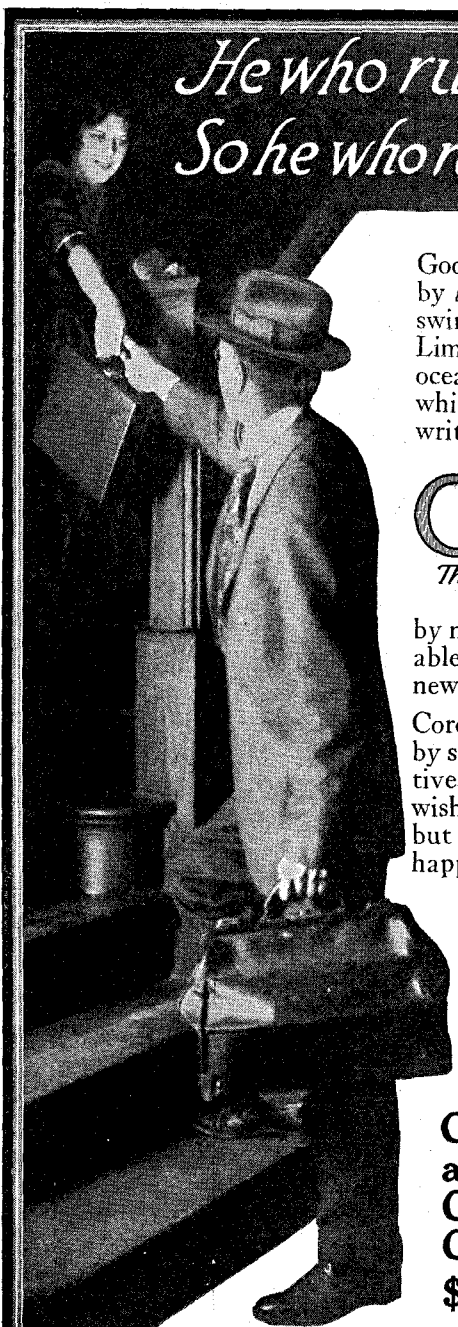
**1143 UNIVERSITY AVENUE
ROCHESTER, N. Y.**

FREE—Send to address on enclosed letterhead your book on check frauds by a celebrated detective and samples of Protectograph Check Writing.

Name.....

L. D. 9-23

He who runs may write So he who runs may read



Good writing is no longer governed by *locality*. Whether you are being swirled along on the 20th Century Limited, rocked by the motion of an ocean liner, or setting foot where white men never trod; you can now write as well as in an office.

CORONA

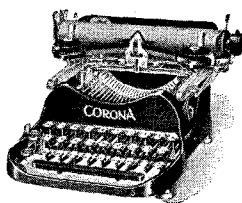
The Personal Writing Machine

by making mechanical writing portable and *personal*, has opened a new era.

Corona is being carried everywhere by salesmen, buyers, business executives and private individuals who wish to keep their writing private but *legible*, no matter where they happen to be.

Corona has made universal typing a practical possibility by reducing all the essentials of up-to-date writing machine construction, operation and convenience to a weight of six pounds.

Corona
and
Case
Cost
\$50.00



Special two-story bags and gladstones made by "Likly," permit carrying Corona with no increase of luggage. Write for booklet No. 14, "The Personal Touch in Typing," telling how easily you can become a coronatypist.

Corona Typewriter Co. Inc.
Croton, N. Y.

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Agencies in All Principal Cities

How to Become a Master of Shorthand—Sent Free

A new Booklet that describes, in an interesting way, the **ROBERT F. ROSE** Mail Course in **EXPERT SHORTHAND**. It shows the big money that has been made and is being made in shorthand; gives pictures and experiences of expert stenographers; describes openings in court reporting, secretaryships, etc.

If you are going to take up shorthand as a profession, you must learn **EXPERT** shorthand if you would advance into the big, well-paid positions. The Rose Course is the easiest to learn, easiest to pay for, and is the most efficient shorthand instruction being taught to-day.

We Cooperate in Placing Graduates in Good Positions

Write to-day for the **FREE Booklet**, "How to Become a Master of Shorthand," and learn all about this superior course of instruction. If you are already a shorthand writer, mention system you have studied, when answering.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
Dept. 802, New York



What lessons of moral greatness, here and even on the road of exile, and in the prisons, and in the camps of internment in Holland and in Germany! Do we think often enough of what these brave fellows must suffer, who, since the beginning of the war, the day after the defense of Liège and Namur, or of the retreat from Antwerp, have seen their military career broken and regret their inability?

There is courage in the outburst; there is not less in restraint. There is even more virtue, sometimes, in suffering than in acting. And these two years of calm submission of the Belgian people to the inevitable testifies to this profound tenacity which made a humble woman say, when the possibility of an early peace was being discussed before her, "Oh! for us there is no hurry, we will keep on waiting!" How beautiful all this is, and full of lessons for the coming generations!

Cardinal Mercier will be sixty-five years old on November 22, next. Belgians throughout the world will, on that day, honor him as a patriot and churchman. *The Times* quotes from a little booklet recently issued by friends of the Cardinal these words:

No one knows what the future has in store for Cardinal Mercier, but he will at all times be equal to his task. The whole world admires him, and Belgium in particular is proud of her great son.

MEN WHO WON'T STAY DEAD

"WHEN a man is dead, then he's done for," runs the old ballad, but there are a few who do not come under this generalization. We have had the famous Dauphin of France, titular King Louis XVII., who is said to have escaped from the deadly Temple, and to have lived in America or elsewhere as various people. And two novelists took the idea as bases for interesting novels. We recall news-items how Oscar Wilde did not die in France, but was buried in effigy, and lived to find life anew, hidden away. The mystery of Marshal Ney is an old story. And there was Hector Macdonald, who has reappeared in the person of more than one noted military leader; especially lately, he has been identified with General Brussiloff.

There are, then, men who simply will not stay dead. The story of Brussiloff, while the reverse of probable, is still interesting enough to be reproduced. A writer in the *New York Press*, now the *New York Sun*, recently gave out an interview with a resident of Gotham who said she was a cousin of the supposedly dead Macdonald. In this the identity with Brussiloff was put forth. We learn:

The legend of Sir Hector Macdonald is one of the strangest and most romantic in modern history. Charged with immoral conduct in Ceylon in 1903, Sir Hector, then a brigadier-general of the British Army, a Knight Commander of the Bath, and a member of the Distinguished

Service Order, was reported to have committed suicide in a Paris hotel after visiting London and failing to have the charges dismissed.

Officially, Gen. Sir Hector Macdonald is dead and buried in a little cemetery outside of Edinburgh. His wife remarried many years ago.

Tradition has it, however, that the suicide in the Paris hotel was not Sir Hector, but a traveler in an adjoining room. Seeing at once the opportunity, Sir Hector, according to the story, changed clothes with the corpse, and, in his new identity, departed unsuspected. Like the man in Arnold Bennett's story, Sir Hector went forth into the world with his life to use as he liked.

Since then there has been hardly an important military movement in the Far East which has not been connected with Sir Hector's name. It was he, rumor had it, who led the Japs at Port Arthur and made possible the Russian defeat. It was he, according to reports, who reorganized the Chinese Army and did much to increase its efficiency.

And now, when the war-map is being so altered by the Russian drive that the German Chancellor may change his attitude about peace on a basis of territory occupied, there comes the story that Sir Hector, under a new name, is the man responsible for changing the ignominy of Russia's early defeat to a victory to which nothing done by the Allies on the Western front is comparable.

The legend, which was previously hazy and unconfirmed, takes on new life in the words of this Mrs. Taylor, Macdonald's cousin. The reporter asked a number of questions, trying to shake her belief in the identity of the hero of the Eastern front, but without any success. The account states:

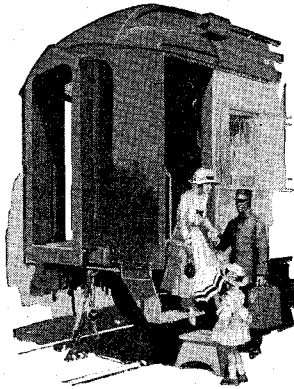
"I am absolutely certain," she said, "that General Brussiloff is really Sir Hector. While I am only a distant relative, cousins of Sir Hector live in London and Canada and Australia, and I know that they have been in communication with him.

"Sir Hector was a small man, stockily built. General Brussiloff is of the same figure. In his character of Russian general, Sir Hector has grown a mustache, but it does not make his features unrecognizable.

"Many people who did not know of Sir Hector have commented on the queer and extraordinary circumstances connected with the rise of the Russian commander. It is odd, to say the least, they point out, that a man in supreme command of one of the greatest offensives of the war should be of a previous history totally unknown. 'Brussiloff' is not a real Russian name, anyway. And the photographs of the general show he does not look like a Russian."

Mrs. Taylor last saw Sir Hector in 1903, just before he was reported to have shot himself. After the charges had been made against him in Ceylon he had appealed to Lord Roberts, in London, to order them dismissed, pleading his entire innocence. Lord Roberts refused to interfere, and ordered him back to Ceylon to stand court martial.

"It was in Glasgow that I saw him," said Mrs. Taylor. "He was on his way back to Ceylon, but, before going, he came



An Advertisement by
THE PULLMAN COMPANY

Safety is an important element in the service

afforded by the Pullman Company, and includes not only the safeguarding against loss of life, or injury through railway disaster, but the protection of health against contagious diseases.

All cars used by the Pullman Company are built in its own shops and represent the experience of fifty consecutive years of car construction.

Built of the most enduring materials, designed to resist the most violent shocks and to withstand every conceivable strain, the Pullman car affords the traveling public the greatest assurance of safety.

Not only is the Pullman car designed for strength, but no effort or expense is spared to make each car as completely sanitary as possible.

Smooth painted surfaces, sanitary floors, the avoidance of heavy hangings and superfluous upholstery, scientific ventilation and adequate screening eliminate as far as possible the dust and dirt of railway travel.

Systematic mechanical cleaning combined with frequent thorough chemical fumigation, maintain each car in a constant state of cleanliness and sanitation.



Graffco VISE SIGNALS

attach instantly and form a positive index. —always in place—of every business detail. Collections, deliveries, follow-up systems, advertising and every other matter, is instantly and easily regulated by this simple signal. Send for free samples.

George B. Graff Company
294 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
Manufacturers of Graffco Vise Index Tabs and "Steel-Tie" Expanding Envelopes

GET THIS BOOK BEFORE YOU BUILD OR BUY A GARAGE

There is nothing but practical suggestions in this book, "Where to Keep the Car," that will start you right on the private garage question. If you own a car or intend to buy one, you should send for the book right away. WHITAKER-GLESSNER COMPANY, Dept. D, Portsmouth, Ohio

Where the Car IT'S FREE

They mean foot comfort, safety and economy. No dirt-gathering holes. 50c attached—gray or tan—all Dealers

LOOK FOR THE RED PLUG-IT PREVENTS SLIPPING

SPRING-STEP

RUBBER HEEL

Send 30c to Spring Step, 105 Federal St., Boston, and get 2 packs of Tally-ho Quality Playing Cards that would cost 50c elsewhere



PAIGE

The Standard of Value and Quality

IN the Paige Touring Sedan, we confidently believe, that we have achieved the finest expression of the coach designer's art. It is an exquisite creation—a delight to the eye—a true masterpiece of the ultra modern school.

Without being too daring, the lines are fresh and new. There is a character, an individuality, to this superb motor car which is distinctly its own.

Parked in the company of other closed cars, it stands forth like a cameo. It is the new Paige Sedan—and never can be mistaken for anything else.

If you would convince yourself of these facts, pay a visit to your Paige dealer. He will gladly show you this car and our other enclosed models, the Coupé, Limousine and Town Car.

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Fairfield "Six-46" Models: 7-passenger Touring Car, \$1375; Touring Sedan, \$2300; Limousine, \$2750; Town Car, \$2750; Coupé, 4-passenger, \$2100.
 Fleetwood "Six-38" Models: 5-passenger Touring Car, \$1090; Touring Sedan, 5-passenger, \$1775 (Springfield Type); 5-passenger Convertible Winter Top, \$1275.
 Wire Wheels, extra, all models. Prices, F. O. B. Detroit.

incognito to the north of Scotland to see his people once more. It was a few days after that that he was reported to have shot himself in Paris.

"His body never was viewed by any one, however. I attended the funeral, when he was buried in a little cemetery just outside of Edinburgh. But we all believed that there was nothing but lead in the casket.

"It was not long after that when British troops at Port Arthur—detachments sent there to look after British interests—recognized the leading Japanese commander as Sir Hector. The officers had to keep quiet about it because of the honor of the Army. But there was nothing to prevent the privates from talking, and the story soon became commonly known in the service.

"The whole story never will be known until Sir Hector is dead. He always kept a diary, and I suppose he still does. After his death I suppose that will be published."

And the latest addition to the roll of the death-defiers is the "late" president of China, Yuan Shi Kai. Unlike John Brown, his body as well as his soul goes marching on, and already the press of America are cropping out with tales of his supposed escape from the Imperial City. For instance, we have the word of the Chinese authorities, echoed through several papers, that the recent president still lives. The *Washington Post*, commenting on the report, observes:

Among the happy thoughts that have passed into current belief is that which finds its crisp expression in the saying that you can't keep a good man down. If this brings cheer to the proletariat, how much more must it buoy up the hopes of the great?

The latest incident of note is the alleged return of Yuan Shi Kai, who, as all will remember, recently died of a broken heart, succumbed to acute indigestion, committed *hara-kiri*, and was poisoned by some one in the heartless ranks of the opposition. Any one of these was bad enough, but altogether they were too much for his shrinking nature. Combined they signified the passing of Yuan.

But not permanently. Again be it said you can't keep a good man, or bandit, or Oriental president down for long. Yuan has returned. Not to China, exactly, but he has refused to stay dead. A farcical funeral was a mere detail in the course of a comedy-death. The Chinese press have it that Yuan first cleaned up, from a financial standpoint, and then cleared out. His creditors mourn his loss and theirs. But beyond that Yuan is bearing up nobly, watching the game from afar, ready to return when his suffering nation calls.

The world naturally will be glad to receive the news. South American Presidents frequently vanish in like manner, accompanied with like emoluments. Pancho Villa's headstones dot the Mexican deserts—every widow can find a weeping-place if she wants to. Abdul-Hamid had died as frequently as the Wandering Jew, and returned to this vale of tears quite as often: King Menelik's passings became in time as monotonous and uninteresting as those of the unlucky player in an all-night session.

Napoleon died eventually, not at St. Helena, but, according to certain voracious historians, of overeating spaghetti in a Roman restaurant, many years after Sir Hudson Lowe sailed from the rock-bound isle glugged with imaginary vengeance.

Maybe it will be the same with the common soldiers who have fallen in the Masurian marshes, at the Karpathian passes, before Verdun, and along the Somme and the Meuse. Probably not, however.

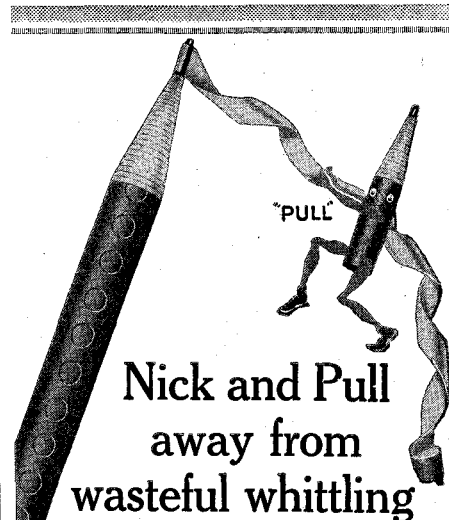
And the voice of the *New York Times* is heard crying in the wilderness of reports to the effect that:

The legend of Yuan Shi Kai has already begun. His enemies can not believe that that towering figure has vanished so suddenly. Of course it has not; it is a trick; he is alive somewhere, ready to descend on us again; there is a man who can prove that another body was substituted; a man who knows him saw him take passage on a ship, disguised. And with the growth of time the legend will increase in circumstantiality and wealth of detail, till, years hence, there will be elaborately illustrated magazine-articles telling how Yuan died in Mississippi, or Stockholm, or Catalonia in 1925 or 1930.

Yuan has joined the company of peripatetic shades and flitters about the world. He has a wide choice of careers. If his temperament leans toward trouble-making, he can follow the example of Nero. He refused to live a quiet life after he died; he was always about to reappear and start a war, and he kept his former subjects, especially the Christians, in a constant ferment. Frequently he did reappear, and there was a good deal of ill luck for lots of people whenever he did. It is to be hoped that Yuan will pass by the example of Nero and take up a quieter one.

For instance, he might imitate the Dauphin. Louis XVII. never annoyed or worried any one after his death, as Nero did. He became a watchmaker in Brandenburg under the name of Naundorff, and, aside from being arrested on suspicion of arson, never figured in public life. He also became a traveling missionary in America under the name of the Rev. Eleazar Williams; there are still living people who have seen and talked with him. *Huckleberry Finn*, it will be recalled, met him in another shape. "You see before you, in blue jeans and misery, the wanderin', exiled, trampled-on, and sufferin' rightful King of France."

Marshal Ney was similarly well behaved; after he was shot he came to America and became a schoolmaster in North Carolina under the name of Peter Ney. There could be no doubt of it; he was ruddy-faced, slept five hours at night, and otherwise resembled the Marshal unmistakably. Archduke John of Tuscany, John Orth, has never disturbed anybody either; he lives peaceably, usually as a farmer, at various places, but principally in South America. On the other hand, the murdered Princes in the Tower made a great deal of trouble after their death, more so than did even Nero. They kept reappearing at the head of armies and greatly disturbing the order of the English realm. We have presented these different conceptions of the rôle of Mysterious Stranger for the purpose of appealing to the better side of Yuan as he stands at the brink facing the choice momentous.



Nick and Pull away from wasteful whittling

Save on your pencil costs; your time; your energy; your temper. You can ill afford to let old-time methods hold you back—especially a little thing like pencil-sharpening. But it isn't little after all—whittling means hundreds of dollars lost to a business in the course of a year. That's why the biggest concerns in the country use Blaisdell Pencils—Standard Oil Company, United States Steel Corporation, Pennsylvania Railroad Company, General Electric Company. In practically every corporation, office, factory, bank, telegraph office, and school in the country Blaisdells are in daily use. Thousands "nick and pull" every day to their own profit. What relief from the old finger-smearing, time-taking, lead-wasting way!

Nick and pull. Done—quick as you say it! The pencil's sharpened without muss or fuss. Ready for action instantly!

Blaisdell 202, with eraser, finds a ready welcome with every office-worker. 60c a dozen. \$6.00 a gross.

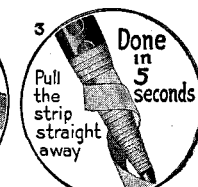
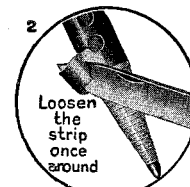
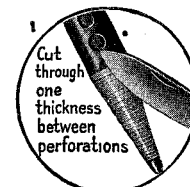
Blaisdell 151 blue pencil is without an equal anywhere—outsells all other blue pencils combined. \$1.00 a dozen. \$10.80 a gross.

The new Blaisdell spun-glass ink eraser is a real ink eraser. Sharpens like a Blaisdell pencil. Takes out blots in a jiffy. A positive delight for all who write. Lasts three times as long as the ordinary eraser, and costs only 10c.

Blaisdell is a complete line of pencils—every kind for every purpose, including Regular, Colored, Copying, Indelible, Extra Thick, China Marking, Metal Marking, Lumberman's and Railroad pencils. All grades and all degrees of hardness.

Stationers everywhere sell Blaisdell Pencils. Order by number from your stationer.

**Nick and Pull—
the modern way
to sharpen
a pencil**



Blaisdell Paper Pencil Company
PHILADELPHIA.



20 years from now

Will the roof you are putting on today still be giving satisfaction in 1936?

Will you be ready then to say: "This roof has never cost me one cent for repairs"?

It's worth money to you to know the answer!

Many RU-BER-OLD roofs laid previous to 1896 are still giving good service and have never needed repairs.

Genuine RU-BER-OLD contains no sand, tar, paper, wood fibre, or any other substance that will crack, run, rot, warp, rust or leak.

Made in Slate Gray, Tile Red and Copper Green. Your dealer will show you samples and quote prices.

THE STANDARD PAINT CO.
573 Woolworth Building, New York
BOSTON CHICAGO

Also makers of Ru-ber-old Shingles and
Impervite Waterproofing for Concrete

The Paraffine Paint Co., San Francisco, (Under License)
The Standard Paint Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal

BUILDING SUGGESTIONS

Any books you check on this list will be sent you free. Write your name and address in the margin and state what kind of building you are planning.

- ☐ Roofing a Home
- ☐ Building a Poultry House
- ☐ Building a Bungalow
- ☐ Building a Barn
- ☐ Building Your Own Garage
- ☐ Covering Your Factory
- ☐ Artistic Roofs



Pronounced "RU" as in RUBY
RU-BER-OLD
ROOFING
COSTS MORE - WEARS LONGER
MADE BY THE STANDARD PAINT COMPANY, NEW YORK, BOSTON, CHICAGO

English Walnuts and Hardy Filberts

for Zero Climates

EXQUISITELY BEAUTIFUL for LAWN,
DRIVEWAY and STREET

It stands to reason that trees grown at the 43d Parallel of latitude close to the Canadian Border, with winter temperature far below zero, must possess rugged vitality. No others could survive.

OUR HOME GROWN ENGLISH WALNUTS, from home grown seed, are safer to plant than peach trees.

We are headquarters for NORTHERN GROWN FILBERTS and recommend their universal planting. For orchard planting they are dependable as Real Money Makers. Culture is of the easiest and our northern grown trees will stand temperatures of 10 to 15 below zero and generally come into Bearing the Second or Third Year.

SOBER PARAGON Mammoth Sweet Chestnut

One crop brought \$30,000. Plant for profit, for pleasure or for decoration—plant a thousand trees or a single one. A safe tree to plant in zero climates, or in hot climates. Succeeds in drouth, in frost, in poor soil and upon hillside—the roughest of lands. Every tree we ship this fall bore chestnuts last season.

Ranere Everbearing Raspberry—Satisfies "That's All."

Luscious, sugary, bright crimson berries every day from June till November. The strong plants offered you for planting this Fall will supply your table next season. Succeeds in any soil.

Fiftieth Year in Business—Our Golden Anniversary
Souvenir Rose Free with every order.

Our 1916 Catalog and Planting Guide includes Nut Culture in the North, tells you how, when and where to plant. Mailed Free on request.

GLEN BROS., Inc., Glenwood Nursery. Est'd 1866
1735 Main Street, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A WIZARD IN WEIRDLY WONDER- WORKING WORDS

"DARING, death-defying in its devilish departure from deliberateness"

—so one might characterize the circus poster which has decorated the barns of the countryside for more than forty years. In one shape or other, it conveyed with just such alliterative abandon that the greatest show on earth, with the sacred elephants from the mystic palaces of the Yellow City and all the other trappings, would open in the public commons at the East End, beginning the following week. There would be Mlle. (whom the rural population pronounced invariably "Milly") La Galli, the daring, dainty equestrienne; and Volplano, the man-bird; and the tall girl, and the midget man, and the forty—count 'em, forty—bloodthirsty, untamable leopards from the hear-r-r-t of darkest Africa!

No wonder the farm lad saved his pennies. The circus was an event of a lifetime. But the mysterious lure was due to the rare ability of one man, "Tody" Hamilton, a true wizard in words, who spent years fabricating phrases to catch the crowds. And recently he died, in Baltimore, having made millions for Barnum & Bailey. He wrote the equivalent of scores of best sellers, yet his name never appeared on one of his advertisements. Here is what the New York Times said of him:

"Tody" Hamilton had no rivals for the reputation of the greatest press-agent that ever lived. The free space he got for Barnum & Bailey's circus ran into miles. He invented the modern circus poster, and founded a school of alliteration all his own. He put the Cardiff giant and the sacred white elephant of Siam over on the great American public. He was the first to discover the resources of the English language in Gargantuan epithets, and to match them like bells in a melodious series. Literary critics have given him the credit for the abandonment of alliteration by poets of the present day, who concede that, since Hamilton's time, verbal tintinnabulations of all kinds belong exclusively to the circus.

When Mr. Hamilton first began to compose the posters for the big show his work was criticized as too florid, and efforts were made to cheapen his style by extravagant imitations of it. His reply was a new series beside which his first efforts were reserved and monosyllabic. His style survived satirical imitations as did Dr. Samuel Johnson's, and is the foundation of the circus literature of to-day.

Mr. Hamilton is noted as a press-agent to-day, not only because he enriched the language of the common people, but also because he was fertile in producing genuine news stories which no office-rules against press-agent yarns could keep out of newspapers, and because he educated the editors in most of the large cities in Europe to what the reading public was entitled to expect in the way of advance information about circuses. When he was once asked what was the best story he had ever landed, he said:

"I think it was the one about the protest of the freaks. We were in London at the time, and I heard that the woman who molded statues out of butter objected to being classified as a freak, altho she was in that department of the show. She was a respectable little body, very fussy about the respect which should be accorded her as a solid member of the lower middle class. I learned that others were dissatisfied, too, and I thought that Mr. Barnum should be apprized of the fact.

"I encouraged the freaks to protest as a matter of fair play. I communicated the state of their feelings to the London newspapers. The freaks held a meeting, and protested once more that they were being unjustly looked down on.

"We appealed to the British people for a better name than freak, and finally a Canon of the English Church suggested prodigy. It was accepted, altho he must have failed to see that I had already referred to the wonders as the 'peerless prodigies of physical phenomena.' The freak signs were taken down. The news of the protest spread all over England and the Continent, and was cabled to this side of the water. It awakened interest in the breasts of all who thought that they were not receiving the respect due their station."

Mr. Hamilton's faith in publicity was so great that when P. T. Barnum lay dying he decided that a good press coup would brace up the old man, and he encouraged *The Evening Sun* to print his obituary in advance. Mr. Hamilton took the paper with four columns of reading-matter and a number of pictures to the bed of the aged showman. It revived him after oxygen had failed. Four days later he died, but his physicians agreed that the premature obituary had prolonged his life for that period.

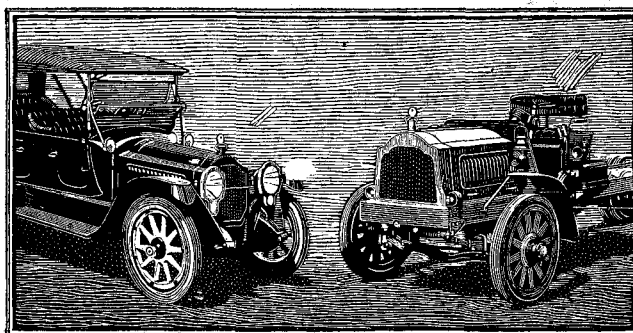
Another Gotham paper, *The Herald*, once asked Hamilton wherein lay any special value in using such colossal and ultra-descriptive phrases as he did. The journal tells how Hamilton explained it:

"To state a fact in ordinary language is to permit a doubt concerning the statement," said Mr. Hamilton.

"Suppose a grocer should advertise, 'Fine, fresh codfish.' If his rival across the street advertised, 'The largest, sweetest, absolutely the best codfish ever caught, with scales as large as quarters and meat whiter than snow; alive when captured, and the finest ever landed; the Atlantic Ocean never contained better and never will,' which grocer do you think would sell the most codfish?"

Tho he confessed one day when he had been with Barnum & Bailey for twenty-five years that he had seen the entire performance that day for the first time in all his life with the circus, Mr. Hamilton wrote the most amazing and thrilling descriptions of all the creatures and all the performers in every show, year after year. His wonderful command of words enabled him to produce a highly magnified picture of what he described, but there always was substantial truth in what he wrote and he never was accused of mere faking.

When circus performers added the automobile to what Mr. Hamilton loved to describe as "desperate, death-defying deeds," he wrote one of the gems of his



Matched! Packard Twin-sixes and Packard silent chainless trucks are but two expressions of one *high ideal*

One—in their sure and ample power—and its faultless application to the work ahead.

Identical—in their origin—created by the largest staff of motor engineers in America—produced by the same unhurried organization—built to satisfy the same exacting standards.

Alike—in quality—in economy—in efficiency—in their perfect balance between cost and service.

Just as there is a Twin-six model adapted to every travel possibility of town and country—

So you'll find a Packard chainless truck designed for every business need. Seven sturdy models—1 ton to 6½ tons—the only complete line of worm-drive trucks in America.

Give a Packard traffic expert leave to help you solve your hauling problem. Write Detroit today.

Ask the man who owns one

Packard
CHAINLESS
TRUCKS

Heat Your Garage SAVE Money



Dodge that big winter repair bill. A warm garage cuts down depreciation and makes winter wash-ups, oiling and adjustments a pleasure.

Prevent cracked water-jackets, frozen radiators, battery and tire deterioration by installing the *Scientific Safety Garage Heater*.

It preserves the finish of your car and makes starting easy.

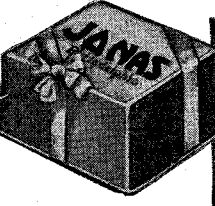
Sold under a money-back guarantee. Endorsed by automobile experts and fire prevention boards.

Get ahead of Jack Frost this winter.

Send for our free booklet "Winter Motoring."

The Scientific Heater Co.
58 Power Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio



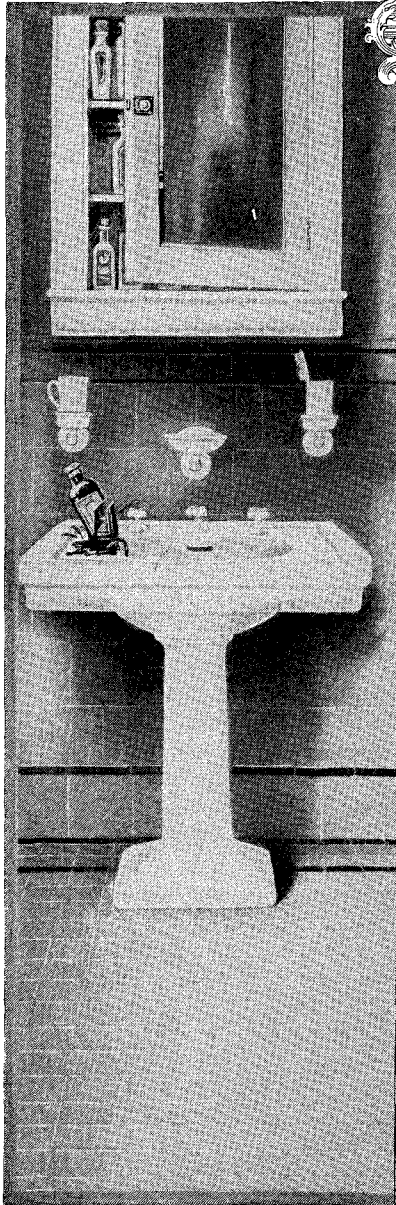



**Dollar Gift Box
Of Finest Candy**

Chocolates that cannot be bought at any store in the country—30 different, unusual chocolates in a two-trayed, pound and a quarter, gold and green, yellow-ribboned box. Send a dollar bill, your card and Her address. One hour after your letter comes, out goes an absolutely fresh box to Her, with your card enclosed. And she'll write you that in all her life she never tasted such luscious, mouth-melting chocolates!

Send for wonderfully illustrated Favor Book, containing hints for Luncheons, Receptions, Parties etc. It's free.

JANAS 43 S. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa.



YOU can't stain "Impervio" China. If it's medicine or any bottle containing acid that is upset over the lavatory, it may be a laughing matter or a reason for lasting regret, depending on the kind of lavatory you have.

The Trenton Potteries Company

"Impervio" China Lavatories

are not affected by acids. The glaze on china clay is baked on so hard that even acids cannot penetrate. Medicine stains, so hard to remove from fixtures of enameled metal, can be removed from a china lavatory by a second's application of a dampened cloth. It's just like washing a dinner-plate.

Combined with these virtues of china clay are durability and beauty—glistening whiteness, with lines of attractive simplicity.

"But a solid china lavatory must cost a lot of money," you may think. Not over 10 or 15 per cent more than you would pay for plumbing liable to ruin, at the best not lasting nearly as long—and with each month added, harder to clean. And the cost of installation is the same in either case—no matter what kind of fixtures you buy.

Your architect or plumber can verify this, but better still Write for our Booklet M-13 "Bathrooms of Character"



The Trenton Potteries Co., Trenton, New Jersey

Makers of Silent St-wel-clo Closet

large collection. "Another awful, appalling aerial automobile somersaulting act," his poster read. "A turning, twisting, twirling, tossing transposition."

"In my early days," said Mr. Hamilton, "the press-agent of to-day was as unknown as the automobile, and one would have caused as big a sensation as the other. The press-agent was hired to keep things out of the newspaper, to prevent harsh criticism. Once, when two two-line notices of a circus got into one column of the tiny dramatic notes of those days, the entire dramatic editors' organization nearly passed away. It took me three years to get circus notices out of the dramatic departments of newspapers.

"When we took the show to Europe and I met the French newspapers, I had been warned that my overthrow was in plain sight. French newspapers never told then about anything until after it had happened and never printed anything free, they said. I had my work cut out for me, but I went to the editor of *Le Petit Journal*, which had, I suppose, the largest circulation in the world.

"'Monsieur,' I said to him, 'you can not afford to have us come to Paris, rent the largest building in the world, the Galerie des Machines, and spend tens of thousands of francs in getting it ready without letting your readers hear about it. You assume to give them the news. This is news. If you do not give them this news, you are getting their money under false pretenses.' Brutal, but it worked. When I convinced that one editor I had them all."

In the New York *Sun* appeared a letter from an old playgoer, recalling the famous blizzard of 1888 and how the circus was held despite all weather conditions. This was also due to the ingenuity and persistence of Hamilton. We read:

Now that dear old Tody Hamilton has left us, let me recall the night of the big blizzard, the real New York blizzard, March 12, 1888. It was the night set for the opening of Barnum & Bailey's circus, and Tody had sent press-tickets to all the newspapers and expected the usual notices of the *première*. I was on *The Tribune* at the time, and after a strenuous experience in reaching Wall Street, one of my districts, struggled back to the office to report the deserted state of that mart. The handful of brokers who met on the floor of the Stock Exchange had agreed to continue their contracts another twenty-four hours and adjourned almost as soon as they got together.

I found Arthur F. Bowers, our city editor, in a condition of acute expletive excitement.

"That man Hamilton insists on opening the circus this fiendish night," he cried. "We've got to have a brief notice, but I haven't the heart to assign any one to it who's been out working in this storm all day."

I rather construed this remark as a hint, and volunteered to do the job.

How a one-car train on the elevated railroad from City Hall was by that time running up Third Avenue; how one had to buffet drifts and desperate winds to get westward to Madison Square Garden, is immaterial. There in the Garden were Barnum's three rings in full blast, with a meager audience that, like the guests at



"I'll Train You For Business Success!"

Where Are You Going?

Up a Blind Alley? To endless weary days ahead—small pay—tiresome routine—grinding away the best years of your life until business discards you as an old and useless tool?

Or to Assured Success? Developing your ability, capacity, and confidence—building for greater responsibilities and larger salary—leading to promotion, independence and prosperity?

Here Is Your Opportunity—Business Success for You

Let Grenville Kleiser help you through his Mail Course in Business Success to develop your mental power, initiative, self-confidence, efficiency; show you how to become a successful business man, salesman, private secretary, executive, manager, superintendent, promoter; how to make more money, wield larger influence, fit you for great business enterprise and leadership.

"Worth Their Weight in Gold"

"Your lessons in 'Personal Development and Business Success' have added much to my efficiency. I consider them worth their weight in gold." J. F. Rogers, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Instructive and Inspiring"

"I think it is a wonderful course of instruction and inspiration." C. M. Darling, Lyndonville, Pa.

For free particulars of this valuable Course simply sign and mail this to-day.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
Dept. 803, New York City

Name.....
Street.....
City.....

the Biblical wedding-feast, had mostly been imprest and "dead-headed" to the show from the highways and byways around Madison Square. The whole program was put through to that haphazard gathering of spectators, hardly as numerous as the performers!

The newspapers were well represented. Tody's great grief was that he couldn't get any kind of a vehicle from any kind of a livery to take us back to our offices. Horses, men, and wagons were knocked out by the day's doings.

Luckily, the Western Union Telegraph Company had a pneumatic tube working from Twenty-third Street and Fifth Avenue to the old Dey Street building and thence to Newspaper Row. That carried down the stories.

But no one who saw the scene could ever forget Hamilton, imperial and impervious to the awful storm, surveying the brilliant performance and the squalid audience with a consciousness of duty done.

He possest, according to *The Christian Science Monitor*, the knack of getting his notices past the most careful editors and advertising the circus with the maximum of free space. We are given to understand:

Time was when almost any fair to middling press-agent could get almost any fair to middling "story" into the news-columns. It needed only to be readable and it passed. In recent years, say in the past twenty-five years, the standards have been ascending constantly, until to-day the "story" intended by the press-agent to compete with current news for a prominent position in a big newspaper must be planned and written very cleverly indeed. Hamilton became press-agent for the Barnum & Bailey circus about the time city editors were beginning to steel their hearts against free advertising reading-matter of all kinds. The circus press-agent could no longer expect to get satisfactory results from a pad of complimentary tickets and a stereotyped prepared notice of the "show." More than likely the latter would be consigned to the wastebasket. In fact, the city editor was becoming very particular. Later, upon advice and instruction from his superiors, he became still more particular. No free notices could "slip" by at all if in any way they bore the stamp of free notices. They must have intrinsic merit. They must contain enough of the artistic to carry them past all office-rules. Nothing short of genius could circumvent the copy-reader.

These were the conditions that confronted Richard F. Hamilton, who later came to be known in the principal news-rooms of the country, for some mysterious reason, as "Tody" Hamilton, when he entered upon his task of educating the public thought. The newspapers and their city editors did not intend, if they knew it, to allow him to carry on his educational work at their expense, and "Tody" Hamilton did not know any other way of doing it than through the medium of the free notice in the newspapers. Thus it became a contest between watchful journalism and wakeful invention, and this contest went on for years.

It was one-sided from the start, altho the city editors and their newspapers were loath to admit it. "Tody" Hamilton brought in his "stuff," placed it in front

A Warmer Home in Winter A Cleaner Home in Summer

WINDOWS equipped with Chamberlin Metal Weather Strip—and there are ten million of them—prevent draughts, save money in coal bills, exclude dust, smoke, soot and noise. Chamberlin Metal Weather Strip is an interlocking device that protects your home at the most exposed points—the windows and doors.

Glance at the illustration opposite. Note how snugly the Chamberlin Equipment fits the window. No crevices to let the cold air in or the warm air out. It is not unusual for Chamberlin to save 20% to 40% in fuel cost. It does it for thousands of enthusiastic owners. Moreover, Chamberlin assures an evenly heated home.

Chamberlin Equipment on your windows means freedom from window troubles for all time. It is not sold through dealers. It is made, installed and guaranteed for ten years by the Chamberlin Metal Weather Strip Co.

Write for a List of Your Neighbors

who have their windows equipped with Chamberlin. We want to prove why you should equip your home with Chamberlin.

Chamberlin is applied to windows, doors, casement windows, transoms and French windows, in new or old homes.

Architects will always approve of Chamberlin

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My Beauty Exercises

Will make you look younger and more beautiful without massage, electricity, vibration, astringents, plasters, straps, filling or surgery, nothing artificial—Just Nature's Way.

Results come soon and are permanent. My system makes muddy, sallow skins clear, and the complexion as fresh as in girlhood; firms the flesh, and never fails to lift drooping and sagging facial muscles, removing the wrinkles they cause. The too thin face and neck are rounded out and hollows filled in. No one too old or too young to benefit.

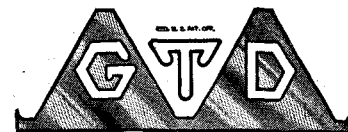
My system makes double chins disappear quickly and it leaves the flesh firm after the superfluous fat is worked away.

No matter how tired, five minutes of my Facial Exercise will freshen your complexion and give it a most exquisite coloring for a whole evening.

Write today for my FREE New Booklet.

If you will tell me what improvement you would like, I can write you more helpfully. Your letter will be held in strictest confidence.

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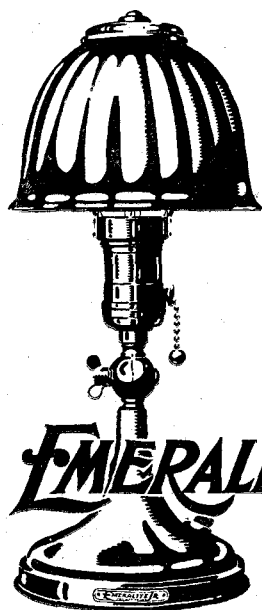
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How far is religion only a matter of temperament? The author has made a careful and scientific study of the various temperaments with which mankind can be grouped—the Sanguine, the Choleric, the Practical—and shows in a striking manner, giving historical examples, the effect of religion on the varied temperaments dealt with.

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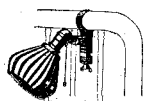
YOUR architect couldn't help leaving lots of comfortable nooks in your house in the dark. He couldn't specify a lighting fixture at every point. But Emeraldite Jr. starts where the architect stopped. You can hang It or stand It or clamp It wherever you please—and then tilt Its restful green shade at just the right angle. It's such a relief for tired eyes. It focuses the light in the right way—for you can fasten It where other fixtures wouldn't stay put.

On sale at electrical supply stores, office supply stores, department stores and the more up-to-date hardware stores. All genuine Emeraldite lamps are branded. Look for the name—Emeraldite.

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The newest
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Lamp, \$10.00.



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Emeraldite Jr. is only one of the great big family of Emeraldite electric lamps and fixtures for every lighting need at home and at the office.

H. G. McFADDIN & COMPANY

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Dealers: Write for our terms

of the city editor and began to talk fishing, or golf, or baseball. Next day his "stuff" appeared. It seemed irresistible. It had to appear. The city editor, his first and second assistants, the head of the copy-desk and his assistants, the make-up editor, and the managing editor were all conscious that it was, beneath the surface, a barefaced "puff" for Barnum & Bailey, and received it or passed it under protest; but all had to admit that common justice to their readers compelled its appearance. In time it became the custom to regard "Tody" Hamilton's copy as preferred and even as "must" copy. If "Tody" Hamilton happened to be detained for any reason, reporters were sent out to find him.

Nine years ago he retired from active duties as press-agent for Barnum & Bailey, and, instead of marking the change by giving a complimentary dinner to the newspaper men who had accepted his copy long enough to make him famous and rich, he allowed them to give a dinner to him. At that dinner, among other things, he said:

"In my long, useful, truthful, faithful, funny, and fashionable career as circus press-agent, I have no vain regrets and remorse to keep me awake nights. I can lie down with the clear conscience of a man who has done his duty. I have grabbed more space for nothing than any other man you know. Therefore you are, as representative newspaper men and future publishers, justified in gathering here to-night to entertain me with a bountiful repast in celebration of my retirement from business."

YO-HO! FOR SUNKEN TREASURE

THIS time it is not the Spanish Main, nor Treasure Island, nor any of the places we all so gladly (and a little fearfully) visited in juvenile imaginations. It is something more real and practical, though fully as exciting and as profitable. Nowadays, the call to seek sunken treasure means to scour the sea-bottom in certain places for ships that have been lost by accident while on their way to America with rich cargoes of metals and jewels. This is the romance of the treasure-chasers of this century. The day of the pirate's gold is gone forever.

New York, according to a correspondent for the *New York Sun*, is the point of departure for these modern Argonauts. And past Sandy Hook go the ships now bent, not on plunder, but on the recovery of lost goods. It may not be an unusual sight to find once again the old sea-atmosphere in lower New York, such as existed when Captain Kidd swaggered along Whitehall Street, fresh from sweeping the Caribbean. But, we read:

What is much to the point, these modern adventurers stand more than a sporting chance of making good. Engineering cunning, the ripest of practical experience, and hard-headed business are joined in the undertaking—elements that generally promise success. This is not romance, nor is it rainbow-chasing; it is calculating enterprise equipped with up-to-the-minute facilities.

One of the most conspicuous of these

undertakings is that of the Interocean Submarine Engineering Company, headed by Rear-Admiral Colby M. Chester, U. S. N. Its initial flotilla sailed recently to salvage something like half a million dollars' worth of treasure lost off the Capes of the Chesapeake five years ago.

It has chosen to make its first essay on the Ward liner *Merida*, which was sent to the bottom in May, 1911.

The *Merida* was bound northward from the West Indies. When she was abreast of the Virginia coast in a heavy fog she collided with the steamship *Admiral Farragut*, and sank at a point estimated at more than fifty miles from Cape Charles, the northern cape at the entrance to Chesapeake Bay. She went to the bottom in water ranging between 250 and 300 feet in depth.

Her passenger-list included a number of wealthy people. Most of these had placed gold and other valuables in the keeping of the purser. In addition, the purser had locked in his strong room, with other treasure, a consignment of silver bullion from the mines of Mexico.

The total amount of the riches aboard has been variously estimated. But one thing is certain, the *Merida's* invoice recorded 408 bars of silver aboard. The ingots totaled in weight a matter of something over 29,000 pounds troy. The bullion then represented the equivalent of \$225,000. Since then things have happened in the world that have raised the current price of silver to 60-odd cents an ounce. Therefore, to-day, those same bars are worth approximately \$260,000.

The quest of this 'sunken treasure is, undoubtedly, in the nature of a gamble. To begin with, the point where the ship sank is known only approximately, and is assumed to be between fifty and sixty miles due east from Cape Charles.

Upon the fifty-mile arc the depth ranges between thirty-six and thirty-nine fathoms, and the fifty-fathom curve lies five miles further off shore. From that point seaward for five miles the bottom dips quickly from 300 to 600 feet. The question is, did the *Merida* settle upon the sea-floor within the 300-foot limit, and, if so, has she remained there?

Here, we learn, is where the Government experts have blazed the way. Finding a sunken vessel is analogous to locating pinnacle rocks in navigable waters. For this the Coast Survey has invented a wire drag by which it is possible to sweep wide areas. Of this the account says:

In substance, the apparatus is virtually the skeleton of a seine without the binding meshwork. The two outer ends of the drag are connected to towing launches which draw the drag forward in a wide, sweeping curve. As soon as a strike is made, surface-buoys straighten out like the sides of an angle, their point of meeting being above the sunken obstruction.

Admiral Chester's argonauts sailed away from New York armed with wire drags, and part of the flotilla consisted of two oyster dredges of the gasoline-driven sort common in Long Island Sound. These boats will draw the drags and do the initial subaqueous exploratory work.

In practise, the Government experts have found it feasible to operate the wire drag in deep water at a speed of something like a mile and a half an hour. In open water

JIM HENRY CORRESPONDS

I asked to be checked up on my statement if I appeared to run wild in my enthusiasm. A man out West thought he had me—sent in a hot shot and started something; and incidentally found out something new about shaving. Like other public men, I print the letters.



Jim Henry

The Hot Shot

GERHARD MENNEN CHEMICAL CO.,
Newark, N. J.

Gentlemen:

Your Jim, who wrote that blithe page in *The Saturday Evening Post*, is all wrong. He says: "My English may not be there, but the facts are straight." Which I wish to remark that his English is not only "there" but way out "here." It's direct action English with a regular Kipling kick.

But slip this to Jim, along with my kindest regards. Lather doesn't soften the beard. It hardens it. (I drew blood that time—what?) The soap takes the oil out of the hair, and makes it stiffer, the idea being to resist the razor and be easier to cut! Now if the beard were real soft, the razor wouldn't cut it at all. But the stiffer the lather makes it, the better it is. The lather props it up for the big killing. You know you couldn't cut a chicken's head off with the sharpest axe unless you rested the head on a block. Get me?

Also—just to make Jim feel good—my beard is one of the *other* kind—I've *always* had to rub the lather in, and past experience makes me mighty dubious about that "only half-an-inch-of-cream" stuff.

Merrily yours,
WILL DAVIS.



The Come-Back

MR. WILL DAVIS,
The Thinkograph, Lick Bldg.,
35 Montgomery St.,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Dear Bill:

Your Bret Harte broadside from the Golden Gate is what we like because it gives us a chance to lay some more facts before you.

Now listen. We *might* counter by saying that if the function of lather were to harden instead of soften the hair, then the stiffer and more barb-wiry beards wouldn't need any lather at all.

Mennen's Shaving Cream hasn't made good by accident. The Mennen chemists have produced a real performer because they have overlooked no facts whatever in their careful study of this whole job of shaving—its mechanics, its chemistry, and the real inwardness of soaps. They know more about these things than any one else in the business.

It is true that the lather removes oil and dust from the surface of the hair—which gives the razor a clean surface to bite into. But this is only a part of its job. It is also true—as all dermatologists agree—that the human hair is *pervious to moisture*, and that the more moist a lather is, the greater its effect on the human hair, and consequently the more it softens the hair.

Some soaps will not fully dissolve within the ordinary time of a shave. Mennen's is in a state of ready solubility in the tube, so makes *quickly* a fully dissolved lather. It will also absorb nearly four times the average amount of water. This assures that moist, *softening* lather—in either hot or cold, hard, or soft water.

We believe it is made more carefully than any other soap—our tests run to 1-100 of one per cent and we *know* there is no free caustic. It contains a high percentage of soothing ingredients. When we urge you to follow our directions to the

letter, we do so because it is really different. It's best to believe the painter when you see the "Wet Paint" sign.

The best thing we do is to solve the shaving problem for the man with the "other kind" of beard, like yours.

Yours sincerely,

"JIM HENRY."

Guess You're Right

SAN FRANCISCO, April 14th, 1915

JIM HENRY,
Gerhard Mennen Chemical Co.,
Newark, N. J.

Dear Jim:

Well, I had it coming. I guess you've got the right slant on soap. Every time I shave—I now use Mennen's—I think of how these scientists can puncture a theory until it looks like a sieve. A barber once explained to me with a fine air of probability that soap took out the natural oil and left the hair stiff, etc., like I wrote you. Then came your ad, and I figured I'd just slip this Jimmy boy a little info. I did, and then and there got mine.

Now listen, yourself. I read your circular through twice. Then I forgot everything I ever knew about shaving and went at it exactly according to directions. It was hard to forget the old rubbing-in habit, and the half-inch looked kinda small until the lather came up rich and creamy just as you predicted. It's there, Jim, it's there. I'll take it all back. A little more lather, James. Yes; you can also shave my neck. And while you're at it give me a shampoo. Hair cut? No, I've just been singed.

Sincerely,

WILL DAVIS.

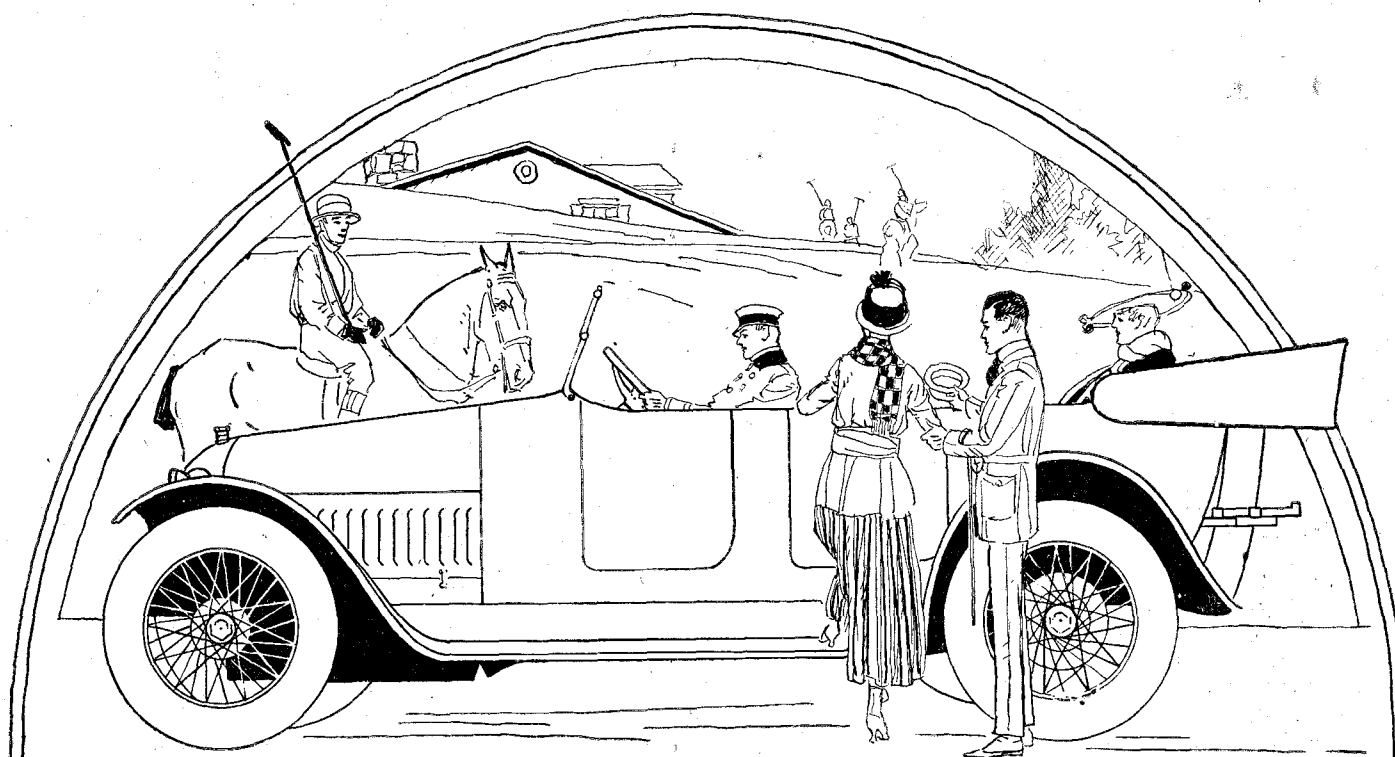
If you are skeptical, too, let's hear from you. The typewriter is still responding to the well-known touch system.

But first send in the coupon, and test my proposition at first hand. And just to meet me half-way, read that little circular and believe me when I say that you will get results.

GERHARD
MENNEN
CHEMICAL CO.
Laboratories:
1619 Orange St.,
Newark, N. J.

Enclosed is 10 cents for which please send me a medium-sized tube of Mennen's Shaving Cream and, free, a trial can of Mennen's Talcum for Men.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____



Pathfinder
the "GREAT"

King of Twelves

*Designed by Feilcke
Built in the shops of Pathfinder*

Seven Passenger Touring Car, \$2750
Clover Leaf Roadster with Concealed Top, \$2900
Special Enclosed Bodies up to \$4800
All f. o. b. Indianapolis
Complete details and catalog on request

To those fortunate ones
Of the earth's elect whose
good taste and sound judge-
ment no less than their wealth,
enable them to command the
utmost of luxury and satisfac-
tion in living, the appeal of
the Pathfinder is irresistible.

"4889 Miles from Coast to Coast in High Gear" is
a new booklet describing a world's record recently made
by a Pathfinder "12" stock car. Ask for it.

The Pathfinder Company
Indianapolis, U S A.

where the bottom is reasonably uniform, as is the case on the sandy sea-bed off the Virginia Capes, no difficulty has been experienced in employing drags 4,000 feet and more long. In this fashion, the treasure-seekers expect to comb the ocean-floor for miles in the neighborhood of where the *Merida* sank.

With the wreck definitely located, then, the diver must take up his part of the task. In no other way can the men at the surface learn how the ship is resting. If she is heeled over so as to lie on her starboard side the problem of recovering the bullion and other treasures will be well nigh prohibitively perilous. The chances, however, are that she rests upon her port, or wounded side, that opposite to the location of the purser's office and his near-by strong room.

This would bring the diver's goal uppermost and reduce by half a hundred feet or more the depth at which he would have to work. This is no small consideration; indeed, it is probably the state of affairs upon which the salvors have counted.

The purser's office on the *Merida* was similar to that of an existing sister ship, the *Mexico*, and was on the saloon deck or the deck flush with the upper line of the hull. Above were the promenade deck and the boat deck. The task for the diver will be to get down upon the wreck and then in those inky waters to fix his own position as a starting point before venturing forward or aft to discover the passageway leading to his ultimate goal. This is bound to be fraught with difficulties.

This is true, we see, because the deeper the water is to work in, the greater the physical hazards for the divers who will try to salve the *Merida's* treasure to battle with. Yet the word "battle" is hardly appropriate, for it suggests struggle, and any violent effort on the part of these daring underwater workers may mean death through physical collapse before they can be brought back to the surface.

And in the way of further difficulties, we are told:

It is not enough that the purser's quarters shall be definitely located nor that a line shall be run from the surface down to that position. The flagship of the flotilla, from which the divers will descend, must be stationed exactly above, with the utmost precision and with a nicety that admits of a maximum movement of only a few inches.

It would be utterly impracticable to try to withdraw the purser's safe and the bullion through existing structural passages. It will be necessary to provide a wide open vertical route so that these weights can be lifted directly to the salvage craft from their present resting-places. Therefore, as soon as the diver has determined the point of attack, the two upper decks will be blown away by means of dynamite set off electrically from the floating base above.

The safe will be raised after it has been strapped in a rope sling. And then there will remain the problem of recovering the four hundred and eight silver ingots. These weigh on an average slightly over seventy-one pounds apiece, and will probably have to be dealt with separately.

Because of their shape, rope slings can not be passed around them, and plainly the divers can not lift them. Therefore, the salvors will have to employ special tongs or grabbing apparatus that will grip the

bars firmly and which the diver will have only to steer into place over each ingot. The hold must be sure, lest a bar drop and kill the workers beneath.

During the operations upon the *Empress of Ireland*, because of the danger of the undertaking (in which one man was lost), the divers never descended alone afterward. They always worked in pairs, and by means of telephones connecting with a central surface attendant they were able to communicate quickly with one another and with the people on the salvage vessel. The same procedure will be adopted in the case of the quest for the *Merida's* treasure.

STRUGGLING OUT OF THE TOILS

OUT of St. Louis comes a story which reads like a modern problem-novel. We have had so many tales of the perils and troubles of a minister, and in so many of them has solution come at an almost too great expense, that when we read of an actual occurrence, it has to be pretty big before we can give it undivided credence and attention. But this one is a really big one, and the columns recently given to it by the *St. Louis Star* and *The Republic*, attest its interest to the people of the Mississippi River city.

There was a minister in the town, a man who had been written up in a national weekly as "the friendliest minister in the United States" and a popular figure in public circles. His name was W. J. Williamson, and he wrote excellent sermons. Moreover, he delivered moving funeral orations, and led in sublime prayers on public occasions—and all the time he was secretly a confirmed tippler. Many of his best pieces of work were done when he was under alcoholic influence. But six months ago he suffered a general breakdown, and had to stop work. The public watched him depart with regret, and all seemed quite as it should be until the following statement appeared in the *St. Louis Republic*:

For fifteen years I labored among you as pastor of one of the churches of St. Louis. Most of those years were spent night and day among all sorts and conditions of men who had no claim upon me as pastor. No pastor was ever more rewarded in precious friendships than I. Few pastors have touched as many sides of life. The call on my time, my energy, my physical, intellectual, and spiritual resources was tremendous. For years I went at such a pace that a taxicab could scarcely follow.

Giving my life, inch by inch, for others, little did I think I was leaving myself resourceless when a moral crisis came into my own life. That crisis came, and for months I was a wrecked man.

With a crash I fell from an eminence—I say it modestly—that is the goal of every man in the American pulpit to-day.

The habit of drink fastened itself upon me, and before I knew it alcohol had conquered me. I know rumors of this have spread among you for months. But few knew how desperately I tried to master the habit, and by God's grace, through the

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More than once we have pointed out that a large per cent of the smokers who buy our Panatela have been buying it regularly for three years and over.

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You won't get tired of the Shivers Panatela if you like it in the first place. If you do not like it in the first place, you are not expected to pay anybody one penny.

Aren't you tired of not trying this cigar?

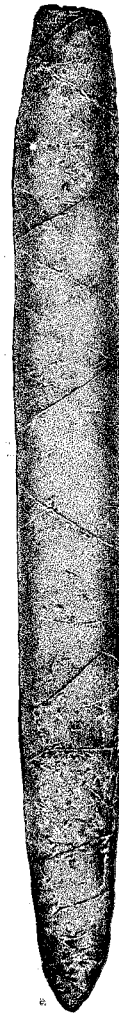
OUR OFFER IS: Upon request, we will send fifty Shivers' Panatelas on approval to a reader of *The Literary Digest*, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at our expense and no charge for the ten smoked if he is not satisfied with them; if he is pleased and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, \$2.50, within ten days.

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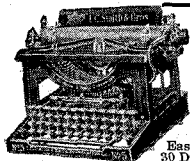
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BROKERS: Write.



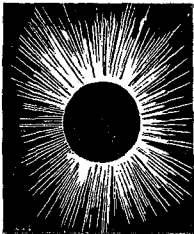
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providential interposition of my brother in Christ, Edward Card, I have mastered it!

Nothing remains for me to do now but to open my heart, my very soul, to the public which for years had accustomed itself to regard me more favorably than I or any other human being deserved.

In this definite way, with sorrow and shame, with contrition and deep penitence, I not only confess my sin toward my Maker, myself, and my countless friends, but beg that as I go West to perfect myself in the way of Christ, I have your prayers that I may yet be spared, through God's mercies, to wield even a greater influence for Christ and the Christian life than I have ever wielded in the past.

My plans for the future are not yet made, but I now live for only one thing—to get on my feet in every possible way, and prove by my fall and my redemption through the mercies of Christ that God still lives and reigns, and will overcome evil for good in the life of any man who merely throws himself before the throne of grace.

That the town was rent in twain by this statement is obvious, yet, strangely enough, a number of his flock, as well as other clergymen knew of his struggle, but they kept his secrets, hoping to aid him. Now that every one knew it, however, the entire tale came out in the public press. We learn, through a newspaper writer who interviewed him, the whole story. The reporter says:

Dr. Williamson assured me that I was the first and only newspaper man he has ever talked with on the subject that for more than a year has scandalized his dearest friends; the subject that cost him the most influential Protestant pulpit in St. Louis; the subject that lost for him a singular leadership in the religious, social, and civic life of the city, and the subject which, I firmly believe, will soon pass out of his wonderful life.

The subject was the drink habit. Dr. Williamson frankly admitted the habit, and then told how he has fought the demon of alcohol, until now he feels sure he will rise from his own moral debris, once more the strong, virile, masterful man St. Louis has known, admired, and trusted for fully fifteen years. He told me how at the psychological moment Edward Card, who founded the St. Louis City Rescue Mission, recently came into his life at the sanitarium and how Card, who is famous for restoring the down-and-outs at his mission, helped him "back to Christ."

Ever since Dr. Williamson retired from public life, I had made up my mind to claim the privilege of an intimate friendship, and I so wrote him, asking for an interview. He did not answer; I was perturbed. I could not understand the reason, until yesterday, when I learned he actually had hovered between life and death about the time I wrote the letter. He had been nearly overcome by the heat. His stomach troubled him seriously, and his fever ran up quite high. When he was at Battle Creek, Mich., I wrote him a letter, expressing my deepest sympathy in his misfortune, and he wrote back a short letter of acknowledgment.

Yesterday afternoon I went to the sanitarium, and insisted with the proper authorities upon claiming my right as a

devoted friend to get Dr. Williamson's statement from his own lips. I suggested perhaps he really was anxious to make such a statement. I had guessed correctly. The interview was arranged.

I rode up to the fourth floor. Dr. Williamson was seated on a small porch, two nurses at his side. Dr. Wilkes wanted him to come into the room.

"No," said Dr. Williamson, "we can talk better here." Turning to me, he said:

"I have wanted to have this talk with you for a long time. I long ago made up my mind that you should have the first statement I was ready to give. Now, what do you want?"

"Doctor," I said, "all I want is what you have to say about these rumors connecting your name with the drink habit. Is it true, that drinking has brought adversity upon you?"

"I admit it," he said.

Then he put his hand upon the porch railing, dropt his head in shame, and wept.

I observed him as closely as I could in the starlight. He appeared a bit older, grayer. Oh, the infinite sadness of his face in the starlight! It was the face of a man coming out of the garden of Gethsemane. Lines were in that face, stamped there by suffering such as only heroic men endure. At times these lines would disappear and in their place would come softer lines indicating some new-found peace.

And a number of side-lights are given by *The Star* on the case of this pastor in the toils of a habit. We read:

Friends of Dr. Williamson had known he was addicted to the drink habit, but he would not say when he began to drink or what were the circumstances surrounding his first downward step. For a long time he was a teetotaler.

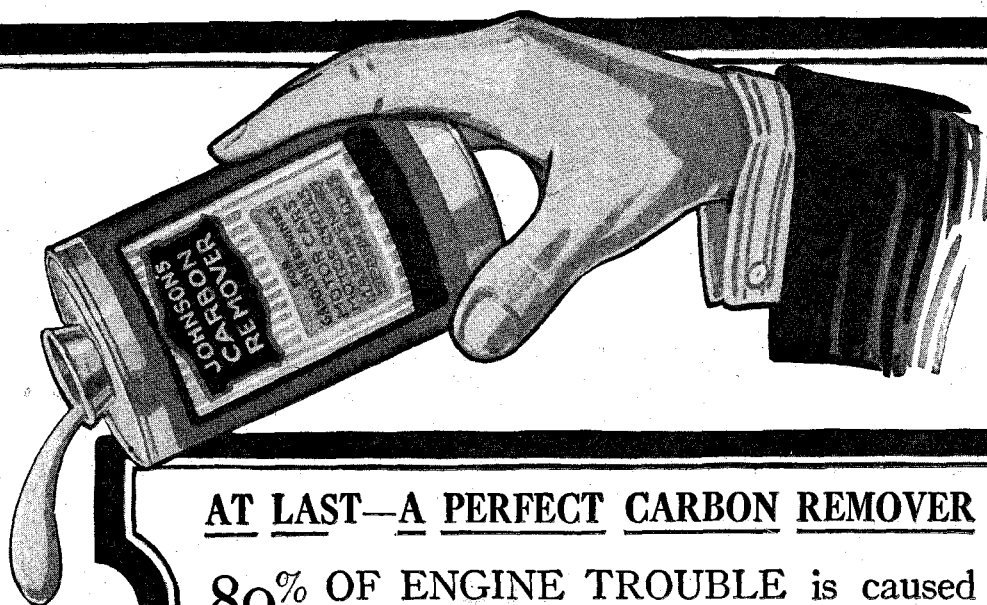
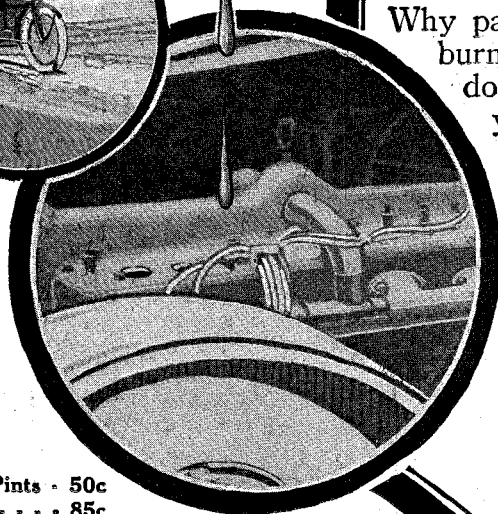
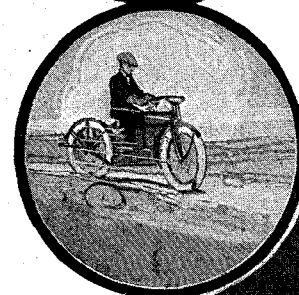
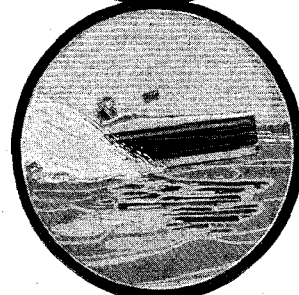
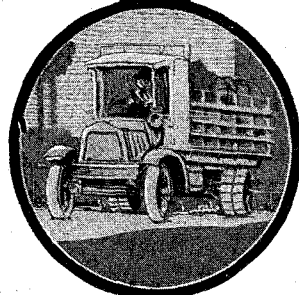
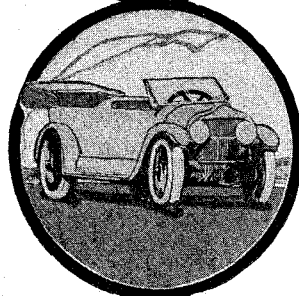
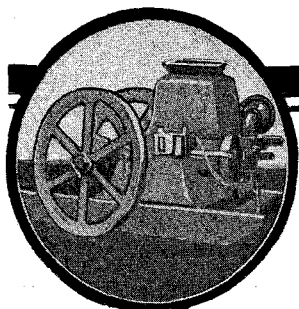
Rev. U. G. Robinson, 3801 Sullivan Avenue, a member of the Third Baptist Church, and for years an intimate friend of Dr. Williamson, told a reporter for *The Star* to-day that some of Dr. Williamson's most eloquent sermons and prayers were delivered when he was under the influence of liquor. He said drink turned Dr. Williamson against some of his friends.

Rev. Robinson talked with very great reluctance.

"Almost every member of the church knew Rev. Williamson had been addicted to the drink habit several years," Rev. Robinson said, "but the church stood by him loyally. The members knew he was making a brave battle against alcohol, but it was apparent he was fighting a losing fight.

"It got so his normal condition was that of an alcoholic. When he made public speeches he drank to put himself in normal condition. At the dedication of a hospital in this city he delivered an eloquent prayer. Some of those who heard it told me it was one of the most eloquent he had ever delivered. It was given while he was under the influence of liquor.

"He wrote a commentary on the Epistle to the Philippians while under the influence of drink. All the time he never lost faith in his religion. Statements to the contrary are false. The trouble was he worked too hard. The public made too many demands on him. He took drink as a stimulant so he could do his work, and it got the better of him.



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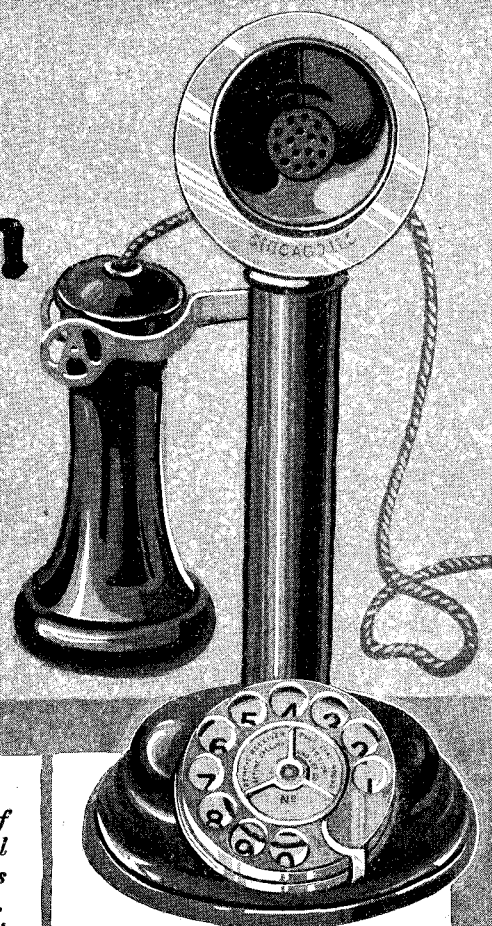
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The time consumed in getting the operator's attention, giving the desired name or number, its repetition by the operator, the making of the connection by cords and plugs, and finally ringing the called party's phone—has been found to average 25 seconds per call. (Keep your watch on the desk in front of you and prove this statement for yourself.)

The AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE requires no operator. Simply lift the receiver—turn the dial at the base of the instrument (see illustration above) for the desired number—and the bell of the called phone rings instantly, automatically and intermittently until the phone is answered or you disconnect by hanging up the receiver.

The maximum time will not exceed 7 seconds—a clear saving of at least 18 seconds on every call. Multiply by 30, the average number of intercommunicating calls per instrument per day—then by the number of telephone users—then by the average wage—and the huge dollars-and-cents value of AUTOMATIC intercommunicating telephone service begins to become apparent.

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"The temptation to drink became overpowering, and it was too much for the physical man to resist. One of the effects of the drink was to make him overfriendly to strangers and unfriendly to his best friends."

A year ago Dr. Williamson departed for a six weeks' training-course at Muldoon's Farm, at Purchase, N. Y., where many broken men have gone. He went there weighing 217 pounds and was fat. He came back weighing 198 pounds and looked strong and hearty.

He again plunged into his work and kept up the old pace for the church and for his friends until the final collapse last February. He then was taken to Battle Creek, Mich., and was in a sanitarium for a time. There he was besieged by friends until it was decided to bring him secretly to the Missouri Baptist Sanitarium and keep him from all visitors. Rev. Robinson brought him back.

Then Rev. Card determined to visit him at the sanitarium. According to Dr. Williamson, it was Rev. Card who showed him the way to overcome the drink habit. Rev. Card has done a great deal of work among the poorer classes of men at the City Rescue Mission.

Dr. Card was refused admission to Dr. Williamson's room several times, but kept insisting that he be permitted to enter. At last he was received.

"We prayed, and since then I have been a different man," Dr. Williamson said. "He came into my life at the psychological moment. Now I know everything will be all right."

Rev. Williamson was in the public eye probably more than any other Protestant clergyman in St. Louis. His sermons and his utterances were widely quoted. Shortly before he left St. Louis to go to a sanitarium he created a sensation at a meeting of the St. Louis branch of the National Security League, by saying President Wilson was the most spineless Executive the country had had since Buchanan.

He modified his statement later, saying the assertion looked pretty strong in print. He said he believed the President had a wonderful character.

When John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was being condemned by union men because of the condition of his employees in Colorado, Rev. Williamson preached a sermon at the Third Baptist Church criticizing "impersonal directors who neglect employees."

Young Rockefeller is a prominent worker in a Baptist church in New York.

Munitions-manufacturing and divorce were condemned in strong sermons at the Third Baptist Church shortly before Dr. Williamson quit his pastorate to take refuge in a sanitarium. The Baptist Church does not believe in infant baptism. Dr. Williamson recommended that some ceremony should be substituted for that service.

Dr. Williamson was active outside the church as well as in it. Once he assisted Chief of Detectives Allender in obtaining the confession of a girl charged with arson. She was Barbara Gladys Arnold, a nurse in Dr. Williamson's family. While the Williamsons were living at the Berlin Hotel, it burned. The Arnold girl was suspected and Chief Allender and Dr. Williamson obtained a confession from her. She later repudiated her confession and, in a sensational trial, was cleared of the charge.

DIGGING ALLIGATORS OUT OF SWAMPS

WHEN sojourning in South Carolina, never go wading in deep and unfrequented swamps. The perils of the Atlantic Coast, sharks or no sharks, are nothing to what may befall you in the lowlands of the Savannah River if you chance to try paddling about in the murky water. Here, truly, is a case of hanging your clothes on a hickory-limb and then settling down for a comfortable nap, high and dry on the bank. For we are told by the *New York Times* that there are alligators to be found in these places, and that only recently one of the finest of them was lured out, and, its confidence gained, was taken off to New York for the Bronx Zoological Gardens. The theory was that an alligator is of more use to society, and certainly of more comfort, in the Zoo than in a swamp. His feeding is much more regular in the cage and his diet more carefully adjusted, and, then again, perhaps the public at large would rather furnish the beast with his daily bread and treacle, or whatever he eats, than allow him to pick up a buffet lunch wherever he can. So Curator Ditmars, of the Bronx Zoo, thought, and the account tells us in addition:

Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars, curator of reptiles, returned recently from the low grounds of the Savannah River in South Carolina, where he went with Keeper George Palmer to catch some reptiles because the European War had cut off the supplies from the Old World and there was danger of race suicide in the reptile-house.

He brought back 560 reptiles, of forty-seven varieties, ranging from a small lizard to the big alligator.

The party had some stirring adventures chasing the reptiles through the cypress-swamps, but the capture of the big alligator was the real thrill of the two weeks' expedition. The thrill wasn't over until the animal was safely in a big pool up in the Bronx, where he keeps company with another alligator hatched from eggs collected fifteen years ago not far from where the new addition was caught.

According to Curator Ditmars, there are not so many alligators down along the Savannah as there used to be.

"Like many other wild creatures threatened with extinction," said Mr. Ditmars, "the alligator is fighting hard for its life. In its battle for existence it has certain advantages over other animals. Its ability to recover from gunshot wounds, unless wounded in a vital part, and its habit of remaining close to sheltering, muddy water constitute important factors in self-preservation.

"Despite the alleged low mentality of reptiles, the alligator appears to have developed a fear of man and of guns equivalent to the sagacity of the modern bear. Throughout the greater part of its former distribution the big reptile has retreated from the rivers and from exposure to hostile observation from boats, and has taken up its abode in swamps that are remote and little disturbed.

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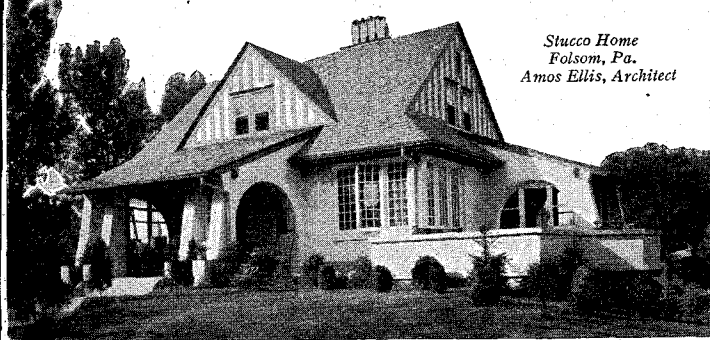
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"On our recent trip we expected to find the alligator almost exterminated, and were not surprised to learn that these reptiles are pretty scarce along the Savannah River and larger bodies of open water. During a series of trips into the dense cypress-swamps, however, the discovery was made that alligators are even yet fairly numerous. They had retreated into these protecting swamps and multiplied in greater numbers than formerly."

The bather who is naturally timid will breathe more freely upon reading that these cypress-swamps where the saurians are caught are of wide extent and almost inaccessible. There is, then, after all, only a slight chance of stumbling on an alligator's nest while out for a matutinal stroll. Furthermore, we learn, the alligators are very shy. While this works for the protection of the unwary man and for the hunter, it adds to the difficulty of the game. Of this the Curator said:

"In making our way toward the pools, it was necessary to go with the utmost care, in order to avoid stepping upon brittle twigs or rustling the leaves of bushes. Their sight is so keen that it was necessary to use bushes and tree-trunks as screens. Coming in this way to a bayou we observed an alligator about eleven feet long sprawling on the bank, with fore and hind feet stretched in abandon. The mouth was open and the eyes appeared to be shut. Near by were about a dozen small specimens, ranging in length from two to four feet. We had consumed about twenty minutes in our stealthy progress to the pool, over the last 100 feet, and we crouched behind an enormous cypress-trunk smothered in vines. One of the party, sinking in the ooze, threw out an arm to save himself. On the instant it seemed that every alligator in the bayou had received an electric shock. The big specimen went into the water with a crash, sending up a geyser of muddy spray. The rush of the smaller reptiles was practically simultaneous, and it was followed by the appearance of many infant alligators that had been prowling among the cypress-knees. They came from all directions, running like frightened chicks, seeking the protecting water.

"Our experiences in a number of bayous were quite similar. During one of the excursions we noted an alligator diving into a water-hole not more than six feet in diameter. When we sounded this hole we found it to be five feet deep, with an underwater-tunnel running off at a sharp vertical slope to a distance of twelve feet. Our collecting wagon was not over a mile away, and we returned there for a steel alligator-hook, an ax, and coil of rope.

"A slender young cypress was cut and the hook attached to it. A half-hour's maneuvering enabled us to hook the reptile that was located in that underground retreat. It remained motionless until the hook was firmly caught, then so furiously did it struggle that to drag it out was a herculean task. The hook had penetrated a fore foot, and we brought the animal to the surface for a view of its size and to determine upon methods for its subjugation.

"A noose was made, the creature was again hauled out, when the rope was slipped over his jaws, a loop thrown around

and behind his fore feet, and thence over the jaws again. Then we tied the reptile to a cypress-tree and made ready to bind him more securely. The struggles of the alligator were fast and vigorous. We worked on a platform of bark hastily torn from a decaying tree, and which prevented our sinking to our knees in the swamp. Between showers of mud thrown by the alligator's tail we looped the creature's jaws in a way to form a rope muzzle, with about ten feet attached for pulling.

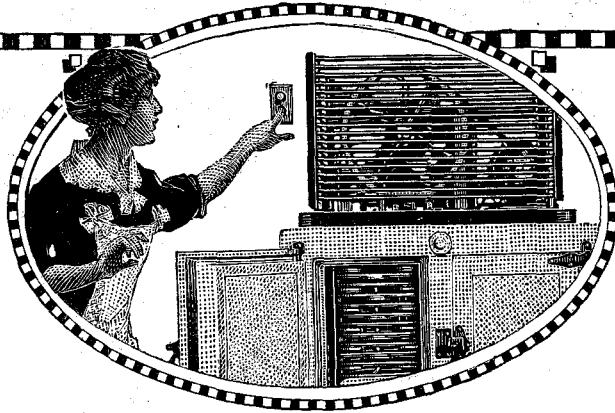
"We hauled him a full quarter mile out of the thicker part of the swamp, thence led the wagon a tortuous route between the trees to meet the captive. Lifting the animal to the wagon we bound him to the floor upon paddings of Spanish moss, then drove ten miles over corduroy roads to the pine-lands and our collecting base.

"We had rented a house as our camp, and, having no cage for the alligator, were in doubt what to do with him until morning when a shipping-crate could be built. Our troublesome specimen was eight feet long and about 200 pounds in weight. Threatening to destroy the wagon and hissing furiously, he caused us some anxiety until the idea occurred of locking him in our best bedroom. With much prudence we moved out furniture and baggage before the alligator went in. His initial struggles with his new surroundings shook the house and a blow of his head loosened the door-fastenings. But the room held him, and the next morning a crate was built for his shipment north."

A TOWN THAT WILL BE WIPED OUT

THE world shudders when a flood wipes out a village or a small city; we think of the waste and the frightful loss and the destruction of property, but when man wipes out a town of his own free will, we think it only a mark of the wonderful progress the world is making. Longfellow wrote in "Evangeline" of the hundreds of simple peasants who were taken from their homes and scattered over the countryside, forced by the Government to find new homes. We wept salt tears over their fate. Now the Government is doing the same thing with the inhabitants of the little town of Gilboa, in Schoharie County, at the gateway to the Catskills, and if a native happens to complain and protest against removing, we call him selfish and a foe to progress. All this is because the new water-supply for New York City must come partly from the Schoharie watershed, and that means taking the Schoharie River. But Gilboa, says an account in *The Knickerbocker Press* (Albany), does not object so much to the Commission's taking her river away. What she *does* balk at is that it is going to build a dam at the north end of the village, and the water, backing up, is going to submerge the entire locality. Homes of men will be buried forever beneath many feet of water. That is why the natives have to move. *The Press* tells us:

Schoharie County looks with disapproval

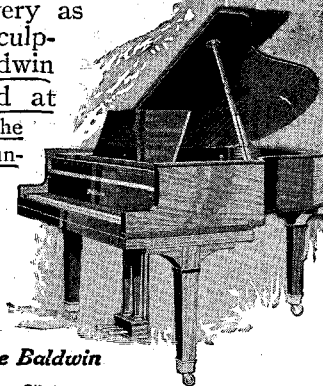


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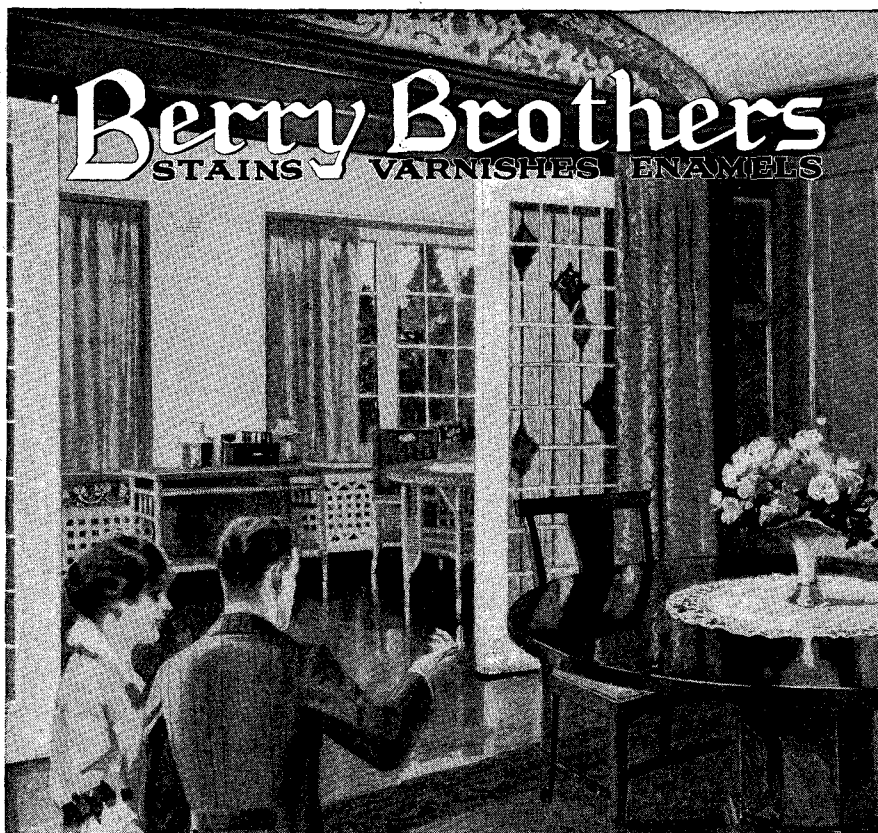
ALTHOUGH its creator was unknown, the Venus de Milo was hailed immediately upon its discovery as the world's greatest sculpture. Likewise, the Baldwin Piano when exhibited at the Paris Exposition was the product of comparatively unknown makers but it was awarded the Grand Prix and was declared "hors concours" (beyond competition.) True genius proclaims itself. It needs no pedigree.



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and regret upon the alienation of the waters of its famous stream, for economic as well as sentimental reasons. Winding its way through the historic old valley, the stream has been the irrigator of its farm-lands from the memory of the first settler, and has contributed immeasurably to the fertility of its soil. Sentiment, which weaves many romances along the river's course from the time the first Dutchman built his house on its banks in 1700 and the red man first paddled his canoe its length, speaks strongly against the river's diversion and practical elimination so far as the Schoharie valley is concerned. And this is what the plan of New York City means, according to the admission of J. Waldo Smith, chief engineer of the board of water-supply, during a hearing at Schoharie in March. Where once the pure waters from their source in the Catskills flowed leisurely on to their union with the Mohawk, there will be only the surface waters of little tributaries gathered in little pools here and there, impotent to unite and take the place of the stream that was.

Schoharie perhaps could forgive the taking of its river, but it finds it difficult to reconcile itself to the destruction of one of its most thriving the small communities which the pursuit of New York city's plans means. To use the waters of the Schoharie, a dam 150 feet wide and 155 feet high is to be built at the northern part of the village and the water thus checked will go into a reservoir of 1,200 acres area, with a capacity of 20,000,000-000 gallons, to be constructed in the heart of Gilboa village and completely obliterating it. The village will be submerged by the waters that once went their way peaceably down the valley.

In spite of the fact that the village is removed from the railroad, we learn, it has always been rather a thriving manufacturing center, especially in the early days. The first settlers included one progressive soul whose first move was to build a grist-mill there, and later he was followed by a number who found that the supply of bark in the neighborhood made the tanning-industry extremely profitable. A later pioneer turned his attention to the manufacture of potash, constructing a pottery. Thus Gilboa got its early start with several kinds of industries. Furthermore, we are told:

Many of the stirring scenes of the Antirent War were enacted near Gilboa, and the Gilboans were prominent actors in the small revolution that shook the towns in the southern part of the county. Professor Albert C. Mayham tells this incident in an article on the rent-troubles:

"The year 1844 witnessed a radical change in the methods of the antirenters, for legal and political action seemed to avail them little. Members of their organization now formed themselves into 'Indian' bands, and, wearing disguises, prepared to resist all efforts to collect rents. In the spring of that year, Gen. John S. Brown, then sheriff of Schoharie County, and Tobias Bouck, undersheriff, came to Blenheim, a short distance from Gilboa, with writs of ejectment against a large number of tenants. They put up at Fink's tavern and were royally entertained. In the evening, while the officers and a few friends were enjoying a quiet smoke in front of the blazing hickory-logs, the door

suddenly opened and in rushed fifty strong men disguised as Indians. Instantly all was confusion. Bouck, who was a powerful man in the full vigor of middle life, sprang behind the bar. Swinging an ax, he threatened to kill any man who dared approach him. Stephen Perry, a young man of phenomenal strength and a cousin of Captain Perry, of Lake Erie fame, bounded over the bar and grappled with Bouck. In a fierce struggle, Perry wrenched the weapon from the officer and threw him bodily over the bar, where he was seized, thrown upon the floor, and held until he asked for his release. Sheriff Brown, being a much older man, was easily secured.

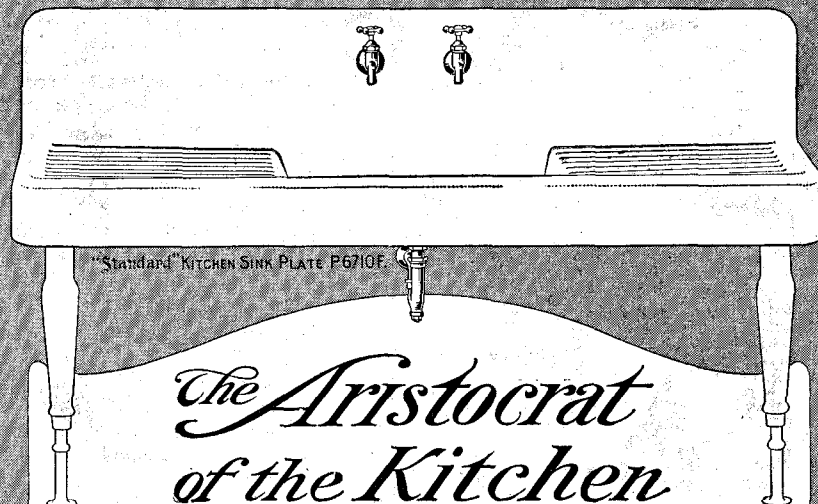
"Both officers were taken to a lonely spot on the West Kiln, some miles away. A fire was kindled, the Indians formed in a circle, the officers brought within the ring and compelled to burn all papers, writs, and other documents relating to the collection of rents. A blood-curdling war-hoop completed the ceremony, the prisoners were returned to the tavern, and the Indians dispersed."

SUNDAY DRIVING ONCE—AND NOW

DO you remember how on a Sunday afternoon after everybody had been to church in the morning, and had come home and eaten a fill of stewed chicken and warm biscuits and cherry-pie, that grandpa used to hitch up Kitty for an afternoon drive, and bring her around to the gate? And then you used to get in gingerly, for fear she would start off abruptly, and, curling up beside the bearded driver, used to draw the odorous lap-robe around your belt, and start for the country roads and hill-slopes? Do you remember—will you ever forget—the taste of warm, sweet elderberries picked at the roadside, or the celestial coolness of a drink from a moss-edged spring, brought to you in the tin cup that they always kept under the rear seat with the storm-curtains for the surrey?

If you have any such memories, treasure them zealously, for the family horse is passing, and, like the glory that was Rome's, the gaiety and splendor of the surrey is seen no more along the highways. Nowadays, we have it on the authority of a writer in the *Indianapolis News*, the family pours in the gasoline and away they go at the wheel, in a whirl of dust, for the next county. It's a motor age. Dinner at home, and tea—nowadays lots of people can't get along without tea—tea in the next town, seventy miles away. It's the way of the world. The account of the change tells us, in part:

Already the automobile has become the vehicle of family history. You know how it used to be, how the family was forever recalling the days of Old Pet, or Selim, and how the mention of the old family horses inspired prolonged and delightful reminiscences in which the family story jogged along behind the memories of the bays and the blacks and the grays we used to drive. You remember the peculiar understanding that existed between mother and Old Pet, the gray that had a



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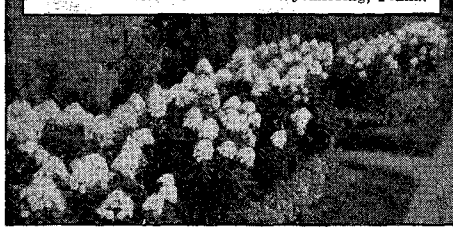


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crooked tail. Mother never would drive any other horse, and cried when the crooked tail was trimmed into an absurdity in an effort to make it look straight. You did not care much for Old Pet yourself, perhaps, for she was an ambling sort of creature, but those Saturday-morning drives in the country with mother holding the reins had a charm that lingers about the memories of that little gray mare. As for Selim, Mother never understood the dainty black's impetuous ways, and could not be persuaded to drive him. By the time Red became the family horse the children were beginning to drive by themselves and not just hold the ends of the reins, and it is a wonder that Red lasted as long as he did. He was a tough one tho, that slender, black-nosed little bay, and kept his own independence through many years of trials that would have lessened the courage of another horse. Queen, the big dappled, cream-colored mare with the wavy white mane and tail, came after Red, and you remember that father almost sold her to every circus that came to town, and then Boy was the last and perhaps the best of them all. He was a real horse, father used to say. Boy came from Kentucky, and was as proud, and as gentle, and as gay, and as wise as a thoroughbred should be. That is the way the story used to travel.

Life in the old times was a succession of horses, and, as we are told, the tale winds about from one to another, taking in the individualities of each, much like when you were very young and learned the verses about the British rulers—you know the one, "First William the Norman, and William, his son, . . ." and each ruler had a definite association in the juvenile mind. And the horses, tho varied, were largely similar. But nowadays, with the motor, there seems to be no similarity between the first stubby car, with scrawny springs and wobbly wheels, with a rattle and a bang as it chug-chugged down the road, and the silent giant one buys to-day. The tales travel by automobiles now, with many a gap and chasm between the representatives of the clan. We read:

Automobiles seem, somehow, to take the family along more swiftly and through stranger ways. There was not so much difference, after all, between Old Pet and Boy, but the new automobile seems in no way related to the funny little long-handled first one. And while the family grew very slowly during the years of the family carriage, it has become, with weddings, and colleges, and professions, smaller and smaller with the most unpleasant rapidity during the years it has traveled in automobiles. That narrow-chested, complaining, long-handled little one was very soon forgotten in the possession of a grand affair into which we crawled by way of the back door and which wearied us all with its fuss and noise. That one was turned in—for, of course, there is no pleasant pasture for worn-out automobiles—as first payment on a second-hand touring car, a remarkable creation that was forever losing its parts and getting along just as well without them. After that the family rejoiced in the possession of a brand-new car, only to be convinced, before the year was over, that there wasn't really any use at all in having an automomobile if it was not at least a six-cylinder one. And so, as the family has grown smaller, the automobiles have grown larger, the latest vehicle of the family history being a seven-passenger, six-cylinder machine that would have frightened Old Pet out of her wits.

WHEN PEGASUS ACQUIRES A TAXIMETER

It does not always go without saying that the man who rides Pegasus does so because he can not afford shoes to walk in. Nowadays there seems to be less starving poets, less indigent composers, and less shelterless artists than ever before. Adieu the days of "Bohème," farewell the chill garret, and a cordial adios to the six lean week-days followed by one of festival. They are no more. Your author rides in a purple limousine, your artist paints frescoes for the Municipal Theater at ten thousand dollars each, and—wonder of wonders—your poet dies, leaving a comfortable fortune, with real estate, to his heirs! Pegasus has got himself a taximeter, and the shekels flow in as the wheels of poesy revolve. Indeed, Pegasus, strange as it may seem, has taken, in many cases, to laying golden eggs!

The Buffalo Express is moved by the recent death of James Whitcomb Riley, and the announcement of the extent of his estate, to remark:

The news that James Whitcomb Riley left an estate worth \$200,000 will put new heart into a good many verse-makers. They will argue that if Riley could make \$200,000, poetry pays—and they will start in with fresh courage to make poetry, or something that looks, at a passing glance, like poetry. It will take all the business sense of the publishers and all their determination to have guaranties before printing to check this flood of verse.

As a matter of fact, Riley lectured as well as wrote, and he was a popular lecturer, and must have made quite a pretty sum in that way. Again, the poetry he wrote was of a peculiar kind, a kind which brought better returns from the public than most other kinds of poetry. Milton, if he were writing now, might not be so ready a seller as a public favorite like Riley. It is certain that he would not make a fortune by "Paradise Lost" to-day, any more than he did in his own day.

An editorial in the Louisville Courier-Journal lays the success of the modern author, strangely enough, to the automobile. We do not understand how this can be until we read:

It is all because of the automobile business. Not their own "authing," but the automobiling of others makes the authors well-to-do. Nearly \$100,000,000 was spent by automobile-manufacturers for advertising last year. Much of it went to magazines.

"I am not finding fault with these writer-fellows, mind you," the advertising agent of the automobile-concern says. "I am glad to see 'em get what they get, and I think they are entitled to it. I am



The Expression of Quality In a Motor Car

QUALITY, in a motor car, expresses itself in appearance as well as in performance.

It announces itself unmistakably—as good breeding discloses itself in a man or a woman.

You scarcely know why a woman of refinement always seems exquisitely gowned, no matter how simple her attire.

But the moment she enters a room, she is the quiet center of observation.

You scarcely know why you instantly recognize a well dressed man—nothing about him intrudes itself, but everything about him is impressive.

You cannot tell why a silent room speaks to you in eloquent tones of the taste and refinement that designed and decorated it.

True artistry in the attire of a man or a woman, or in the appointments of a room, or in the design of a motor car, consists in blending many small beauties into one beauty.

Judged by this difficult criterion, we believe the new Cadillacs will exceed your highest and most critical expectations.

Cadillacs are beautiful cars to look upon.

The simplicity of design and grace of contour are unmarred by anything which savors of the tawdry or freakish.

The crown fenders blend harmoniously with the pleasing lines of the bodies.

Running boards are clear of encumbrances which mar a clean-cut exterior.

Spare tires are carried at the rear.

You enter the car and alight from it through doors of liberal dimensions.

Door handles are easy of action and so designed that they are not apt to catch the clothing.

Entrance to the driver's seat is facilitated by the hinged steering wheel which swings downward, but is held securely when driving. The tonneau entrance is illuminated at night by an electric light.

As you enter the car you are impressed with the roominess of the interior arrangement. The simple luxury of the appointments is inviting.

Cadillac upholstery is truly a revelation. It represents the most modern developments in thorough comfort-giving qualities. The covering material is plaited over specially designed deep coil springs.

Extreme inequalities of the road are reduced in their effects, to the lowest minimum, while the lesser inequalities are lost in its soft resilience.

Auxiliary seats—in cars so equipped—fold snugly into recesses, out of the way when not in service.

There are convenient pockets in the doors.

In every detail there is striking evidence of the forethought to provide every comfort, convenience and facility which the most exacting could demand.

And, as you relax and rest from the strain and fatigue which motoring may heretofore have imposed, you appreciate more and more the delight and inexpressible charm of owning and driving a Cadillac.

The Type-55 Cadillac will be available with a complete variety of body styles, as follows: SEVEN PASSENGER, PHAETON, ROADSTER and CLUB ROADSTER, \$2080. CONVERTIBLE STYLES: SEVEN PASSENGER, \$2675; VICTORIA, \$2550. ENCLOSED CARS: COUPE, \$2800; BROUGHAM, \$2950; LIMOUSINE, \$3600; LANDAULET, \$3750; IMPERIAL, \$3750. Prices include standard equipment, F. O. B. Detroit. Prices are subject to advance without notice.

Cadillac Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mich.

Champion
"TOLEDO MADE FOR THE WHOLE WORLD'S TRADE"

Dependable Spark Plugs

Why Champions Improve the Performance of these Motors

The Champion Heavy Stone Spark Plug, specially designed and constructed to serve the cars listed here, has been developed through the most exhaustive laboratory tests to give the most efficient service in the particular motors it is designed to serve.

When we designate a certain Champion plug for a particular make of motor you may feel confident of the results.

If you drive one of these cars when you replace your plug with Champions and notice the improved performance of your motor.

And be sure the word Champion is on the porcelain—not merely on the box.

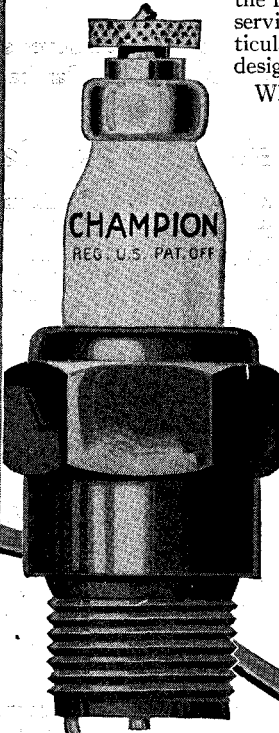
The Champion Heavy Stone Plug will give exceptionally superior results in these motors.

Cadillac	Mercer
Chalmers	National
Chandler	Oldsmobile
Cole	Packard
Haynes	Peerless
Hudson	Pierce-Arrow
Locomobile	Stearns-Knight
Marmon	Stutz

The Champion Guarantee
Absolute satisfaction to the user, free repair, replacement or your money back.

Champion Spark Plug Co.
213 Avondale Ave. Toledo, Ohio

Champion Heavy Stone
7/8-18
Price \$1.25



THE STANDARD DICTIONARY is needed in every American home where education and culture are truly esteemed.

Why Talk Only One Language?

You Can Easily Master French, German, Spanish, or Italian

A Little Spare Time Daily Does It

Stop and think a moment and you will realize the immense advantage possessed by a man or woman who can talk with a stranger in his own language when traveling abroad or when meeting him here at home.

Consider how it will smooth your way socially in a foreign country to be able to converse fluently with people whom you encounter in hotels, on trains or steamboats, or in society.

Never before in the history of this country has a knowledge of foreign languages been as vitally important in business as it is to-day. With the opening up of the immense new trade channels in South America, Spanish in particular is becoming more and more necessary to the handling of big business in this hemisphere.

Thousands of Americans believe they have learned French or German at school, but are painfully surprised at their absolute failure when they try to put their knowledge to practical use in Paris or Berlin. This is due to the fact that they have not learned to *think and talk* in the language concerned.

YOU CAN SOON BECOME FLUENT in French, German, Spanish, or Italian by studying these languages in the one really sensible way

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You can quickly become sufficiently expert to converse comfortably in one or more of these languages by devoting *ten minutes* of your time every day to their study by means of this wonderful system, which teaches you a foreign tongue, as a child learns to speak, by the natural and obvious process of *thinking in it from the first*. Thousands have done this easily and are doing it to-day. YOU can accomplish as much with a minimum of effort. Write NOW for free booklet, "Revolution in the Study and Teaching of Foreign Languages."

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DEAF?

Read What Dr. Harnden Says of the 1917 Acousticon

R. Savor Harnden, M.D., writes us—"The 1917 ACOUSTICON recently received is so perfect as to be almost a new invention. My use of various models for years has shown me that the relief and joy of those who talk with the deaf is perhaps the strongest evidence of the value of your marvelous instrument."

The unstinted praise of 250,000 satisfied customers and many letters like the above from eminent physicians lead us to urge you and every deaf person, entirely at our risk, without a penny of expense, to give the 1917 ACOUSTICON a thorough trial in your own home, absolutely and entirely

NO DEPOSIT FREE NO EXPENSE

All you need to do is to write saying that you are deaf and will try the ACOUSTICON. The trial will not cost you one cent, for we even pay delivery charges.

WARNING! There is no good reason why every one should not make as liberal a trial offer as we do, so do not send money for any instrument for the deaf until you have tried it.

The ACOUSTICON has improvements and patented features which cannot be duplicated, so no matter what you have tried in the past, send for your free trial of the ACOUSTICON today and convince yourself—you alone to decide. Address

General Acoustic Co. 1302 Candler Bldg. New York
Toronto, Ont. Office, Royal Bank Bldg.

merely explaining why short-story writers and novelists are prosperous to-day. And I know what I'm talking about, for I spend \$180,000 a year myself for advertising."

A man who can spend \$180,000 a year, even a man who can spend that much for advertising, which is about the best investment a man can make if he has something to sell, inspires respect. His opinions will be listened to in any crowd. But there are at least two ways of looking at pretty nearly everything. Has it ever occurred to the man who spends \$180,000 a year that he spends it with publications, daily, weekly, and monthly, which have made their reputation, and established their circulation, and created the value of their advertising columns by discriminating selection of the "printed matter" next to which the advertising goes?

The manuscript of "Trilby" was sold for \$50,000 to a publisher who marketed it in book form, without the financial aid of advertisers, and at some expense for advertising the book, in columns made useful by the quality of the matter other than advertising customarily published by their editors.

Authors who achieved popularity made a good deal of money before automobiles were invented and would make a good deal of money if automobile-manufacturers should cease advertising. The advertiser helps the author, and the author helps the advertiser. Let us give credit where credit is due, not forgetting that the author and the advertiser are not the only ones who deserve it. Let us not forget the "administration" of the publication which, despite unavoidable changes in its personnel, from time to time, maintains its standard by picking and paying the right authors—the authors next to whom the advertiser must appear if he would reach the widest audience.

On one page of a recent newspaper is to be found that the estate of the late Stephen Phillips, probably the greatest dramatic poet of his time, amounted to £5—enough to buy a suit of clothes for the chief mourning heir. On another page we encounter an editorial telling us that Thoreau could not sell his diary nor some of his articles to a publisher; yet, to-day, on the list of manuscripts appraised with the estate of J. P. Morgan is the diary manuscript, valued, if we mistake not, at \$50,000! And here comes an editorial from the Rochester Herald apropos of Amy Lowell, the poetess. What are we to think of the rewards of Pegasus, anyhow, when we read:

Miss Amy Lowell, the sister of the president of Harvard University, and a writer of both prose and verse, declared recently that no poet or other writer should be paid for his or her work, but should earn his or her living by means of some occupation other than writing.

There is nothing original in Miss Lowell's declaration, for it has been made before. The time was, not so long ago, when not a few publishers were wont to say the same thing, until Ambrose Biercé, stung them with that caustic pen of his by saying that he had never heard of any publisher of writers' wares who had ever suggested that a publisher should earn his living by any other means than publishing. It is an exceedingly pleasant occupation for some

26 EXTRA FEATURES
73 NEW CONCEPTIONS

Mitchell
MID-YEAR
MODEL

20% EXTRA VALUE
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EFFICIENCY

John W. Bate Tells Experts How to Build Luxurious Cars

John W. Bate's definition of efficiency is this: "Doing everything in the best way that anybody knows."

The Mitchell car, in every detail, exemplifies that idea. Mr. Bate has spent years in our shops to insure this. And he spent one year in Europe to see if any foreign experts did anything better than he did.

Let us illustrate how that principle was applied to the bodies on the Mid-Year Mitchell.

257 Models Examined

Mitchell bodies—open and closed—are designed by artists, and built by experts in the body-building art.

Mr. Bate's instructions to them were: "First learn all that others know. Start with that, then add the best you can."

So these experts examined 257 new models. They studied all of the latest productions, European and American. Not a new idea, not a dainty touch escaped them.

Then they designed the six body styles for the Mid-Year Mitchell. Some of them have just been finished. Each is exquisite and complete. Not a luxury is missing.

You will find in these the apex of the body-building art.

Now Two Cars in One

One modern idea has met a long-felt want. That is, the all-season models—cars for all weathers in one.

The Springfield type is a Sedan, with disappearing plate-glass sides. In the Mitchell this is a luxurious car with seats for seven. With the windows down it becomes a Touring Car. So you have what you want, any hour of any day—a Touring Car or a Sedan.

The Cabriolet is a 3-passenger Coupe. But the top falls back and the windows drop. Then you have an open Roadster.

Even in the Mitchell Limousine all windows are made to drop. Also in the Mitchell 4-passenger Coupe. They are all open-air cars when the weather is inviting.

As for other attractions, we must ask you to see them. They are numbered by the score. All that you see in other cars

are here, and some that you never saw. Even the Mitchell Touring Car has 26 extra features.

Mr. Bate's 40-Year Cars

The Mitchell is the only car built under Mr. Bate's efficiency methods. It is built in a factory which he designed, by machinery which he installed. And by methods which have cut our factory cost in two.

Because of these economies it offers much extra value—at least 20 per cent, we believe. It embodies many costly features which other cars omit. It is built to standards which would be impossible—at the Mitchell price—without this factory efficiency. To every part Mr. Bate has given at least 50 per cent over-strength.

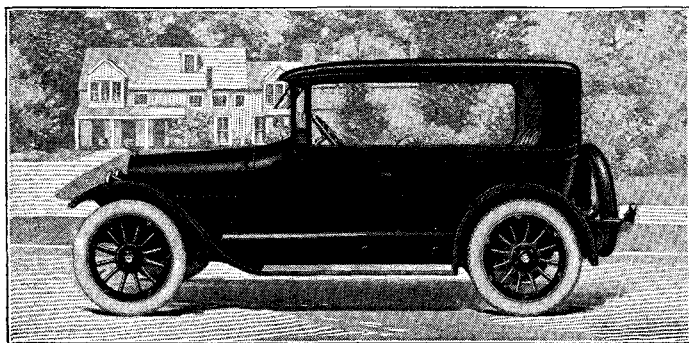
As a result, two Bate-built Mitchells have already run over 200,000 miles each. That's forty years of ordinary service. Seven of them have averaged over 175,000 miles each. We seem to have a lifetime car, which Mr. Bate has aimed at.

Your Mitchell dealer can prove to you that the ablest engineers are now buying Mitchell. He will show you a list of them—men of nation-wide fame. We believe that one hour spent inspecting this car will bring you to the Mitchell too. In a single year the demand for this car has trebled.

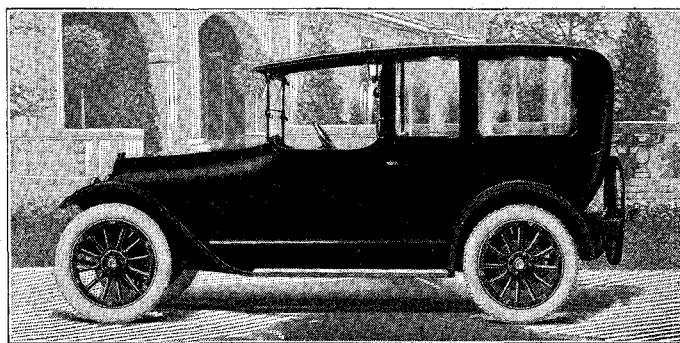
Go see what John W. Bate has done. Do this in justice to yourself.

\$1325 F. o. b. Racine
For 5-Passenger Touring Car or 3-Passenger Roadster
7-Passenger Touring Body \$35 Extra
Equipped with Demountable Top Only, \$300 Extra
High-speed economical Six; 48 horsepower; 127-inch wheelbase. Complete equipment including 26 extra features.
Also Five Types of Closed Bodies.

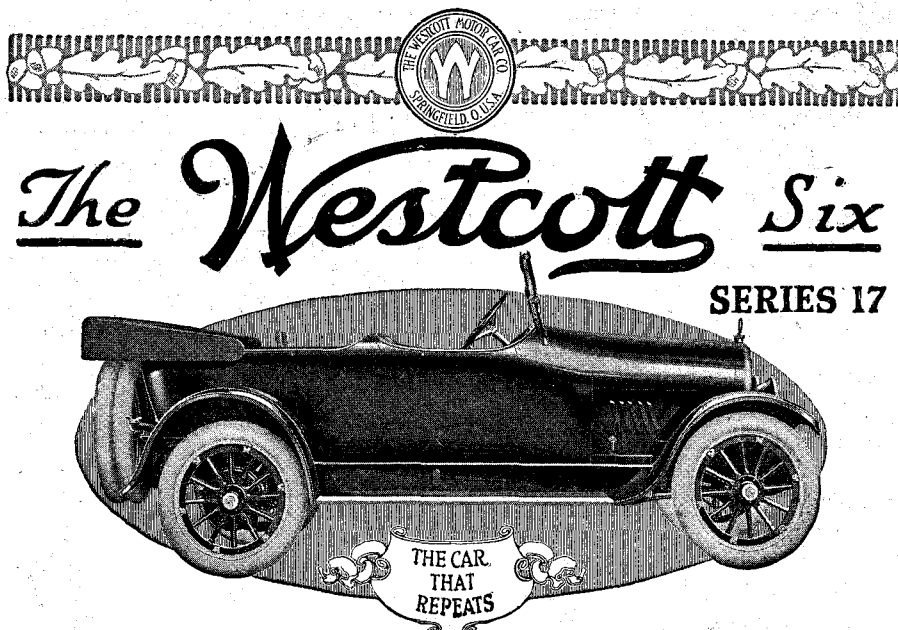
MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc., Racine, Wis., U. S. A.



Mitchell Sedan, the Springfield type of body with windows down. An open touring car or a plate-glass Sedan. A minute will change it from one to the other. Price \$1985, f. o. b. Racine.



The Mitchell Limousine—7-passenger—with more luxuries, conveniences and comforts than you have ever seen in a closed car. Price \$2650, f. o. b. Racine.



For the Man who Wants a Better Car

IN YOUR SEARCH for a better car you will find nothing more worthy of your serious consideration than the Westcott Six, Series 17—an automobile that establishes new standards for sixes of the light-weight tendency.

Intelligent scrutiny of the Westcott Specifications will satisfy you that here is one case in which the benefits resulting from increased output have been utilized for the improvement of the best that has gone before, rather than for the reduction of the price. This fact alone is significant.

Power, speed, luxury, beauty—all the essentials of motor car satisfaction are here to a degree that you had not thought possible in any but the very heavy cars. The acceleration is instantaneous; the range of speed is elastic from one mile upward to the limit of sane driving; the control is instinctive; the element of safety is predominant.

If you aspire to a car of these characteristics write for our catalog containing complete specifications in detail and for the address of the Westcott Dealer in your vicinity.

Four Passenger Cloverleaf Roadster, \$1500 Seven Passenger Touring Car . . . \$1690
Five Passenger Touring Car . . . \$1500 Complete line of closed bodies to be announced

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By **COUNT PAUL VASSILI**

IN THIS VOLUME, written in frank and pungent style, is embodied the author's unrivaled experiences of the inner social and political life of France during the last fifty years. He opens his reminiscences with the meteoric reign of Napoleon the Third and his lovely Andalusian wife, the Empress Eugénie, and closes them "the day before yesterday" as it were.

"There is here much first-hand and entertaining gossip about the celebrities and notoriety of French society during the author's time."—*The Sun, New York.*

"Contains much that is momentous in history, simply and frankly told."—*The Evening Post, Chicago, Ill.*

"No man of the era which closed with the downfall of Napoleon III. had better opportunity for close investigation than did this diplomat, whose missions, mostly of a semi-official nature, were many, taking him to all the courts of Europe."—*The Globe-Democrat, St. Louis, Mo.*

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people who are in a high station in life to tell other people what they ought to do, and a great many of these people are very much like Frank Sanborn's conception of the Yankee as a man who liked to do good and to get paid for doing it.

If Miss Lowell had said that no writer should write merely for money, we should have agreed with her, for no truly great writer ever has done so. But if writers had never been paid for their work, how much writing would we have had of much pith and moment? We should have had the works of Plato, and Goethe, and of few other great writers who had private means, but we should not have had the works of Shakespeare, or Molière, or Cervantes, or of two-thirds of the writers who are most worth while. Writers have usually been paid sums which look ridiculously small to others who are not writers, sums which often look ridiculously small to the writers themselves, but a majority of them would have starved if they had received no wage for their toil. It is true that a great many of them have had other occupations than writing, but it is equally true that their writing often suffered in consequence.

AMERICA'S INEPT PLACE-NAMES

THE men who lay out towns nowadays lose sight of everything but utility, and, as a consequence, we have our national capital full of thoroughfares called by such lovely and suggestive terms as A Street, M Street, 18th Street, and so forth, when we have all the statesmen, all the patriots, all the anniversaries to name a dozen citiesful of streets. And similarly, we have hundreds of natural objects scattered through the country, as well as fine old cities, clothed with the most sordid of appellations. How much fairer is Indian Falls, as a village name, than Martinville? Do you prefer Stillwater, as a place to live, to the same place if it were called Taft Corners?

In the Minneapolis *Journal* the editorial writer breaks out in indignation at the tendency to name our lakes and localities after people of political or local prominence. He tells us:

"In Glacier National Park, Montana, are peaks bearing such names as Rising Wolf Mountain, Bear Head Mountain, Going-to-the-Sun Mountain, Red Eagle Mountain, Almost-a-Dog Mountain.

"In the same park are noble summits disfigured with such appellations as Stimson Mountain, Pinchot Mountain, and it is proposed to rename some crest with a sonorous or suggestive Indian name after our present inconsequent Secretary of the Navy. No wonder the Blackfeet Indians protest.

"As one goes west across Montana, from the vast convex of the great plains there rises southward a mass called the Bear Paw Mountain, while a little farther rise upon the north the Sweet Water Hills. How euphonious, even poetic, are these names!

"There are in Montana counties named Silver Bow, Deer Lodge, and Beaver Head, but even Montana could not get off without naming one county the eternal Cass. Just why there should be a Cass County in about every Western State no one

knows, for Lewis Cass is now all but forgotten.

"But the practise of disfiguring a noble landmark with the ugly cognomen of a piffling politician should be sternly repressed. The propensity is no more than the grown-up edition of the small boy's itch to scribble his name on the back of the barn. Henry Stimson, a worthy gentleman, was a good Secretary of War. But if he fancies that his family name is beautiful, his taste is small and his vanity great. Stimson is so ugly a word, indeed, that the mountain cursed by it ought to become a volcano in order to blow its own head off.

If these politicians had their way, they would rechristen the Sierra Nevada the Woodrow Wilson Range, call the Cascades the William Howard Taft Mountains, change the Bitter Root to Elihu, style the Colorado River the W. J. Bryan, our own Red River of the North, or that of the South, the J. Ham Lewis Stream, and designate Great Salt Lake as Reed Smoot Pond.

Why should a politician be allowed to perpetuate his prosaic name by disgracing a splendid peak already differentiated by an appropriate Indian appellation that preserves some tradition or betokens some natural peculiarity?

Thank Heaven, Seattle was called after a "big Injun chief," and curses on the perversity that insists on changing Mount Tacoma into Rainier!

Our grandchildren are going to be more critical than we. They will better cherish their folk-lore and will have more regard for their America. When they run across Mount Josephus Daniels and William Jennings Bryan Gulch, they will scoff at their grandfathers' taste. We hope they will do better still—take the Stimson and its stigma off one grand summit and restore the picturesque old Blackfoot Indian name.

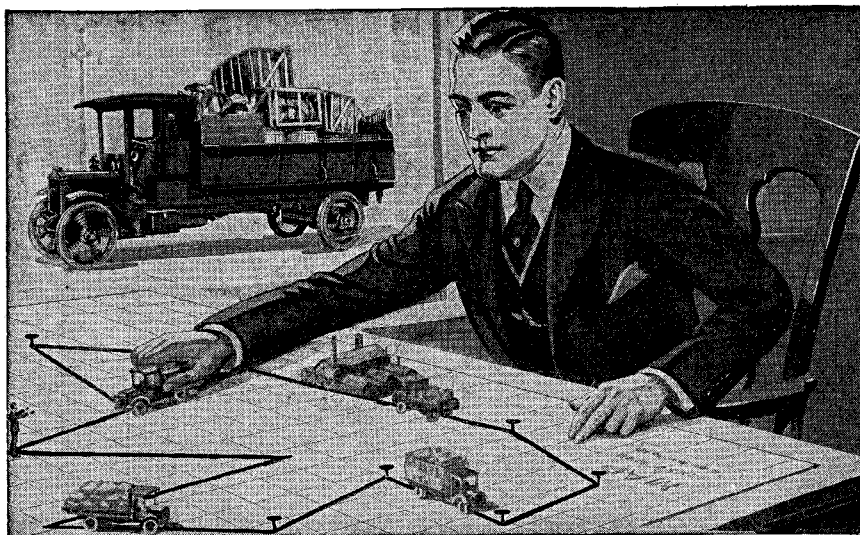
THE QUIET LIFE OF A MOVIE HEROINE

IF you are intending to be an actress on the stage, you need never burn the midnight oil doing Delsarte or dumb-bell drill. Nothing will ever happen to you that demands greater physical endurance than perhaps a brutal short notice that the show is going to close. But suppose in your heart of hearts you nourish the desire to become a screen star—a second "Pauline," or "Elaine," or "Helen," or whoever it is who has all the perils, exploits, and hazards. Then you will have to prepare, for, like Gilbert's policeman's, "a movie actress's life is not a happy one!"

A writer in the New York *Sun* goes to some length telling of a few of the things that the movie heroine may be expected to do. He jumps into the worst right at the start:

One way of earning a living is by jumping from one speeding train to another; by riding motor-cycles off open draw-bridges; by running pell-mell over moving freight-trains, only to cluch an overhead cable and to hang suspended in mid-air; by grappling with an infuriated man in the cab of an onrushing locomotive, and in a hundred ways risking life and limb.

This is what scores of motion-picture



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INCREASE your earnings by studying your territory closely.

Reach over there—say twenty-five miles away—to the man who would buy your goods if you could deliver frequently and in any quantity.

Utilize Motor Trucks as a dependable means of building up new business, for adding to your active area of operations.

Federals give you rapid, economical haulage at any distance—with Federals you can add personal transportation to your measure of service.

Let us send you records of what others in your business are saving with Federals. Write for the New "Blue Book of Traffic."

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STANDARD DICTIONARY superiority quickly becomes plain to the man or woman who investigates.

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Professor John Wright Buckham, D.D.

See The Homiletic Review for October

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A ready book to explain all words in the French language and to immediately supply the French equivalent of an English word and the English equivalent of a French word by a system of two vocabularies. Bound in cloth, 50c net.

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Salt Mackerel

CODFISH, FRESH LOBSTER



FAMILIES who are fond of FISH can be supplied DIRECT from GLOUCESTER, MASS., by the FRANK E. DAVIS COMPANY, with newly caught, KEEPPABLE OCEAN FISH, choicer than any inland dealer could possibly furnish.

We sell ONLY TO THE CONSUMER DIRECT sending by EXPRESS RIGHT TO YOUR HOME. We PREPAY express on all orders east of Kansas. Our fish are pure, appetizing and economical and we want YOU to try some, payment subject to your approval.

SALT MACKEREL, fat, meaty, juicy fish, are delicious for breakfast. They are freshly packed in brine and will not spoil on your hands.

CODFISH, as we salt it, is white, boneless and ready for instant use. It makes a substantial meal, a fine change from meat, at a much lower cost.

FRESH LOBSTER is the best thing known for salads. Right fresh from the water, our lobsters simply are boiled and packed in **PARCHMENT-LINED CANS**. They come to you as the purest and safest lobsters you can buy and the meat is as crisp and natural as if you took it from the shell yourself.

FRIED CLAMS is a relishable, hearty dish, that your whole family will enjoy. No other flavor is just like that of clams, whether fried or in a chowder.

FRESH MACKEREL, perfect for frying, **SHRIMP** to cream on toast, **CRABMEAT** for Newburg or deviled, **SALMON** ready to serve, **SARDINES** of all kinds, **TUNNY** for salad, **SANDWICH FILLINGS** and every good thing packed here or abroad you can get direct from us, and keep right on your pantry shelf for regular or emergency use.

With every order we send **BOOK OF RECIPES** for preparing all our products. Write for it. Our list tells how each kind of fish is put up, with the delivered price, so you can choose just what you will enjoy most. Send the coupon for it now.

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Please send me your latest Fish Price List.

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actresses and actors do every day with hardly the wink of an eyelash in the performance of the stunts.

Patrons of the pictures are so familiar with scenes depicting rough-riding, descents of mountainsides on horseback, and leaps from cliffs in which the rider falls clear of the mount that they never stop to think of the real danger incurred by those actors who dare so much for the silent drama.

Of course, there are certain pictures in which the danger is faked. But these pictures are almost equally balanced by the kind which depicts a real danger encountered to accomplish the desired result.

"When I first began to jump off moving trains," said Helen Holmes, when asked for her impressions of daredevilism in the films, "I must confess I was somewhat timid, but now I take it as something which must be done to complete the picture."

"In one picture in which I worked about six months ago I went through the action with my heart in my mouth, and, for a moment at least, I felt like quitting. It was a railroad picture in which I was to drive a big engine across a bridge which was to be blown up as the engine reached the middle."

"A torpedo on the track, about twenty feet from the spot where the dynamite charge was placed to wreck the bridge, was to give me my signal to dive from the cab to the river thirty feet below. From the moment that the engine reached the wooden trestle I kept thinking what would happen if the torpedo did not go off and I should be carried down into the wreckage."

"The run of about thirty yards seemed interminable, but everything worked according to plans and I made the dive safely, but I was shaking like a leaf when fished from the river. I was so frightened I could hardly keep myself afloat."

True, after you are used to it, risking your neck seems quite a matter of course. It is, we are told, much like the experiences of an aviator. The first trip which that interesting gentleman takes is fraught with many sensations of how disagreeable it would be to find himself suddenly catapulting through the ether with no particular place marked out for landing. He is very cautious and makes only slight ascents and safe descents. But before very long he is making spirals and looping the loop 2,000 feet in the air with all the nonchalance of a matinee idol, balancing a teacup at a Bernard Shaw *causerie*. We learn about another cinema actress:

Marion Swayne thought it pretty hard when she was called upon recently to allow herself to be rescued from quicksand on a treacherous bit of picturesque Florida beach. It would not suffice to have her buried in a sand-hole on a solid portion of the beach where she could easily be extricated without danger to herself.

Outside the range of the camera a group of men were ready with planks and ropes to rescue the actress in case the scene as planned miscarried and she should need other help than offered by Bert Delaney, the leading man and hero.

Miss Swayne was reluctant at first to try the scene, but finally consented and timidly went out to the treacherous sand-bar. The feeling of helplessness that came

over her when her feet sank slowly from under her, without means of staying them, alarmed the screen star. As she sank to the waist her features registered a genuine fear, and at this point the camera man began "shooting" the scene while the gallant hero with a stout rope lassoed her.

It required all his strength to drag her from the sands which were engulfing her. When on solid ground again, Miss Swayne, with a tremulous voice, said:

"I suppose on the screen that will look easy, but I don't care to try it over again."

Anna Little had a sensational experience, altho part of it was not done intentionally. Under the direction of Frank Borzage, a glutton for realism, Miss Little was to slide down the side of a cliff some twenty feet high on horseback to escape a band of Indians in pursuit. The ride called for a skilled equestrian, unflinching courage, and a sure-footed horse. It was impossible to rehearse the scene because the director knew that after having gone through it once neither Miss Little nor the horse could be persuaded to repeat the action.

This scene was to be the big thrill in the picture. Much care was taken in preparing it. Three camera men were stationed to catch the slide from three different angles, thus insuring a good picture from at least one of the machines.

Careful instructions had been given the actress, and she started on the slide. At first the horse hesitated, but, urged on, he braced his forefeet and prepared to reach the bottom in safety.

Everything moved swiftly; the camera men ground their machines and the director shouted encouragement through his megaphone. But about twenty feet from the bottom the horse caught his foot in a rock-fissure, stumbled, and hurled Miss Little over his head. She flew through the air head first, landing in a clump of mesquite-bushes more than ten yards away.

Spectators rushed to her side, expecting to find her either dead or seriously injured, but, aside from the shock and a number of scratches, she escaped unhurt.

If, the other night, you sat in the darkened auditorium and watched a motor-car bearing a lone damsel rushing across an open space, headed directly for a narrow, bottomless abyss, and pursued by a posse of des-per-ate vil-lains; and if the car really leapt the gap, and the heroine got away, and you sank back relieved and thrilled—it was all so because Miss Anita King was willing to take a risk. We get the inside phases from the account:

The picture was designed to depict a cross-country journey from San Francisco to New York. At this point, in order to escape from her pursuers, Miss King was obliged to take a daring jump in the machine over a chasm.

In order to eliminate as much danger as possible the scene was carefully staged beforehand; that is, everything was simplified. A sloping platform was erected at the place where the leap was to be made and well reinforced. Across the ditch, some thirty or forty feet away, a pile of brushwood had been placed to break the fall as the car landed.

Down a sloping piece of ground approaching the jumping-off place Miss King came with lightning speed in her little machine and took the leap while the cameras clicked.

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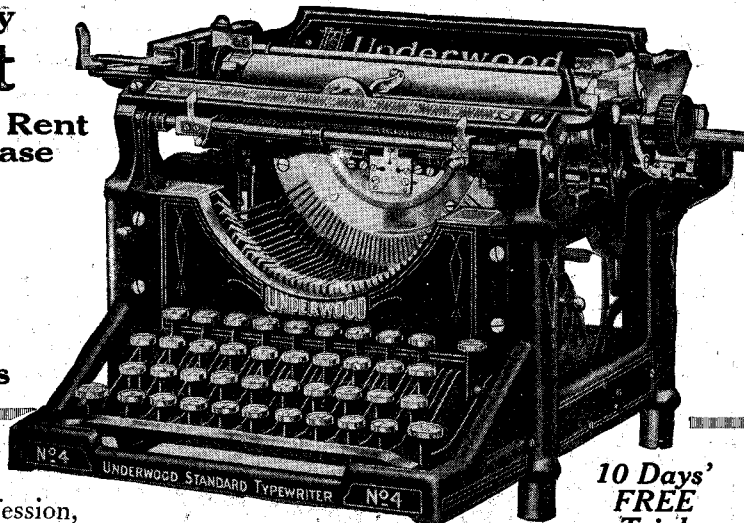
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She landed without serious mishap in the pile of brush, and beyond a severe shaking up and a few bruises was none the worse for her experience.

BOY CRIMINALS AS WAR HEROES

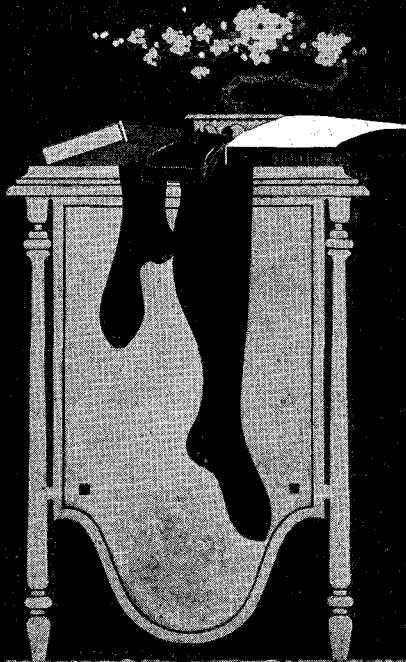
NOT all who go to the front in France to save their country owe her a debt of gratitude. Some are men who have been imprisoned by her, but now, in her time of need, turn to save the country which, perhaps only a few months before, had shut them up from society and friends. An entire regiment of the French Army is made up of boys and young men—none over twenty-four—who have served terms in prison before reaching the legal military age.

This *bataillon d'Afrique*, as it is called, has been often described. It was organized in 1832, and has received into its ranks the young apaches, forgers, sneak-thieves, swindlers, pickpockets, and other refuse of the cities and countryside of France. Altho the usual battalion consists of 1,000 men, this particular one, by special decree, is not limited to any set number. All the outcasts whom society despairs of making worth anything in civil life are sent to join this corps. According to a writer in the *New York Globe*, this has had no effect on the *esprit* of the battalion in general; on the contrary, it has produced a mass of young daredevils who fight like madmen, and whose bravery and keenness have been surpassed only by the Foreign Legion. We can readily understand that to be a good soldier a man does not necessarily have to be a good citizen, as we read:

The best officers of France have begged for the privilege of commanding these men, who in the face of danger are devotedly obedient to their leaders and at their command undertake anything, no matter how desperate it may be.

At the outbreak of the present war there were five battalions of the *bataillon d'Afrique* in existence—three garrisoned in Tunis and two in Morocco. The first detachment of troops brought to France from Africa included several thousand "Zephyrs." Landing at Marseilles early in August, they hastened northward into Belgium. At Charleroi the "Joyeux" first grappled with the Germans. They were surrounded by a detachment of the Prussian Guard, and the situation looked black. Burying their flag to prevent its falling into the hands of the foe, the "Joyeux" fixt bayonets and by sheer force of will-power and fighting born of desperation cut their way through the encircling lines of Guardsmen.

The battalion was part of the heroic rear guard in the retreat from Belgium into France. Then came the battle of the Marne, and the "Joyeux" turned on their pursuers and took a terrible revenge. In the marshes of St. Gond, near Reims, they caught up with a regiment of their old acquaintance, the Prussian Guard. They in turn encircled their foe; the conflict ensuing was short, desperate, and bitter.



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The end was different from that of the battle at Charleroi; the Guardsmen did not cut their way through the ranks of the "Joyeux." Their bones were left in the dismal marsh.

Now the opposing armies began digging themselves in, but the Germans tried once again to drive through to Paris, this time by way of Compiègne. The "Joyeux" hastened to Tracy-le-Val, and took their place in the line which fought so heroically and barred the route to Compiègne. Here again they met and slaughtered soldiers of the Guard.

November, 1914, found the corps on the Yser helping to check the formidable German onslaughts there. It was the "Joyeux" who took and held the famous "Maison du Passeur" on the Yser, of which feat so much has been written. The battalion was cited in the orders of the Army for that day's work.

In January, 1915, the corps was under Soissons when the Germans made a swinging drive there. The heavy fighting at that point over, the battalion was taken north and went into the trenches which faced the "labyrinth"—that marvelous and chaotic network of trenches planned by the most ingenious German engineers.

February 17 the northern African brigade charged and drove an entering wedge into Germany's prized lines. The "Joyeux" were placed in the captured trenches and told to hold them against all counter-attacks. The following day, after a destructive bombardment with hand-grenades, picked men from the choice Bavarian regiments swarmed over the narrow walls of sand-bags which separated the "Joyeux" from their foes. They came, revolver or dagger in one hand and throwing bombs with the other from a full bag swung over the shoulder.

The fighting that ensued was of the terrible hand-to-hand kind which has been so rare in this war of artillery and machine guns. In the narrow trenches there was no room to use a rifle or jab with fixt bayonets; the men fought with knives, daggers, revolvers, sharp stones, clinched fists, and even teeth. The Bavarians were determined, but the "Joyeux" more so.

In spite of a dense curtain-fire, reenforcing detachments of Zouaves came to the aid of the "Zephyrs." They arrived just in time. The spectacle, they say, was unforgettable. Standing upon the bodies of their fallen comrades, a few "Joyeux" were fighting on, laughing, yelling, joking in the very presence of death.

The assailants were driven back, the "Joyeux" and Zouaves following them, taking thus an additional section of trench.

In cleaning out the trench where the most desperate struggle took place, the body of a "Zephyr" was found, both hands blown off by a hand-grenade. His teeth were fixt in the throat of a German, whose hand gript tightly a dagger buried to the hilt in the "Zephyr's" back. Even the throes of death had failed to relax the fatal hold of those teeth!

This particular battalion, the account goes on to say, was cited again in the orders of the Army for the quality of its work, and what was left of the corps was given a short period of rest and recuperation while the gaps in the ranks were filled with recruits transferred from the depots of Tunis and Morocco. With the losses made up and

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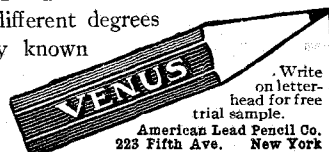
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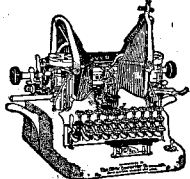
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fresh young spirits introduced into the personnel, the corps hastened back to the "labyrinth" and reentered the trenches. It is impressive to think that, at an age when American youths are struggling with sophomore studies in college, these fellows, hardly more than boys, are being frozen in the trenches, desperate beyond words, flinging their lives away for a song, in the trials of the battle-field. Fighting with knives, grenades, clubs, fists, teeth—barbarous as the wild hordes who roamed these plains two thousand years ago—these men who were of no use to their country in the days of peace and safety are now the hope and bulwark of their fellows in the days of danger. The correspondent continues with a forcible account of the re-taking of the "labyrinth" by the French:

At daybreak, June 16, "Zephyrs," Arab and Senegalese sharpshooters, *légionnaires*, Zouaves, and picked line infantrymen fairly boiled over the German part of the "labyrinth." The stubborn troops of Emperor William could not retreat because of the terrible curtain of fire the French cannon threw behind them, and they would not surrender.

The fighting was to the finish, and it lasted for three days and nights. Personal combats were innumerable and indescribably ferocious. "Joyeux" and other soldiers in French uniform crawled into the deep underground burrows in which their foes had taken refuge and from which they refused to emerge. With knife and grenade they cleared the "cagnas" of the Teutons, and a large percentage of the attackers and the defenders were killed. The few survivors were covered with wounds, but at the end the boasted "labyrinth" was held by France.

A small fraction of the "Joyeux" emerged whole; the corps had again distinguished itself, winning another citation and becoming the talk of the whole Army. The survivors went into repose, virtually every one wearing the cross of war and many the military medal. Since that combat the *bataillon d'Afrique* has not engaged in any active fighting, but its soldiers are being saved for the approaching grand offensive of the Allies.

Captain Cecaldi, who has led the "Joyeux" in many campaigns, says of them:

"The place of the 'Joyeux' is where the powder talks, face to danger. They ever give proof of a calm energy, devilish courage, attentive obedience. They fight always with a good humor. In the midst of shells and bullets, in the hardest part of the struggle, they make droll and witty remarks. And when the end comes the 'Joyeux' know how to die nobly."

"Au Militaire."—A British soldier went into a grocery establishment to buy some articles. Seeing some red herrings lying on the counter, he asked what they were.

"Soldiers, my friend," said the grocer, winking at the company.

"Are they?" rejoined the son of Mars.

"Then I'll take them as deserters," and off he walked with his prisoners, to the discomfiture of the witty grocer and amusement of the bystanders.—*Tit-Bits*.

SPICE OF LIFE

Safe.—BLACK—"I want to put my money into something safe!"

WHITE.—"Try a fire-proof vault."—*Lamb*.

Truth.—"Has the line been busy?" asked the man with a nickel poised between his thumb and forefinger.

"No," answered the precise operator. "The line wasn't busy. I was."—*Washington Star*

Playbills?—THE ACTOR MAN (modestly)—"As a matter of fact, I could show you letters from—er—ladies in—er—almost every place in which I have appeared."

THE SPORT (with conviction)—"Landladies, I suppose?"—*Tit-Bits*.

Better Than He Knew.—BILL—"Jones, the Welshman, has eloped with ma wife."

JACK—"Wey Aa thowt he wes your very best pal."

BILL—"Ave and so he is, but he dissent knaa yit!"—*Newcastle (Eng.) Chronicle*.

She Knew the Game.—MRS. WILLIS (at the ball-game, as the pitcher and catcher hold a conference)—"What are they talking about?"

MR. WILLIS—"About what to throw to the next batter."

MRS. WILLIS—"But they aren't allowed to throw anything to him except the ball, are they?"—*Puck*.

Candidate's Qualifications.—To the voters of Iowa county: Being urged by several persons from various sections of the county to come out for the office of County Clerk on the Republican ticket at the September primary, I hereby announce my name as a candidate for the nomination for the office. I have lost my left arm and have only three fingers and a piece of thumb left on my right hand.—*Mineral Point (Wis.) Tribune*.

For Specific Use.—When the Irish Volunteers were ordered to give up their arms, a Limerick man was making his way to the town hall to give up his rifle to the military authorities. He was determined to put it out of action before handing it in, so he hit it a tremendous whack against a convenient lamp-post and completely bent the barrel. Then he walked in and handed his rifle to an officer, who was rather surprised, and asked:

"What kind of a rifle is that, my man?"

"Oh," replied the Volunteer, "that's one I had for firing around corners."—*Tit-Bits*.

Made in Germany.—Geordie Ryton, the village cobbler, bought two clocks, one a grandfather's. He put it in a corner and placed a small nickel clock on the mantelshelf. The grandfather's clock has not been altered to the Daylight Saving Bill's requirements. "Hoo is't, Geordie," asked a customer, "ye've altered the smaall clock and not the gran'faither's clock?" "Wey," replied Geordie, "they said the gran'faither's clock's been tellin' the truth for ower sixty year, an' Aa can't find it in me heart to make a liar ov it noo. But the little begger wes made in Jarmany, so it'll be aall reet, he's as reet as can be for that job."—*Newcastle (Eng.) Chronicle*.

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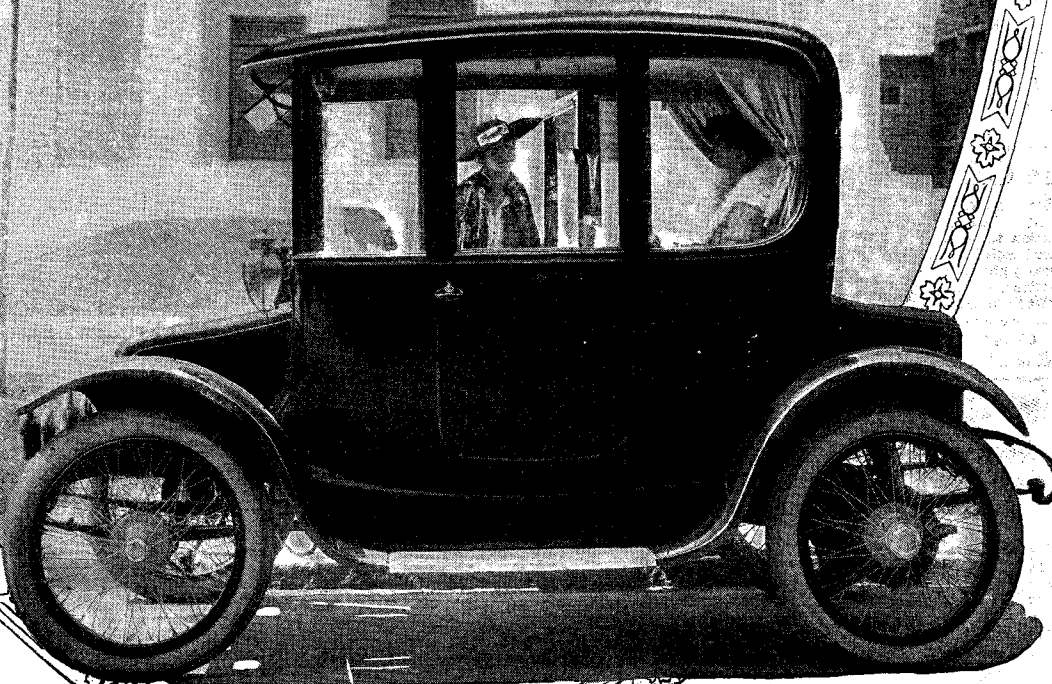
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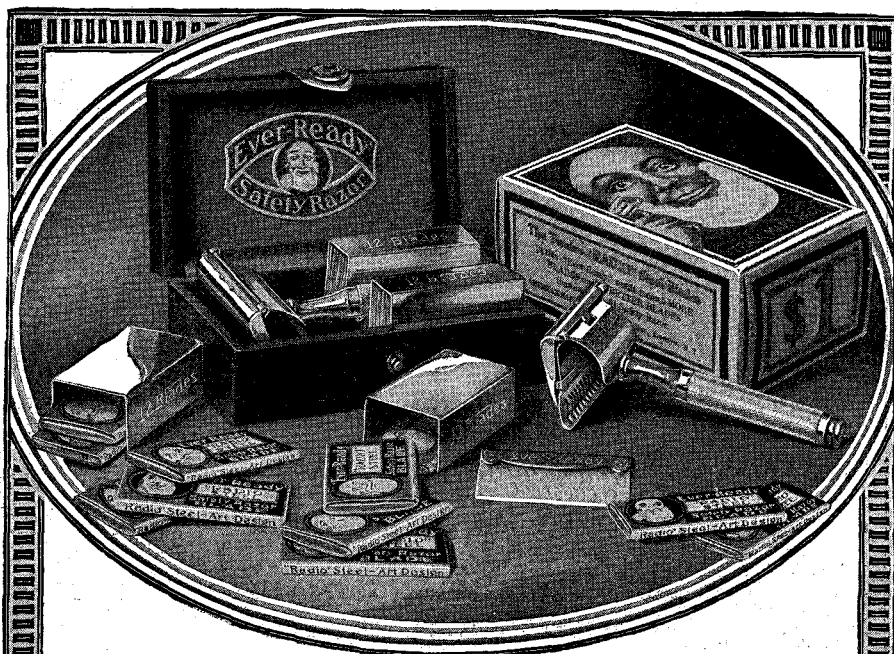
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The Answer.—"What is your position on these public questions?"

"My position," replied the confident candidate, "is very simple. I am personally the answer to all of them."—*Washington Star*.

Too Good.—"Strange, Mary doesn't have any offers! She'd make some man a good wife."

"Yes; but the trouble is every one knows she'd make him a good husband too."—*Life*.

Game.—"When you're whipt," said Mr. Dolan, "you ought to say you've had enough."

"If I've the strength left to say I've had enough," replied Mr. Rafferty, "I'm not whipt yet."—*Washington Star*.

Unprepared.—O'FLAHERTY—"Misther O'Sullivan, will ye stop and have a friendly discussion on the matter of Home Rule?"

O'SULLIVAN—"It's sorry I am, but it's not convenient just now."

O'FLAHERTY—"And why not, honey?"

O'SULLIVAN—"Why, to tell ye the truth, O'Flaherty, I haven't got meshtiek handy."—*Tit-Bits*.

In the Grip of Habit.—The Man Who Names Pullman Cars sprang at The Man Who Names Collars.

"Wshdgebvftghdf," he hissed.

"Gbevdfreujk," was the withering reply.

"Come, come, boys," expostulated the gentle-voiced keeper, "you were not to talk shop, you know."—*Puck*.

Good Advice.—"A minister was questioning his Sunday-school concerning the story of Eutychus, the young man who, listening to the preaching of the Apostle Paul, fell asleep, and, falling out of a window, was taken up dead."

"What," he asked, "do we learn from this solemn event?"

The reply from a little girl came:

"Please, sir, ministers should learn not to preach too long sermons."—*Tit-Bits*.

A Useless Visitor.—"Say, young feller," said Bronco Bob, "have you got a gun on you?"

"No, sir," replied the man with the brand-new cowboy uniform. "I was told that it was better to be unarmed, so as to avoid any impression that I was seeking a quarrel."

"Well, that's a big disappointment. I needed a brand-new gun an' thought you'd be bringin' along at least a pair of 'em. Don't you let anything like this occur again."—*Washington Star*.

The Law's Fault.—Geordie had a small dog, and was summonsed for keeping a dog without a license. He pleaded it was only a pup. "How old do you say he is?" asked the magistrate's clerk. "Aa divvent knaa exactly," replied Geordie. "But he's onny a pup." Expert evidence, however, proved it to be a dog and Geordie was duly fined. As Geordie was leaving the court he turned to his wife and remarked: "Hang me if Aa can understand it. Aa said the seym thing last year, and the year before, and they let me off. Noo they fine me. Aa suppose somebody's been messin' about with the law!"—*Newcastle (Eng.) Chronicle*.

CURRENT EVENTS

THE EUROPEAN WAR

WESTERN FRONT

September 7.—Storming the slopes in the Verdun sector, the French take a mile of German trenches between Vaux-Chapitre Wood and Le Chenois.

On the Somme front, trenches and dug-outs east of Denicourt are captured by the French, as well as a section of the Somme Railroad. The Germans retake Leuze Wood from the British. The French are reported within two-thirds of a mile from Chaulnes. Berlin admits losing Berny and Barleux.

September 8.—Considerable French and British activity is reported along the Somme front of thirty-five miles, in apparent preparation for renewed attacks, says Berlin.

September 9.—In a renewed attack on the Somme front, the British and French take Ginchy and the Leuze Wood, as well as the ground between them. Northeast of Pozières, 600 yards of German trenches are taken, with sixty prisoners. At Verdun the French press back the Germans east of Fleury and take a section of trenches with 200 prisoners. Berlin reports merely "fluctuating battle" and the "recapture of some places which had been lost."

September 10.—The French offensive at Verdun is taken up again, when more ground east of Fleury, with 100 more prisoners, is taken from the Germans. Berlin admits that German positions were penetrated by the enemy, but claims to have driven him out again. The Teutons retake a trench between Belloy-en-Santerre and Barleux.

September 11.—Berlin announces the occupation of some houses in Berny, previously held by the French, together with the capture of fifty prisoners. The same statement admits that some trenches in the Leuze Wood remain in British hands, after prolonged fighting. The wood was announced two days ago by London as completely in British hands.

September 12.—In a sudden stroke the French take all the German first-line trenches in the part of the Somme sector lying between the river and the south of Combes. Hill 145, Marrières Wood, and all the enemy trenches as far as the road from Péronne to Bapaume are also taken, says Paris. The French are now located upon the Péronne-Bapaume-Bethune road, from the outskirts of Rancourt to a point south of Bouchavesnes. Beyond Cléry a half-mile push to Hill 76, with 1,500 prisoners—the complete count not yet finished, is reported by Paris. Berlin admits losing Ginchy, which has been three days in British hands.

September 13.—The French advance in the Somme continues when General Foch's forces drive a wedge into the Teuton lines between Combes and Péronne. The French take Bouchavesnes, all of L'Abbé Wood, and a German trench-system north of the village. Trenches about Combes are also captured. The greater part of these gains are admitted by Berlin. In two days 2,300 prisoners have been taken by the Allied forces, German counter-attacks are beaten off, says Paris, and Berlin concurs. The French claim to have broken through the entire German trench-system here as it existed before this drive began. The French and British report 54,000



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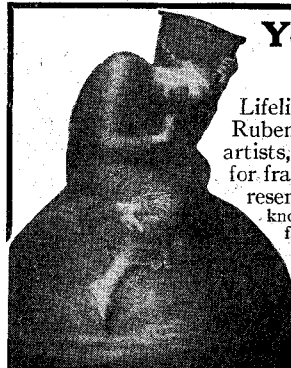
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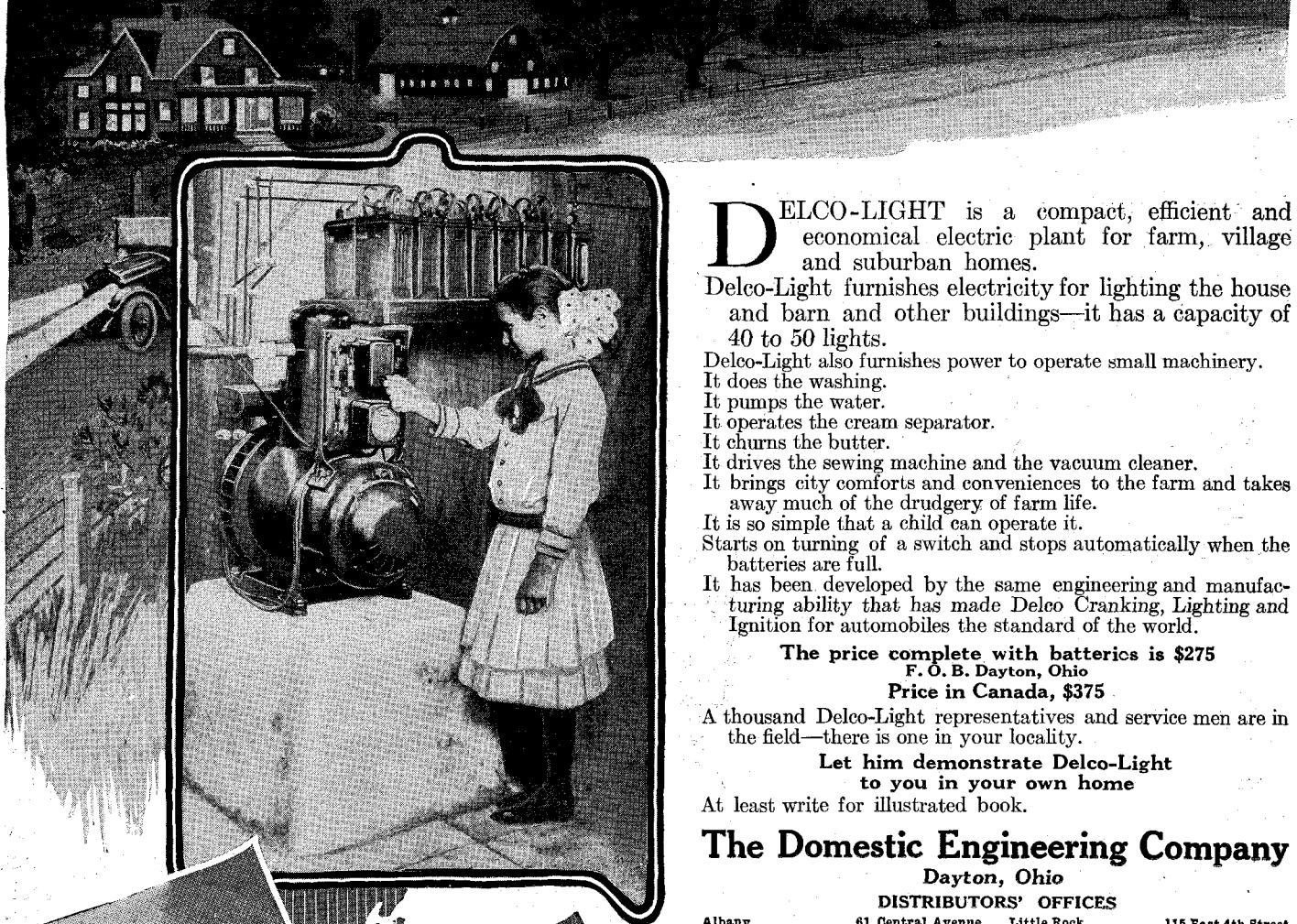
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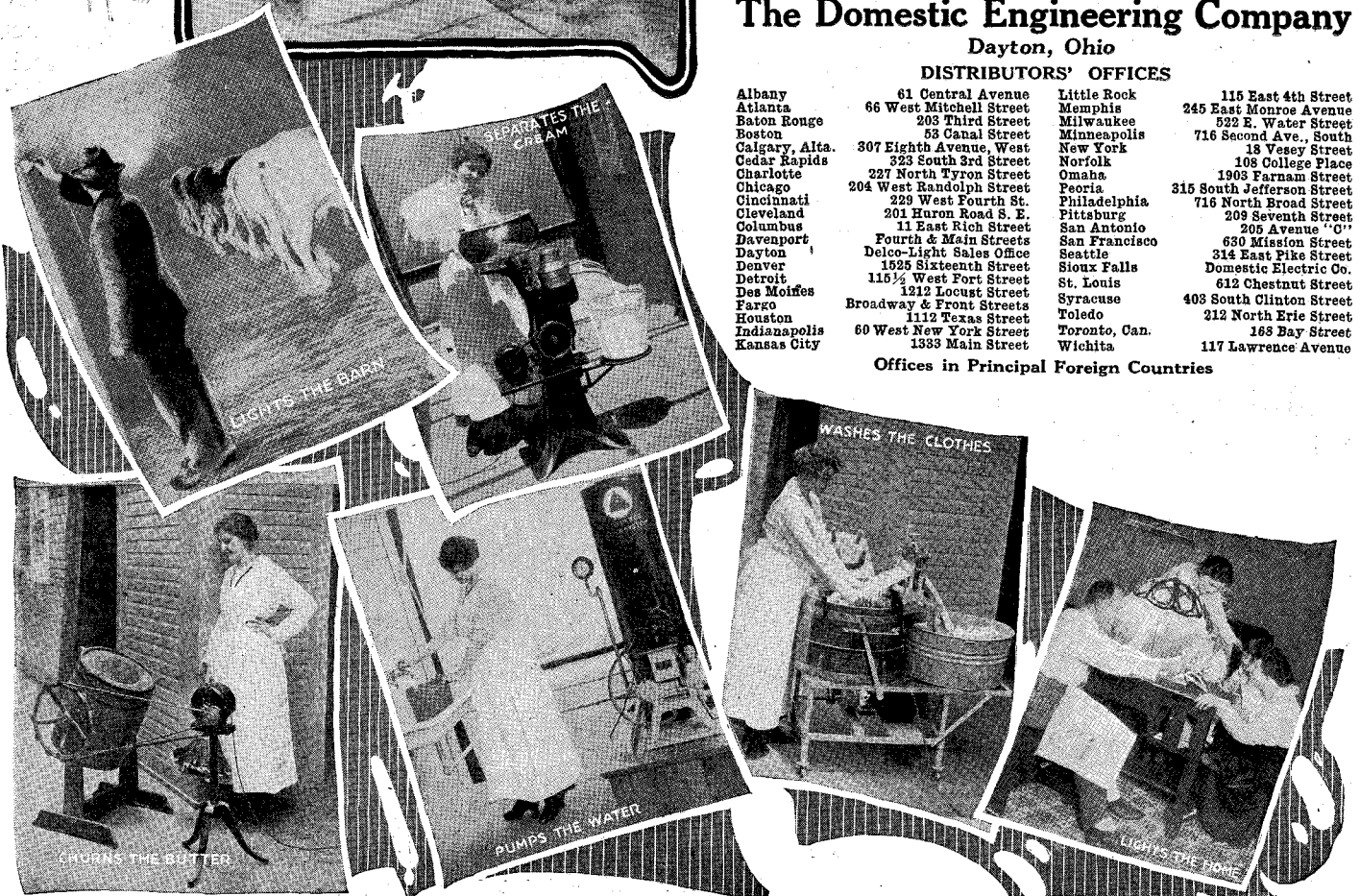
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prisoners taken since the start of the offensive.

EASTERN FRONT

September 7.—The Russian forces bombard Halicz, firing the town. Petrograd reports a Teutonic retreat all along a twenty-five-mile front, after 5,600 prisoners fall to Russia in the chain of successes.

To the northward, the Russians cross the River Dvina, driving the Germans back and occupying some of their positions.

September 8.—The Teuton forces in Galicia continue to fall back across the Gnla Lipa, allowing Russian gains west of Brzezany. This leaves Halicz and Lemberg exposed, says Petrograd.

September 9.—The Austrians begin to evacuate Halicz, according to London, while the Russians occupy some of the forts about the city. Others are blown up by the retreating Teutons. The left bank of the Dniester is held by the Russians, but Berlin states that the attacks on Halicz are being repulsed by Teutonic and Turkish troops. Berlin admits that the troops in the region northwest of Kapul have yielded to Russian attack, and are in retreat.

September 13.—Berlin reports repulsing a Russian attack between Smotrych and the Golden Bysritsa, with great Russian losses.

BALKAN CAMPAIGNS

September 7.—Tutrakan, considered the gate to Bucharest, is taken by the German and Bulgar forces, with 20,000 prisoners and much booty, says Berlin. Greek revolutionists retake from the Bulgars two of the Kavala forts, according to bulletins from Saloniki.

September 8.—The full weight of a large Russian army is reported thrown into the balance in southern Roumania along the one hundred-mile front of Dobrudja. Attempts are being made to stem the German-Bulgar advance, now ten to twenty miles into Roumania. The invaders are said to be pressing toward Silistria, on the Danube. To offset the Teuton success here, comes the admission of Vienna that Roumania has taken Orsova, at the Iron Gates of the Danube. In northeastern Transylvania the Austrians retreat from their position six miles west of Csik Sereda at Hargitta.

The Bulgar forces are said to be digging themselves in at Lake Ostrova, in northern Greece, unable to attack because of exhaustion. Florina is retaken by the Bulgars, says Paris.

September 9.—London reports that the Russians have turned the tide in Dobrudja, driving the invaders out of Dobric. In northern Transylvania the Roumanians take Olah Toplitza and five other towns from the Austrians, indicating an advance of thirty miles into the latter's territory. The Roumanians also cross the Danube near Orsova and take the Servian town of Negotin.

Berlin reports successfully shelling Mangalia, on the Roumanian Black Sea coast, by submarine.

September 10.—Paris reports that Bulgarian troops have withdrawn from the trenches occupied by them opposite the Servians at Vetrenik, in Macedonia, leaving behind great quantities of munitions.

In Albania the Italian forces advance to heights near Porto Palermo and Subasco

on the Zrinos Voyusa. The advance is described as "uncontested by the Austrians."

The Germans take Silistria, the second Roumanian fortress in Dobrudja. Unofficial dispatches announce that the Bulgars are evacuating Varna, their seaport, due to the approach of the Russian cavalry on the north border. In the Hungarian province of the Banat the Austrians withdraw after attacking, while the Roumanians are halted west of Csik Sereda. The Roumanians bombard three Bulgarian cities on the Danube, leaving them in flames. They are, as listed, Widin, Lompa-Lanka, and Bahovo.

September 11.—The Roumanians cross the upper river Maros and the Toplitza and are said to be driving ahead into Transylvania following the retreating Austrians. Hungary states that the troops which invaded the Dobrudja have retaken practically all the territory which Roumania forced Bulgaria to cede after the second Balkan War. Berlin announces a revolution there against the Roumanians.

The British begin the expected Macedonian offensive, says London, by crossing the Struma and taking five villages and many prisoners from the Bulgars. Seres is believed to be the object of the thrust.

September 12.—In the Struma district the Allies take Nevolyen from the Bulgars. Fighting is reported by Allied authorities as favoring themselves all along the Macedonian front. Berlin, however, announces that the Teuton forces are proceeding through the Dobrudja under the command of Field-Marshal von Mackensen. The Transylvanian front is reported by the Central Powers as "unchanged."

Vienna reports continued fighting along the Struma, "successful for the Bulgarian forces." In the Karpethians the Roumanians take the height of Kapul with 913 men and several machine guns and cannon.

September 13.—The German forces continue, with the Bulgars, to advance in the Dobrudja, says Berlin. A great battle is expected as the advanced forces are coming daily into contact. The last Russian dispatch states that eight German guns have been taken by a Roumanian detachment advancing up the Danube.

The British forces which crossed the Struma on September 10 have been withdrawn, says London, after inflicting heavy losses on the Bulgars.

CAMPAIGNS AGAINST THE TURKS

September 7.—London reports a successful British aero-raid on Turkish positions at El Arish, ninety miles east of the Suez Canal.

September 10.—Berlin announces that the American Consulate at Alexandretta has been destroyed by Allied ships during a bombardment of the Asiatic Turkish city. A statement is sent out by Washington to the effect that the United States has no Consul at Alexandretta, but employs a native unofficially to forward news.

September 12.—Petrograd claims to have taken a peak south of Pirdjani, in the Caucasus, as well as heights on the left bank of the river Masladaraksi.

Berlin announces a Turkish victory in Persia, when the Mussulmans push back the British and occupy the heights south of Deobende, on the Persian frontier.

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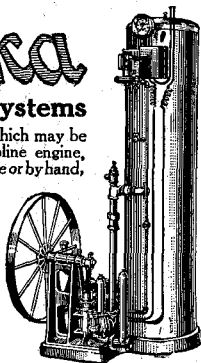
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GENERAL

September 7.—A delayed dispatch from The Hague states that fifteen aeroplanes made a raid on Brussels on September 6, engaging in an all-night bombardment.

The Germans surrender the ports of Kilwa Kivinje and Kilwa Kisiwani, in East Africa, to the attacking British naval forces, after threat of bombardment.

September 10.—A further and sharper exchange of notes between Great Britain and Sweden is reported from London. The subject of the controversy is the friction over the Allied blockade and Sweden's retaliation in seizing mails *en route* from Great Britain to Russia. No solution of the problem is yet in sight.

September 11.—Rome claims the capture of entrenchments at the foot of the Leno Valley, while occupations between Monte Spil and Monte Corno are also completed.

September 12.—The Greek King accepts the resignation of Premier Zaimis, and asks Mr. Demitracopoulos, a friend of Venizelos, to form a new cabinet. The new Premier is said to have pronounced pro-Ally sympathies.

Naval aeros attack the Russian naval forces in the Gulf of Riga, scoring several hits and sinking a Russian destroyer. All the attacking aircraft are reported as having returned safely.

September 13.—A group of seaplanes bombard Venice, says a delayed dispatch from Rome. There are no casualties, tho the church of San Giovanni and a few private buildings are said to have been damaged.

Two seaplane attacks on Russian vessels are reported from Berlin. The first, off Constanza and the upper Roumanian coast, results in hits on a battleship, one submarine, and several destroyers.

FOREIGN

GENERAL

September 8.—Lord Robert Cecil, British War-Trade Minister states that Great Britain is not likely to change her black-list policy at American request, and declares that any move toward reprisals "may cause friction."

September 11.—The central span of the new St. Lawrence Bridge at Quebec, while being hoisted into place, collapses and sinks in 200 feet of water. Eleven workmen are drowned.

DOMESTIC

GENERAL

September 7.—The strike on the New York subway and elevated lines is declared to have failed, as cars are reported to be operating under the usual headway. A walkout on several surface lines is threatened.

Henry Ford sues the Chicago *Tribune* for \$1,000,000 damages, charging that the newspaper libelled him in an article wherein he was called "deluded" and "anarchistic."

September 8.—According to dispatches from El Paso, American troops have encountered guards of Villa's supply-trains in a skirmish south of Casas Grandes. The supply-train is reported captured, and a subsequent attack on the troops by a band of Mexicans

repulsed. The action took place a few miles from El Valle.

The first session of the Sixty-fourth Congress comes to an end. During this session more than two billion dollars was appropriated.

September 9.—Surface-car lines in Manhattan, Bronx, and Westchester County are tied up as the carmen walk out, following the announcement of the Interborough that the subway and elevated strikes were practically failures. The police-guard is increased as violence is current to some degree.

September 11.—Surface transit continues to be demoralized in New York and Westchester County, while the leaders promise a sympathetic strike of 70,000 workers in other trades, within the next week.

Carl E. Milliken (Rep.) is elected Governor of Maine by an estimated plurality of more than 13,000 votes. Two Republican Senators are also chosen.

The Mexican-American Commission, in session at New London, investigates the extent of *de-facto* control of the Government resources. It is announced that 12,000 out of the 13,000 miles of railways in Mexico are now under the direct control of the Administration, and that a surplus exists from the receipts, which is applied on repairs.

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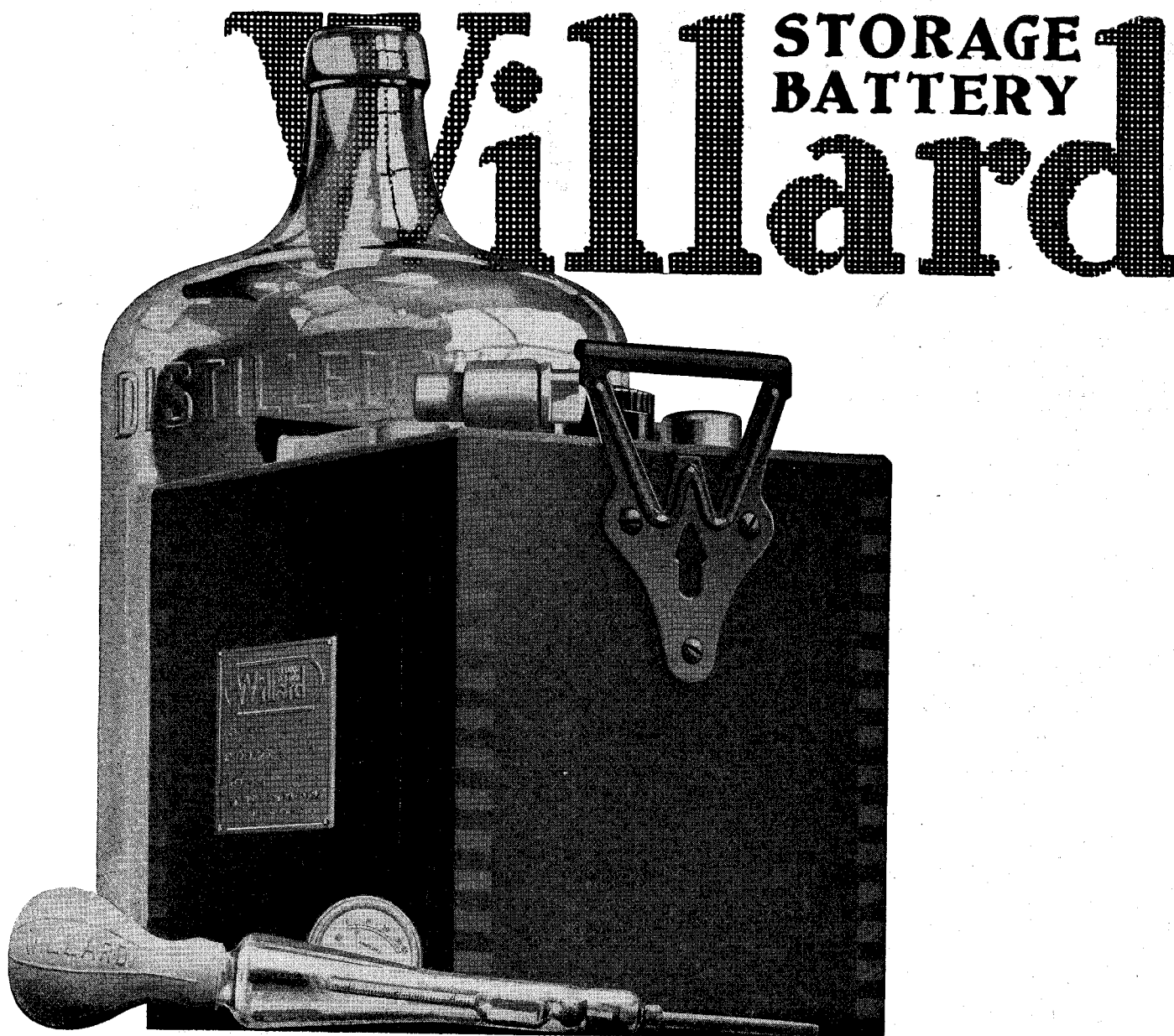
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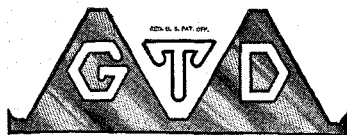
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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the current use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"H. H.," Bourbon, Ind.—"In preparing a series of programs for a local literary club, I included one on nonsense literature and nonsense verse, and as a subdivision of the latter subject used the word 'Limericks.' Some of the committee were ignorant of the word's meaning and in looking it up found it was not in the dictionary, and were consequently of much the opinion expressed regarding 'Sairey Gamp' and her friend 'Mrs. Harris,' that 'there ain't no such person.' Is the word in the NEW STANDARD DICTIONARY? It is as distinctive a type of verse of its kind as the sonnet, and I know of no synonymous term for it. Would also welcome any information as to the origin of the word."

You will find the word *limerick* defined in the NEW STANDARD DICTIONARY on page 1436, col. 3, as: "1. A nonsense verse of 5 anapestic lines, of which the first, second, and fifth lines are three-stress and rime and the third and fourth are two-stress and rime; as,

There was an old man of Tobago,
Who lived on rice, gruel, and sago
Till much to his bliss
His physician said this,

To a leg, Sir, of mutton you may go.

Mother Goose Nursery Rhymes.

"Limericks were usually extemporaneous compositions produced at convivial parties in Ireland by each individual in turn, while the entire party joined in singing a chorus in which were the words, 'Will you come up to Limerick'; from this it is supposed the name is derived. It is sometimes written with a capital initial letter."

"U. R. T.," Glen Ellyn, Ill.—"Please answer the following questions: (1) Is God incarnated in man? (2) Have we a conscious and subconscious mind? (3) When a congregation become moved by emotion—act peculiar—will they not sober later to their conscious mind—will not some lose and forget their new acknowledgments—have they not been religiously intoxicated? (4) If God is in man, then is he not a conscious man, except he be insane? How are we to know different? Are we not all fallible and subject more or less to our subconscious mind? (5) When you read murder trials, why do they make the mind morbid? (6) Why is it some men show no conscience? (7) How can a body of men whose consciences differ, who believe in 'God the Father, Christ the Savior,' the Bible, the Truth, forgive and be forgiven, loving-kindness, be capable as human creatures with fallible minds to judge how long another human creature born from the Creator should live? (8) Does not capital punishment mean 'paralyzed thought and vanished imagination'? (9) Later, where is the oblation? (10) Are we mentally and morally answerable?"

(1) All Christian denominations except the Unitarians hold that God was incarnated in man in the person of Jesus Christ. This conception (that of the incarnation of the Godhead) is not confined to Christianity, but is a part of the religious traditions of most races. It may be also argued, in a less restricted sense, that every man, inasmuch as he is an emanation from, and a direct creation of, God, is an incarnation of the divine. (2) Most psychologists characterize the conscious and unconscious activities as the conscious and the subconscious mind. The former embraces those mental processes of which one is mentally aware while they are taking place, the latter those apparently psychical processes whose workings are not attended by consciousness. (3) Any congregation or audience when moved to great emotion by the eloquence or persuasiveness of a speaker will later suffer a certain revulsion of feeling, due to the absence of the original stimulus. For this reason many people who are seemingly very much in earnest, as at a revival-meeting, often have lapses afterward when removed from the immediate influence that has temporarily uplifted them. (4) Every man is conscious, save when he is asleep, in a trance, or suffering from a blow or some similar shock to the system. Idiots or insane people are conscious but they are not responsible; that is, they do not reason and hence can not be held

accountable for their actions. (5) Murder trials make the mind morbid for the same reason that pleasant surroundings make us happy, because we are largely creatures of our environment and take our color from our mental associations. A morbid or unpleasant suggestion is usually more difficult to throw off and, especially in persons of weak will-power and a neurotic tendency, often preys upon the mind for a considerable period unless a vigorous effort is made to throw it off, as by change of scene, occupation, etc. (6) We presume that the reason why some people "show no consciences" is that they have a less clearly defined conception of right and wrong than the average man or woman, or else that they deliberately harden themselves in certain directions. So many complex issues come into this question that it is practically impossible to give you a definite answer to it. (7) As to how any body of men of religious conviction, with an appreciation of the requirements of mercy and charity, can bring themselves to decide that another human being shall be put to death (which is, we suppose, what your question implies), we can only reply by pointing out to you that they do it with relative equanimity, largely for the reason that the community as a whole is less moved by questions of sentiment than an individual is likely to be. The common sense of the people at large, which is behind all law, has decided that in certain cases the death penalty is needed, and it is, therefore, inflicted. A number of persons are, as you know, opposed to it under any conditions and their arguments are many of them exceedingly forcible. When a majority of our thinking people are convinced that it is wrong, it will, of course, be prohibited. (8) If, when referring to capital punishments, by "paralyzed thought and vanished imagination" you are alluding to the effect upon the person executed, we assume, in the absence of any evidence to the contrary, that this will be the result accomplished. (9) If your next question "Where is the oblation?" means in what way has any sacrifice been made, we would remind you that capital punishment is not considered in law as a sacrifice but as a deterrent and a warning. (10) Most schools of ethics and psychology agree that while man is limited in many ways by his environment, by heredity, etc., he is still, if of sound mind, honorably responsible for his actions. To deny the truth of this proposition would be to invite a condition of anarchy and lawlessness in which there would be no effectual restraint upon the passions and baser instincts of men.

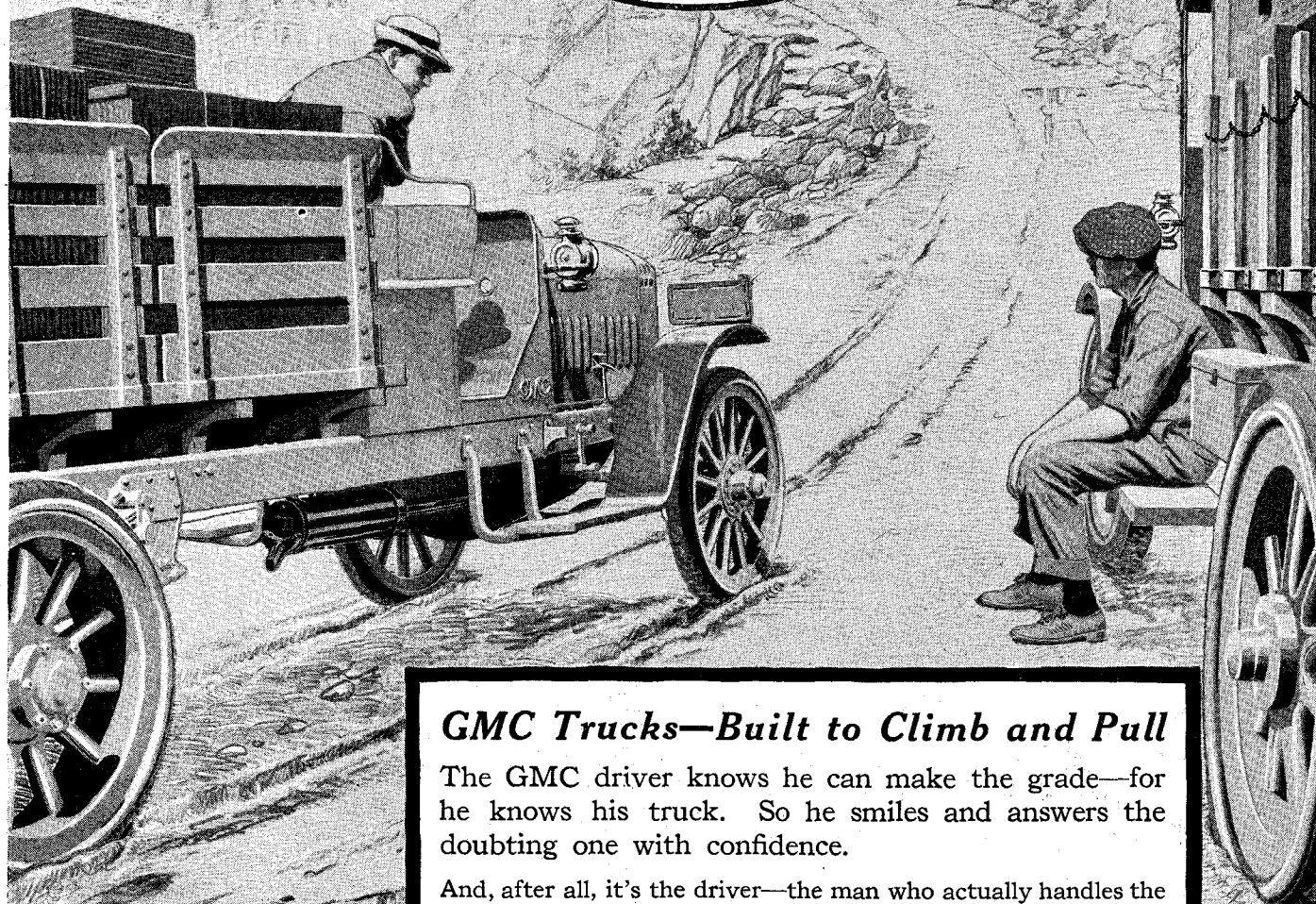
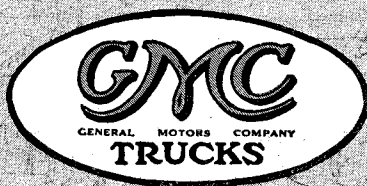
"C. A. H.," Brooklyn, N. Y.—"In answering a query, you advise a correspondent to say, simply, 'Please send me your catalog.' 'Send me, your agent, to Halifax,' looks well enough, but not 'send me your catalog.' Why not write it 'Please send to me your catalog'? It is much like the usual newspaper report 'Tomkins was shot in the telephone office,' which would indicate that the telephone office is some part of Tomkins's anatomy. Why not say what we mean, that Tomkins was shot while in the telephone office?"

The LEXICOGRAPHER regrets that he can not advocate the form you suggest, as the other is a long-established and entirely adequate construction in English. Many verbs of giving, getting, providing, telling, and the like, take in English an indirect object denoting the person to or for whom something is done, this indirect object being placed in the objective case, of which verbs *send* is one. This form is used by the best writers and admits of no doubt in the meaning. Thus, when one says, "Pass me the sugar," or "Write him a letter," there can be no possible confusion in the sense, and the LEXICOGRAPHER can see no reason for "Pass to me the sugar," or "Write to him a letter."

"J. B.," Bethlehem, Pa.—"Is the word 'coal' spelled the same in the plural as in the singular? In the sentence, 'Miners and Shippers of Anthracite and Bituminous Coal,' is the word *coal* correct, or should it be *coals*?"

The word *coal* is used as a singular and as a collective plural; in the latter sense it is used interchangeably with the plural form *coals*. As the case you submit is one concerning persons engaged in the mining and shipping of different kinds of coals, the plural should be used—Anthracite and Bituminous *Coals*.

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INVESTMENTS - AND - FINANCE

HOW PEOPLE HAVE BEEN SAVING MONEY

RETURNS from savings-banks for the six months ending on July 1 showed that, in spite of prosperity and its temptations to spend money on the theory that "easy come, easy go," people in general had been saving more than ever before. It was now several months since the New York *Evening World* had offered a series of cash prizes for the most successful plan of saving as applied to household expenses in a family where the income did not exceed \$150 a month. The results of this contest and the many letters called out, giving personal experiences, shed a deal of light on the returns made by the savings-banks. The *Evening World* had received in its prize-competition a large number of plans by which money could be saved in household management. These plans came from persons supported by a great variety of occupations and living in different social circles. The compiler of a department called "Talks on Thrift," for the savings-bank section of the American Bankers Association, who read many of these *Evening World* plans, concluded that "there were a lot of level-headed people getting somewhere by good management and definite plans of living. He believed the following conclusions were justified by the information contained in the plans:

"First, that the only method of saving that proves practical and permanent is the adoption of a well-defined plan. This means a scheme of living that provides for the various expenses incidental to rearing a family, such as rent, food, fuel and light, clothing, recreation, education, etc. No one gets anywhere in particular by a 'hit-and-miss' method of life. This is the reason so many people are living next door to poverty all the time. Any plan of life to be successful must include the determination to save, and, if possible, a definite amount as a minimum. The determination without a plan accomplishes but little.

"Secondly, that the wife is the saving element in the household. As a rule, the man earns the money and the wife spends it. To her is entrusted the buying of the supplies, the care of the children, their clothes, and spending-money. Even tho the husband pays the bills, his wife contracts them. She has time to shop and he has not.

"Thirdly, that the most workable plan is as follows: Apportion the income. There are certain fixed charges in every home, such as rent, clothing, and food. It is well settled that the rent should not exceed one-quarter of the income—a week's wage for a month's rent. If it is larger, it is out of proportion and extravagant. You can not live on Fifth Avenue with a Third Avenue income. The greatest extravagances are possible in the line of food, and here the wife can do her best work. The cost of clothing can be fairly well estimated from experience. Educational expenses can be figured with safety, and recreation can be kept within bounds. The doctor and dentist may be uncertain quantities at times, yet these need not be excessive burdens as a general rule. An apportionment should be made for life-insurance and the savings-bank, no matter how small the latter may be. A great many people

set aside a definite amount for each class of expenditures and try at least to keep within the appropriation.

"Practically every competitor in the contest confessed that they started their financial success with a savings-bank account. It was small in many cases, but grew steadily. The man who starts out to save will astonish even himself with results he never anticipated. It is the small steady savings that count.

"Some people divide the weekly wage into parts, setting aside enough for each class of expenditure, while others make the apportionment and keep an expense account as a guide to determine how they keep within or exceed their allotment.

"To pay each bill out of its particular compartment in the family cash-box is sometimes impossible, and the simple and effective way is to merely keep an expense record, and, if the expenditures exceed the expectation, curtailment or readjustment is in order.

"Lastly, many who have acquired property have done so through the medium of a debt incurred—helpful debt, such as a mortgage, building and loan shares, instalment home-buying, etc. But look out in incurring such obligations that they be within your powers to fulfil and the values conservative. Don't hitch up to more than you can pull.

"The marvel in such experiences is not that these people saved a considerable sum, but that they saved at all. It was all the result of planning, willing, sacrificing the little things to have the greater ones, elimination of waste, foresight, good judgment, setting a course and steering by it, making resolutions to keep and not to break, and being firm with oneself, but not parsimonious. Thrift is getting a habit and keeping it until it gets you. These people got the habit of getting ahead and the result is they got ahead. It always works that way."

Supplementary to the results of the *Evening World* competition, details may here be given of the savings-banks reports. Such statistics are issued by these institutions twice a year. *Bradstreet's*, after a study of the one issued for the year ending July 1, declared that it "certainly reflects prosperity, no matter from what angle one may view the returns." And it is not to be forgotten that savings-banks nowadays "are confronted by the competition of the postal savings-banks, the more so since the liberalizing postal-savings legislation of May 18 last went into effect." On that date, postal banks started to take deposits up to \$1,000. And yet, despite the influences of the Federal system, the deposits of the savings-banks of New York State "made an exceptionally smart rise last year," the sum due depositors on July 1 last, \$1,883,242,203, having increased \$91,717,602, or 5.1 per cent. over the sum for July 1 in 1915, 6.2 per cent. over July 1, 1914, 9.1 per cent. over the corresponding date in 1913, and 35 per cent. over July 1, 1907. The sum for this year is "the largest ever reported." *Bradstreet's* adds:

"Incidentally, resources on July 1, this year, amounted to \$2,053,171,981, that being the first time this item reached the two-billion-dollar mark. The showing as respects resources increased \$123,000,000, or 6.3 per cent., during the fiscal year, while, since 1907, there has been an accretion

Hudson Now Holds World's Greatest Hill Climbing Record *Makes Fastest Time Up Pike's Peak*

No hill-climb or mountain test in the world equals that imposed on motor cars that race to the summit of Pike's Peak. A Hudson Super-Six Special made the best time of more than 20 contestants to the top of America's most famous mountain, over the longest, steepest, highest travelable road in the world.

The start, at a mile and three-quarters above the sea, is higher by far than is the altitude of the finishing line in most hill-climbs.

The finishing point of Pike's Peak is almost two and three-quarters miles above sea level. In the twelve and a fraction miles of the course there are 60 turns, and the rise is almost one mile high. There is no place where the car is not climbing.

The high altitude affects the power efficiency of the motor and water boils at such low temperature that motors cannot be cooled as they are in lower levels.

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This feat now gives to Hudson practically every worth-while record. In speed—when 102.3 miles an hour was attained at Daytona; in endurance—when 1819 miles were covered in 24 hours, with a stock Super-Six chassis we established marks not likely soon to be equalled.

Now we have added to these the greatest of all hill-climbing feats. In it we have shown the endurance of the Super-Six.

Others Failed

Motors of some of the most famous racing cars in the world were unable to withstand the strain of that climb and so did not get to the summit.

It is constant hard pulling all the way and more than three-quarters of the distance must be made in second speed, even with specially geared cars.

In addition to mere climbing, as is required in all hill-climbs, here is added the difficulties of carburetion and cooling.

The altitude that affects one's breathing so much that even the strongest man can stand only the least amount of physical exertion, has a similar effect in reducing the power of the motor.

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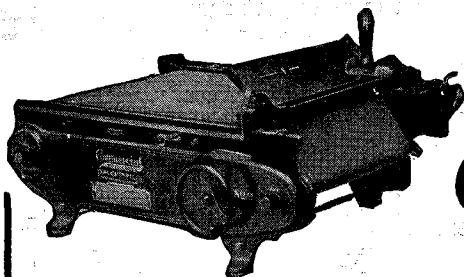
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of nearly 38 per cent. Some of the growth in deposits is, of course, attributable to interest credited as in excess of interest drawn out.

"In view of the high cost of living, it is especially interesting to note that moneys deposited during the fiscal year 1915-16 made up a remarkable aggregate, viz., \$446,017,922, the largest sum ever deposited in any fiscal year. Altho 1914, 1913, and 1912 were relatively good years for deposits, withdrawals were so heavy as to detract from the record. For the past year the amount actually deposited increased 15 per cent. over 1915, and but slightly over 1914. Withdrawals for the year ended July 1 last aggregated \$420,895,728, the smallest sum reported since 1912. Last year deposits rose above withdrawals by approximately \$26,000,000, whereas in 1915 withdrawals exceeded deposits by \$46,000,000, and in 1914 the excess in this respect was about \$13,000,000. Viewed in another way, withdrawals last year fell 3 per cent. below those of 1915 and 7.2 per cent. under July 1, 1914, about a month prior to the outbreak of war in Europe.

"This short table gives the figures for deposits and withdrawals during the past nine fiscal years:

	Sum Deposited	Withdrawals
1916.....	\$446,017,922	\$420,895,728
1915.....	387,072,851	433,117,019
1914.....	440,322,844	453,312,486
1913.....	441,486,578	436,148,021
1912.....	422,920,291	414,041,135
1911.....	419,323,550	406,249,772
1910.....	405,176,261	377,028,477
1909.....	375,598,505	360,932,917
1908.....	364,341,573	430,541,716

"Figures regarding resources, total deposits, and interest are given in the following table, which affords comparisons for twenty-three years:

July 1	Resources	Deposits	Interest
1916.....	\$2,053,171,981	\$1,883,242,203	\$66,610,020
1915.....	1,930,596,230	1,791,524,601	64,639,705
1914.....	1,912,023,874	1,773,213,398	61,610,498
1913.....	1,903,321,514	1,725,607,297	59,723,890
1912.....	1,827,507,287	1,660,564,190	57,629,833
1911.....	1,751,859,001	1,594,224,557	55,643,262
1910.....	1,676,416,322	1,526,935,581	53,828,625
1909.....	1,587,927,555	1,444,974,360	52,087,290
1908.....	1,516,505,210	1,378,232,779	50,424,464
1907.....	1,490,760,675	1,394,296,034	48,940,903
1906.....	1,444,444,492	1,335,093,053	44,725,760
1905.....	1,367,692,595	1,252,928,300	41,748,445
1904.....	1,275,189,168	1,166,091,444	38,076,168
1903.....	1,221,425,002	1,112,418,552	35,942,167
1902.....	1,167,683,337	1,051,689,186	34,189,610
1901.....	1,108,076,764	987,621,808	32,606,746
1900.....	1,037,869,160	922,081,596	30,358,274
1899.....	968,978,167	858,443,277	28,485,173
1898.....	889,250,317	787,212,476	27,351,276
1897.....	839,671,900	741,474,345	25,881,032
1896.....	806,751,427	715,082,899	24,858,727
1895.....	762,511,230	668,266,016	23,394,269
1894.....	721,547,892	630,944,149	22,386,365

Besides the evidences of thrift and prosperity given by savings-bank deposits, there are, of course, other evidences, such as the new insurance in force, building-loan statistics, and postal savings. All of these, says *Bradstreet's*, "reflect a rise in the scale of prosperity."

RUBLES AND REICHSMARKS IN FOREIGN EXCHANGE

During the week ending September 2, the foreign-exchange market was described by *Financial America* as "exceptionally interesting in view of the unusual counter-currents recorded and the reflections in the market of the startling new phases of the European War." As a matter of fact, the foreign-exchange market had "foreshadowed rather than reflected the transcendent developments." The most important political coup, the unexpectedly sudden intervention of Roumania on the side of the Allies, was "preceded by an



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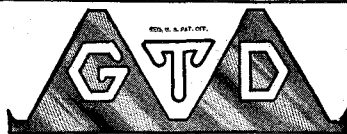
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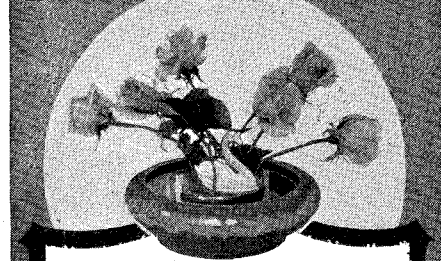


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advance in Russian exchange, at first of a creeping, and afterward violent, character." Betterment in rubles really antedated the announcement of Roumania's decision to join the Allies. It had been influenced by the character of the war-news generally and the prospects of further and larger Russian credits in this market. It was claimed that Russian exchange reflected an organized effort to improve its position, "different in form, but similar in intent to the arrangements so successfully made to stabilize sterling exchange a year ago."

One explanation of the rise was the heavy transactions in, and great advance in, Russian bonds, particularly the Internal 5 1/2's of 1926. About the middle of August these bonds were reported offered at \$300 for each 1,000-ruble bond. From that figure the price had advanced about \$40 a bond. Rubles a week before had been at 31.30 and 31.35. On August 30 they were quoted at 34 1/2, and there were unconfirmed rumors of an advance to 34.60. Subsequently, a reduction to 33 1/4 took place, followed by a rally to 33.90. The normal for rubles is about 51. Experts claimed 35 would not be an unreasonable figure in the immediate future.

While Russian exchange had risen, the 34 1/2 figure representing a recovery from an extreme low of 29, the market for reichsmarks showed a new low record. Reichsmarks the week before had closed at 71 1/4 for cables and 71 1/2 for checks. On September 1, marks were without bids at a nominal quotation of 69 1/4 for cables, the lowest in history. The normal price of reichsmarks is 94 for four marks, the decline, therefore, amounting to a depreciation of about 27 per cent. The week just expired shows Scandinavian kroner down about 15 points, Vienna kronen about 12 points lower, guilders down a slight fraction, sterling unchanged, and francs up about a point.

BUILDING RETURNS FOR AUGUST

Bradstreet's finds that the building returns for August are "rather irregular." While the total number of permits issued was larger than a year ago, the aggregate of values was "much smaller than in July and only slightly heavier than in August, 1915." In a number of large centers, there has been lessened activity, so far as plans were concerned, but when all cities were considered the majority of them showed gains in values over August of last year. Attention was called to that fact that the great falling off from July was due in large part to the fewer numbers and smaller values of buildings planned in New York City (Manhattan) in consequence of the new zone restrictions limiting the height of buildings. These went into effect in July, and owners, in anticipation, took out in the previous month a large number of permits which otherwise they would not have done. Following are further interesting facts in Bradstreet's article:

"The total number of permits issued at 126 cities in August was 21,486, a gain of 8.7 per cent., as compared with August a year ago, while the total value of the permits was \$63,246,357, a gain of only 1.2 per cent. over the like month a year ago. In July, it might be recalled, the total value of construction permitted for was \$115,051,542, next to the largest total ever recorded, that of May; but of this immense total New York City contributed \$54,403,000, whereas, in August, that city's total was only \$8,100,000. The August

summary at 126 cities for this year and last makes the following exhibit:

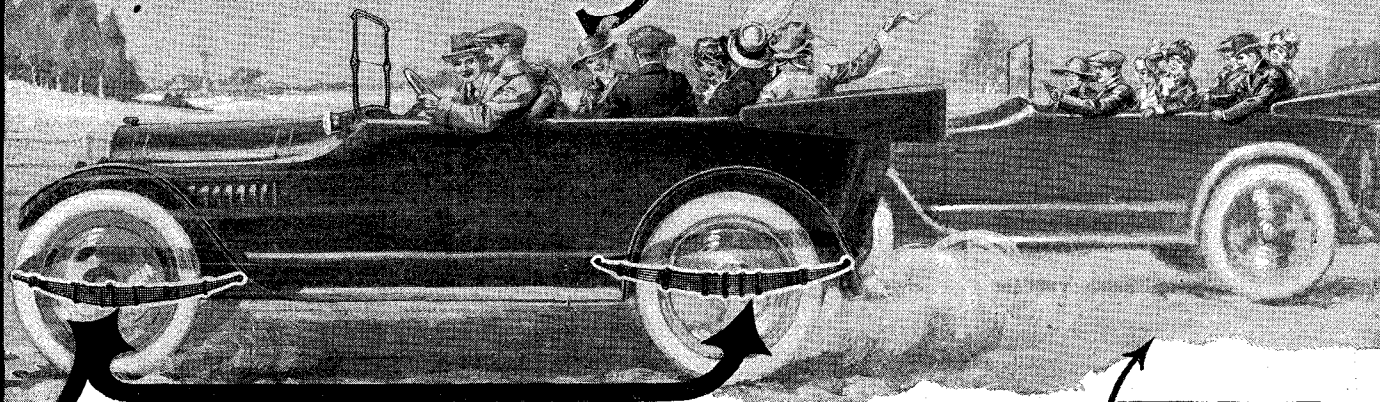
	No. of Cities	No. of Permits 1916	Values 1916	Compared with Last Year Permits	Values
New Eng.	20	1,564	\$4,252,786	1 8.5	15.8
Middle	24	4,538	20,028,060	1 8	15.4
Western	19	6,320	18,050,349	1 40.1	51.3
Northwest	14	2,003	9,643,449	1 8.8	26.5
Southwest	13	1,719	4,283,409	1 9.9	70.3
Southern	19	1,833	2,881,729	1 6.2	10.4
Far-Western	17	3,209	4,106,575	1 3.4	15.4
Total	126	21,486	\$63,246,357	1 8.7	11.2

"Building expenditures for eight months aggregate \$679,509,907, which marks a gain of 26 per cent. over last year. Last year, however, showed a decrease of 8 per cent. from 1914. Detailed returns of permits and values for August this year and last follow:

	No. Permits 1916	1915	Values 1916	Values 1915
New England—				
Bridgeport.....	204	125	\$643,304	\$842,735
Cambridge.....	58	53	364,645	403,080
Hartford.....	126	125	547,390	528,934
Lawrence.....	89	28	114,900	129,744
Lowell.....	28	58	64,200	84,253
New Bedford.....	82	94	111,840	197,260
New Haven.....	127	141	383,705	440,274
Portland, Me.....	52	31	57,475	142,395
Quincy, Mass.....	90	84	4,080	161,499
Salem.....	33	51	108,120	217,000
Springfield, Mass.....	145	116	370,105	400,095
Worcester.....	188	154	628,176	554,538
Middle—				
Albany, N. Y.....	289	259	880,575	249,745
Allentown.....	35	44	245,035	208,585
Altoona.....	52	69	120,217	114,063
Binghamton.....	146	119	281,671	278,777
Buffalo.....	518	410	1,756,000	1,175,000
Erie.....	181	91	313,399	272,990
Harrisburg.....	27	22	102,749	29,125
Jersey City.....	96	111	250,981	403,856
Newark, N. J.....	260	205	564,801	569,441
New York City—				
Manhattan*.....	39	43	3,151,500	7,260,500
Manhattan†.....	303	263	1,198,501	699,828
Bronx*.....	42	68	928,832	1,558,750
Bronx†.....	225	206	145,356	61,975
Brooklyn*.....	161	217	2,159,610	3,511,950
Brooklyn†.....	244	697	551,990	497,647
Total.....	1,104	1,494	8,135,789	13,590,650
Philadelphia.....				
Pittsburg.....	783	882	4,472,120	3,993,625
Reading.....	376	278	1,442,467	740,265
Rochester.....	84	43	112,500	181,150
Seranton.....	298	275	214,714	772,174
Syracuse.....	58	55	155,117	68,779
Utica.....	187	182	206,207	404,000
Wilkes-Barre.....	36	51	125,050	235,985
	76	65	64,314	55,032
Western—				
Akron.....	602	230	2,402,642	499,010
Canton.....	108	50	293,605	115,125
Cincinnati.....	312	220	1,113,050	2,870,785
Cleveland.....	1,370	1,287	2,752,445	1,987,520
Columbus.....	234	270	548,720	544,895
Dayton.....	120	93	2,402,210	404,930
Detroit.....	1,533	763	4,390,225	3,217,490
Evansville.....	138	141	129,860	101,455
Grand Rapids.....	158	153	398,644	281,765
Indianapolis.....	661	614	1,018,965	490,432
Louisville.....	198	221	307,280	203,930
Toledo.....	398	229	1,346,197	747,083
Youngstown.....	150	88	293,500	154,815
Northwestern—				
Cedar Rapids.....	49	37	117,000	125,000
Chicago.....	758	995	5,783,000	9,513,150
Des Moines.....	66	57	139,183	151,500
Dubuque.....	22	39	110,000	100,000
Duluth.....	189	179	289,759	262,051
East St. Louis.....	49	57	157,109	91,420
Lincoln.....	37	73	266,730	133,015
Milwaukee.....	335	327	705,716	1,073,079
St. Paul.....	212	223	978,667	1,066,026
Springfield, Ill.....	59	40	193,970	109,300
Southwestern—				
Dallas.....	154	98	310,499	153,117
Galveston.....	145	189	50,254	109,972
Houston.....	324	392	634,270	134,207
Kansas City, Mo.....	226	337	1,211,225	725,830
Oklahoma.....	64	46	125,770	86,820
St. Joseph.....	59	29	65,995	103,428
St. Louis.....	397	446	1,003,322	749,633
San Antonio.....	149	191	250,000	181,260
Southern—				
Atlanta.....	236	245	323,690	370,600
Baltimore.....	179	62	337,030	770,382
Chattanooga.....	266	176	93,825	46,395
Huntington.....	75	69	127,560	123,419
Jacksonville.....	63	34	199,735	40,405
Memphis.....	192	149	281,765	273,285
Miami.....	53	33	173,000	44,500
Mobile.....	109	15	30,200	17,035
Nashville.....	78	270	208,906	84,843
New Orleans.....	84	157	143,445	246,708
Richmond.....	189	104	359,566	197,019
Tampa.....	30	126	118,000	103,910
Far-Western—				
Boise.....	35	33	20,615	8,760
Butte.....	133	101	207,445	200,000
Colorado Springs.....	24	12	30,981	6,975
Denver.....	241	283	261,950	179,810
Los Angeles.....	559	632	1,037,320	1,198,000
Pasadena.....	140	129	263,705	103,907
Portland, Ore.....	423	416	497,385	728,970

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Far-Western (Cont.)	No. Permits		Values	Values
	1916	1915	1916	1915
Sacramento.....	97	110	\$252,630	\$62,953
Salt Lake City.....	84	103	277,828	213,300
San Diego.....	116	122	71,673	62,770
Seattle.....	885	784	668,764	454,960
Spokane.....	109	72	127,960	50,335
Tacoma.....	154	114	180,625	54,378

"Of 126 cities reporting, eighty-one show increases in values as compared with a year ago, while forty-five show decreases. New York City, which shows such a heavy decrease from July, also shows a loss of 40 per cent. from August a year ago. Other large cities decreasing are those of Chicago, 39 per cent.; Milwaukee, 34 per cent.; Cincinnati, 61 per cent.; Bridgeport, 23.6 per cent.; Los Angeles, 13 per cent.; Portland, Ore., 31.7 per cent., and St. Paul, 8 per cent. Leading cities showing gains are Buffalo, 49 per cent.; Philadelphia, 12 per cent.; Pittsburg, 95 per cent.; Cleveland, 38.5 per cent.; Detroit, 36 per cent.; Kansas City, Mo., 67 per cent.; St. Louis, 33.9 per cent., and Seattle, 47 per cent."

WHAT THE SOUTH LOST AND WHAT EUROPE STANDS TO LOSE FROM THE WAR

A writer in *The Journal of Commerce* draws interesting conclusions as to the effect of the European War on those nations which emerge from it as losers. These conclusions are based on a brief statement of what happened to our own Southern States after the Civil War. He remarks that Southern white people imagined at that time, and those who still survive keep on imagining, that they lost an enormous amount of wealth through the freeing of the slaves. The writer contends that, as a matter of fact, the South in that way "lost almost nothing." The negroes were worth in the aggregate "just what their labor was worth," and that was not taken away as a result of the war. By this the writer means, not that individual owners did not lose something from the

freeing of slaves, but that the South as a country lost nothing, since the negroes were still there, able to work as before. Individual owners lost in the sense that when they had occasion to raise money they could not do so by selling negroes. To that extent only they had such losses. Any planter who wanted negroes to work in raising cotton or tobacco could still have them do their work after the war as well as before, "and free labor cost little if any more than slave-labor." In fact, it "proved more efficient, as the increased production in the South has since shown."

The South, however, had great losses, but they came in other ways. The Southern people had lent their money to the Confederate Government, for which they had received bonds, and had given their services and their goods, for which they received Confederate notes in payment. Had the Confederacy won the war, it probably would have been able ultimately to pay the principal of these bonds and redeem the notes, but when the war was over and the South was the loser, it could not redeem its bonds and notes, and its people soon found that what they had invested in them was a total loss; their money "had been destroyed on battle-fields." By this process the South became impoverished, and it took twenty years for it to recover from its losses. The writer points out that experiences of this kind will come to those European nations which lose in the present war, whether they be Teutonic, British, Latin, or Slavonic:

"If Germany shall be defeated, the economic loss will be realized in this way. The Government will remain in existence, but it will be impossible for it to redeem all its notes and its bonds. The wealth has already been destroyed on the enormous battle-fields, but so long

as the Government can pay interest and the notes circulate, tho at a depreciation concealed in the rise of prices, the people do not realize the loss. But the loss has been incurred, and the people will find it out at the end of the war if the Allies are not compelled to pay enormous indemnities.

"Not long ago a German writer stated that it would be impossible to conclude the war without the payment of indemnities by the Allies because without them every person and corporation in Germany would be bankrupt. But suppose the indemnities can not be extorted; suppose, furthermore, that Germany can not obtain peace without paying indemnities to the Allies, then the bankruptcy will simply have to be confessed. The losses have already occurred: the only chance of recouping them is by extorting the money from the Allies. Germany went into this war with a light heart because for a generation the people had been assured that war would cost the country nothing; the vanquished enemies would pay the bill. This explains why the Government did not venture to impose additional taxes till the war had been going on for a year and a half; as long as possible, the admission that the enemy wasn't going to pay the bills immediately was postponed. The French indemnity, forty-five years ago, was bigger than the costs of the war, and Germans had grown up in the belief that war was a source of revenue.

"On the other hand, France and England have suffered enormous losses of capital. This is concealed by the payment of interest. But if Germany should conquer, all the money France and England could raise by taxation and new loans would be demanded to satisfy the indemnity extorted by Germany, and the defeated Governments would have to repudiate their war debts, and their people would suffer universal bankruptcy. The defeated side is in for a long term of grinding poverty."

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